# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust ed Weekly Magazine
Foun A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj.Franklin

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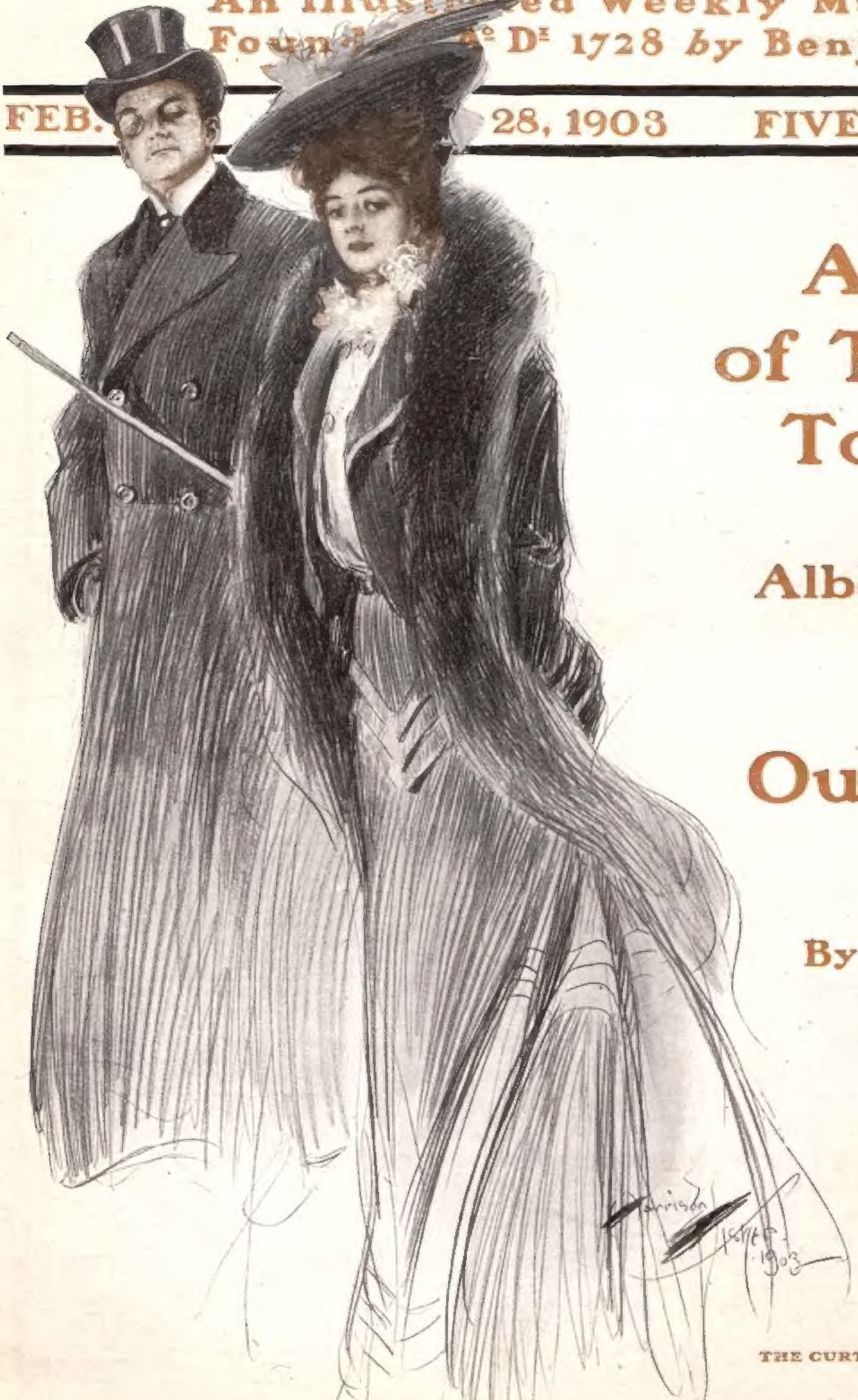

## Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow

By Senator
Albert J. Beveridge

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## Our American Snobs

By James L. Ford

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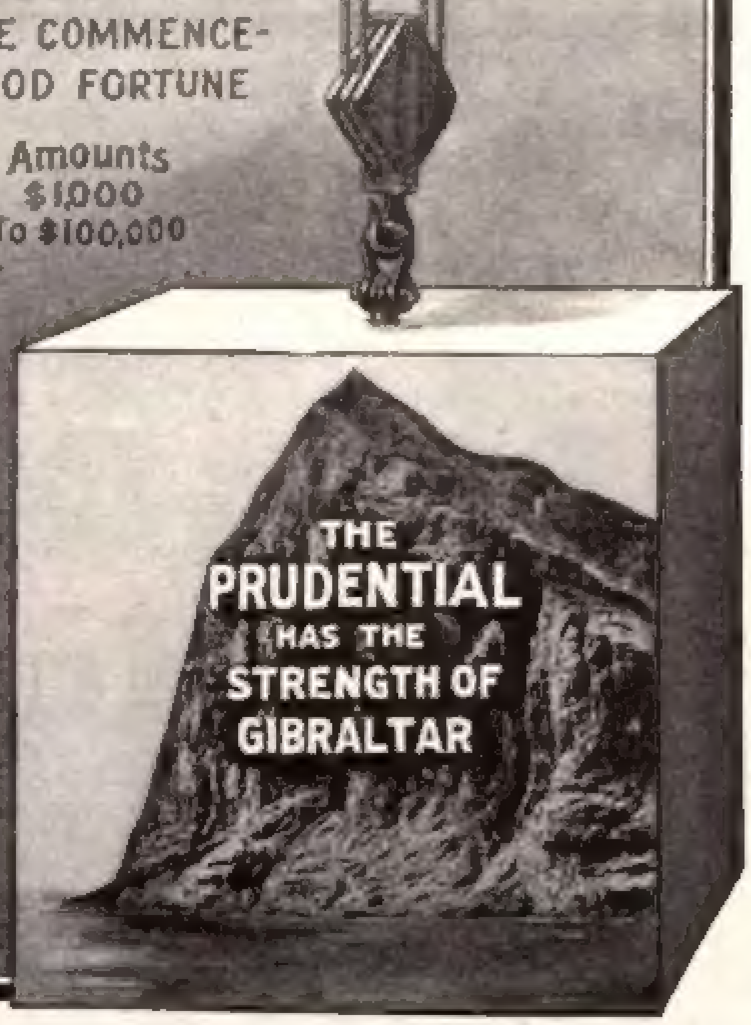
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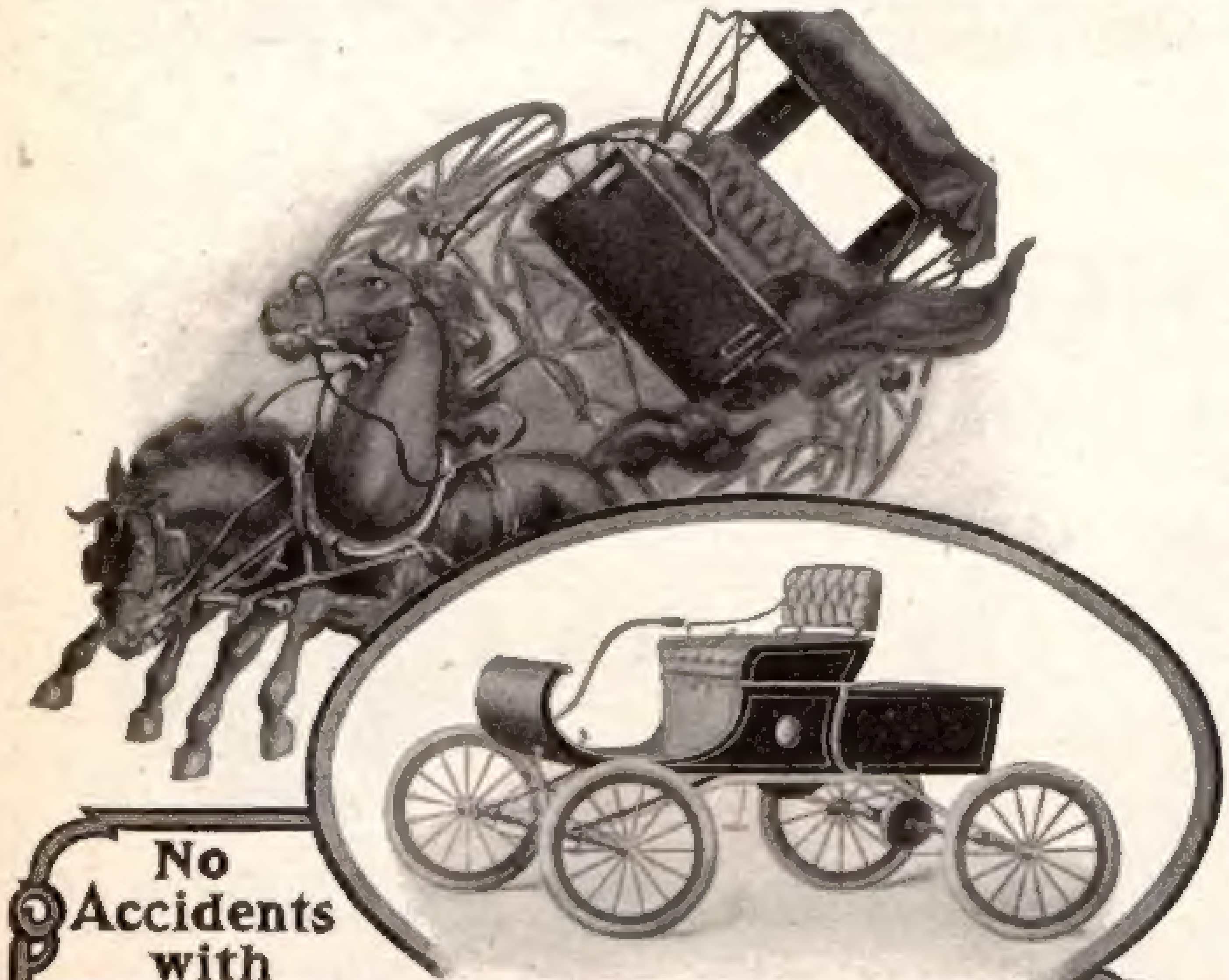

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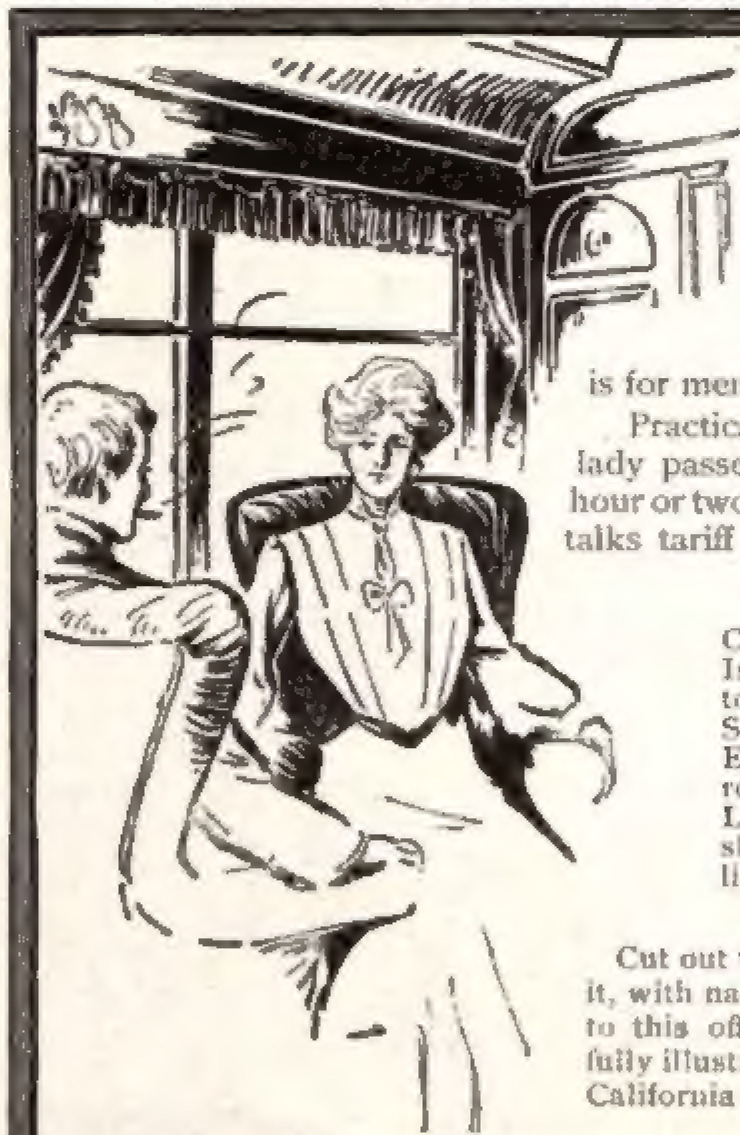

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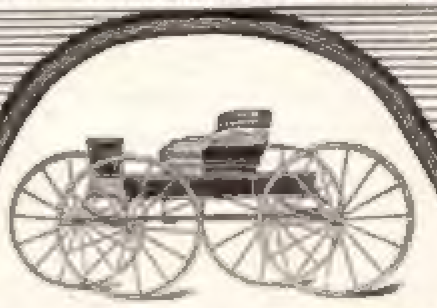

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# Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow

## By Albert J. Beveridge

**THE INSPIRATION OF BELIEF IN HIS COUNTRY AND THEN IN HIMSELF ON WHICH EVERY YOUNG MAN MUST BUILD A PERSONAL SUCCESS**

A FINE young fellow in a Western college, with that secret desire to do large things with his life hidden away in his breast, as it is in the heart of most young Americans, said one day, after finishing a thesis on the great days of a former time in history: "Why could I not have lived in that day? Men did great things and did them well then. What sheer joy to be one of the people who dominate human events!" He had been studying and writing of one of the ruling nations of history. Another young fellow standing by replied: "That day is dawning for America. The best and biggest things that Rome did in her time and Greece and France, and later England, the American people will do; and we shall do our work as much better than they did theirs as our period is in advance of theirs. This Republic will be the determining factor in this world for centuries, never fear; and the beginning of our primacy in human affairs will occur during our lifetime. Oh! you and I live in a golden age. Fear not for the lack of mighty circumstances—these come in regiments and battalions—and they even now approach. Get ready for them—don't mope and grow sick with regret."

The first youth expressed the longing of every young American; the second youth the belief of every vital, vigorous young American. He spoke the belief, too, of the American people. More than this, he expressed what was even then the awakening thought of the far-seeing statesmen of other countries and what is now their settled conviction. For is not American conquest of the world the supreme concern of every Cabinet of Europe? But, most of all, he spoke the truth of the universal situation.

A great historian, speaking of the contradiction of English policy under Elizabeth and seeking to explain the disavowed craft of that great monarch as historically negatived by her documentary and ostensible policy, said that when she was compelled to play the chess game of international politics on the board, she played it well to the eye of the time; but that, to the eye of history, she was in reality obeying the instinct of the British nation in the large and general current of the purposes, interests and destiny of her people. She secretly helped, for instance, the Dutch "beggars of the sea," while she maintained a proper governmental attitude toward Spain openly. That is why Elizabeth is *the* monarch of monarchs to all English hearts; she expressed in her real policy and deeds the instinct of the English merchant, trader, farmer—the instinct of the English people. This instinct of a people—this massed and combined intelligence of a nation is seldom wrong. It grows out of their situation, of the ripeness of their hour in human history, of a subconsciousness of their strength and preparedness. And this national instinct of a people is better evidence of what that instinct tells us, and of the essential justice and righteousness of that instinct's conclusions than any individual's mere verbal demonstration to the contrary. If the American people feel and believe that they have now come to be the dominant factor in the affairs of the human race, that belief is better proof of that fact itself and a more reliable assurance of the beneficence of that fact, than all the essays to the contrary that could be written.

And just that is the settled conclusion of the twentieth century American.

### *America's Belief in Her Future*

Put the plummet of your inquiry into the depths of a street-car driver's intelligence and you will find that his profoundest belief is that Americans are the greatest people in the world. Make like experiment with the farmer boy, and you will find a like result. Put the test to some merchant who has created a business, great or small; there, the same answer will speak to you. Take the coldest banker in the land, and you will find his greatest pride, exceeding the pride of gold, is that he is a citizen—a living part—of the dominant nation of the world.

Take another illustration: It is a curious but common experience of public speakers that, though different arguments are needed for different audiences, one familiar appeal affects all American audiences alike—the appeal to them as citizens of the first power of the world. A political orator of facility and resource told me that while campaigning in Dakota he found restlessness until he turned to the theme of the Republic as the master Nation; and the response was the enthusiasm of men marching to war. Conversely, whoever has witnessed a banquet of New York bankers notes that they receive the wit of their speakers with cordial laughter, the arguments of sound economists with tolerant but careless assent, and everything with a lukewarm indifference, until some trumpet voice sounds the note of American supremacy; and then the observer always beholds those men, in whom the counting-house is popularly supposed to have atrophied patriotism, spring to their feet like schoolboys and cheer like soldiers on the charge.

This same phenomenon of an almost religious faith in America's permanent destiny manifested in equal fervor in the most widely different types of communities and the most utterly unlike characters, reveals a profound truth—the truth of our national instinct that we are to be supreme and that our supremacy is already beginning.

This faith is not only the largest element in its accomplishment, but it is of practical and tangible value to every young American in his daily life and personal career.

Six years ago two young men, then respectively twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age, happened to meet in a little city of the Mississippi Valley. One was a young lawyer with the fortunate endowment of poverty. The other, similarly endowed, was a traveling inspector of a great insurance company. Neither held any position of consequence nor had achieved notable results. Both, however, were fairly aflame with this faith in the certainty of America's magnificent destiny already at hand. Each was inspired by the thought that he was to be a partner in and an instrument of that destiny. Said the young insurance man: "My brain whirls when I think of this country—its perfectly matchless position on the globe, its possibilities almost undeveloped and as yet utterly unguessed, the astounding growth of the intelligence and character of its multiplying millions. The opportunities for you and me, for every young man in the country, growing out of the expanding powers of this new Republic and its strategic position on the globe, from a commercial point of view, are so great and so many that they appall me. Men say that we have big railroads now; they are nothing to what we shall have. Men say that we have big business organizations now; they are puny to what necessarily must come, and that soon. Men fear the changeableness of popular sentiment; but it is gradually and even rapidly growing steadier, saner. And nothing is surer than the development of a national common-sense which will make America's voting millions the most conservative popular intelligence in the world. Men talk of overcapitalization of certain industries now—and no doubt there are such individual bubbles—but nevertheless, generally and broadly speaking, no mind in this country to-day is sufficiently comprehensive to overcapitalize the resources or the intelligence of the American people. The men who estimate their increasing consuming power at even a fraction of its reality; the men who calculate even crudely and absurdly short of the truth America's future in foreign trade, will make fortunes compared to which the fortunes of to-day are only transient bank accounts." And much more to like effect.

"What do you think of that young man?" said an old banker next day to the insurance inspector's lawyer acquaintance.

"I think he will be the first financier of America before he is fifty," was the answer. And the old banker smiled his patient smile of pity for youthful enthusiasm.

### *The Young Man Who Had Faith*

Now note the event. That young insurance inspector was George W. Perkins, with whose astounding career every young American has become familiar. Astounding career? No, not astounding, but most natural and inevitable. Nothing has ever been denied, nothing ever will be denied to such a prince of faith, whoever he may be or whatever his fortune. The foundation of that noble success was just a sane comprehension of the real greatness of the Republic and its people. He had faith in America and the American millions. He had the sincerity of patriotism. And he succeeded. (But whoever knew success to be built upon the foundation stones of doubts and sneers?) This article is written in the hope of preventing cynicism in any young American and giving him the assurance of the veracity of his belief in the inevitableness of our country's primacy among the nations. No young American who feels this can well be unworthy of his membership in such a company of destiny. How dare *he* do less than his best! How dare *he* fail or refuse to contribute his uttermost to the grand sum of our national effort! How dare *he* be unworthy of that glorious pride which makes him say, whether he will or no: "I am an American; this is the greatest thing in the world."

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**Editor's Note**—This is the first of a series of papers by Senator Beveridge. The second will appear in an early number.

Let us see whether this is merely the vainglory of national enthusiasm or whether the realities justify it. Let us imagine ourselves impartial observers, from some far height, of the rolling world below. The first thing we shall note is comparative national locations. England, so superbly located for insular security and maritime dominance when the affairs of civilization were confined to Europe, we now see disadvantageously located when those affairs are broadened over all the oceans and touch the shores of all the continents. No matter how splendid her work in the past, we are now talking of location with reference to the present. Then we see France literally wedged in between Germany and Spain. It was a fine situation when the Mediterranean was still the centre of human action. And the position of Italy at a like period was superb. But with the great past of Italy and France we have nothing now to do; we are studying present conditions. And, topographically speaking, their respective locations are not important from the twentieth century point of view. Germany we observe as a curious and limited coloring of the world's map, without advantage in position, embarrassed by immediate propinquity with hostile neighbors. The amazing vitality of the people who live in this little land, their wonderful organization of activities—commercial, scientific, military, maritime—the soul of their great Emperor which seems to gather strength from every subject and radiate that strength again to his people in vivifying streams of national hope and achievement—all these are matters of present and immediate concern; but these we must take account of presently. Let us now confine ourselves to geography. Viewing merely situation, then, Germany is not formidable. For present purposes neither is Russia, although the certainties of her future expansion will, in the sweep of the centuries, make her location perhaps the most advantageous of all. Now compare the location of the American Republic.

First of all, it is imperial in size. You can put all of Great Britain down in any one of several of its States. The same is true of Germany or France or any other power in the world excepting only Russia. The first thing, then, that compels attention is the immensity of the American Republic's dimensions.

### *The Logic of Geography*

It is imperially bounded, also. On the east is one of the world's greatest oceans; on the west is the other of the world's greatest oceans; on the south is the world's greatest gulf; on its north are the world's greatest lakes. Through its centre runs the world's greatest river; in its west are the world's greatest mountains, heavy with the world's richest mines. You will say at the first glance that here is a land designed by Nature for separate development, disconnected from the rest of the human world and untroubled with external affairs. Here, you will say at the first glance, is a location which compels the nation which occupies it to be an inland people.

Yes! But at second glance you will say the reverse. For look at its coast line. And then look at the coast line of the other five greatest maritime nations. The coast line of the Republic alone exceeds the coast lines of the other five put together. And its harbors—look at them; more in number than those of any other two maritime nations and unsurpassed in excellence on all the shores of all the seas. And behold, now, how cunningly the Master Contriver has placed these American harbors. Their locations are nothing short of triumphs of commercial and military strategy. New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, Boston, Mobile, New Orleans and all the harbors of the Gulf, San Francisco and the harbors of the Pacific—an impressive chain of ports, is it not? Harbors looking out upon Europe and inviting Europe; harbors looking out upon the Caribbean waters and the countries of South America and inviting them; harbors looking out upon the Pacific and the countries of the Orient and inviting them. Now consider ocean channels and currents; and then observe the nicety with which the Republic's sea-doors are located with reference to these; and, to sum up the whole situation, that man's reason is palsied who denies the conclusions of this syllogism of Nature.

A land capable of supporting a people defended from the rest of the world so long as they choose, its location is calculated to lead that people out over the world whenever they will. And so we see that in point of situation the country over which float the Stars and Stripes is perfectly placed not only for self-development but for world dominance. Immeasurable as Nature has made its inland opportunities, Nature has repeated and even magnified its ocean possibilities. And the observer, looking down as the globe rolls beneath him, says: "In point of location and opportunities springing out of mere situation, this land, of all lands, is the chosen one of fortune."

And so, the young American's sublime faith in his country's future springs, first of all, out of comparative geography. "Why, look where I live!" says the young American of to-day. "My home is on the very throne of things. If my nation is not the master of the world's circumstances, it certainly is not the fault of the Republic's location. Whose fault will it be, then, should such mastery not come to us? My fault and mine only. And my fault it shall not be. I will be worthy as one citizen of our opportunity—an opportunity so vast that it is difficult to comprehend." So, I take it, speaks every young American's heart to him; and in obedience to that voice he will find an inspiration, even for his individual career, which will make that career as large in proportion as his country's situation in the world; and an inspiration which will glorify that career with an ideal more exalted than any yet given to man.

An acute young American talking with a companion on this very theme said: "Quite true, splendidly true; but yet there is in it an element of national egotism which repels." "No, not egotism," said his companion. "It passes that; it reaches the plane of exaltation; it is a phase of faith which has in it something of the divine. No one calls our belief that we are the children of a universal God—the highest conception yet developed by human thought—no one calls that egotism. And this conception of our national dominance is nearly akin to that. But whatever it is, it is a *fact* (and that is the chief thing)—the largest fact in contemporary human circumstance."

### *The Acute Criticism of a Young German*

Of course location is not all. Resources are even more important. They are not to be extensively reviewed in this paper—only attention called to them. The purpose is to acquaint the young American with the tangible foundations of his faith in his country and its future; for that faith is and will be his highest inspiration to personal effort. The purpose is to make him familiar with the elements of power everywhere around him which he can and must forge into an irresistible individual career. And as our country's regal position among the nations rouses pride in the young American's breast, so each young American thus making the very most of his individual career renders certain that national greatness, the dream of which is the motive power of his effort.

"I admire your country, but I admire your people less," said a young German in Berlin one night—a young man already marked as certain to be a large figure in future German statesmanship. He spoke with that frankness which, in other papers, has been noted as a singular and common characteristic of all essentially great men. It was a statement so at variance with the stereotyped phrase of foreign laudation when speaking to an American of the American people, that it was worth following up. So it was followed up. "I mean this," he said: "Your country has a situation in the world to which our German location is insignificant; you have resources to which our German resources are just nothing at all. Between German resources and American resources there is no comparison—only glaring contrast. Yet we compete with you in the markets of the world. We are rapidly passing you as a maritime power. We are able to do this because every bit of our energy is carefully organized. None goes to waste. Every ounce of muscle, every volt of nerve and brain power is devoted to specific ends along lines of least resistance.

"On the contrary, much as you boast of your organization you do not organize at all. What success you have is due to the incomparable richness of your country and to the sheer strength of your people. You waste, waste, waste—everywhere you waste. You waste energy; you waste resources; you scatter in effort. Take a familiar illustration—the trees out there in the street suggest one. We make land otherwise absolutely worthless pay enormously by scientific forestry; you cut your forests down like vandals in order that a few men may get rich in a few years. Thus a great source of what should be perpetual wealth is lost to you; your streams are dried up and your country loses incalculable millions by an almost barbarous lack of sensible management. Your activity is not the development of resources; it is the destruction of resources. With us it is the contrary. Our resources are small, as I have said, but they are conserved, nourished, made the most of; and, though they yield hundreds and even thousands of per cent. more in proportion than yours do, instead of diminishing them we increase them."

That conversation was better than the reading of many volumes, and pointed out an undoubted weakness in our individual and national method; but it admitted—and that is the purpose of reproducing it here—the incomparable magnitude of our natural wealth.

It is useless to give the figures. The statistics of our agricultural products, of our mineral output, of our manufacturing industry more than amaze us. They simply stun the intellect; the understanding is paralyzed in its attempt to grasp them.

The point is that the young American finds himself in a country unrivaled in its world location; but also he finds himself surrounded by multitudinous resources so great that no mind has yet even grasped their immensity. These are his tools; these are his commission direct from Nature itself appointing him the master craftsman in human affairs now and for some centuries to come. And it is these which command him to be as large and as hopeful and as conqueringly vigorous in his personal life as are the elements of greatness with which fortune has endowed his country. Optimism is too poor a word for what ought to be the attitude of the young American's mind. That which in the citizen of another country would be neurotic exaltation is, to the young American, only the normal—and the only normal—state of his intellect and aspiration.

# The Practical Author

WHEN the making of so-called literature is pursued as a practical calling the illusions are few. Readers who have been moved to tears or laughter are oftentimes much better off if they are not admitted behind the scenes. Naturally there are differences. The death of Colonel Newcome is no less touching because Thackeray has told us how he himself mourned the gentle hero's passing. No one thinks the less of Thackeray because he slapped his leg and exclaimed, "That is a stroke of genius!" after describing the admiration roused in Becky Sharp for her husband by the latter's defiance of the Marquis of Steyn. But Thackerays are rare. On the other hand, there is the strenuous task of producing a salable product. This has curious phases. A prolific writer of juvenile books once described the return of a boy to his mother after a long captivity among the Indians. "I have returned!" exclaimed the boy.

"Welcome, my son," said the mother; and the curtain fell. But the editor to whom the story was submitted shook his head. "Is that all they could do after the boy rose from the dead?" he asked. "No ejaculations, no heart-throbs, no tears!" Then he went on to point out the chance for a pathetic and dramatic climax. "There must be real tears," he said. "The mother must palpitate with emotion. The boy must be visibly agitated."

"All right," said the author cheerfully, "I'll shed some real tears." Off he trotted with his manuscript to return later with a most pathetic and touching climax in which the mother's love and surprise and the boy's joy and excitement were amplified at length. The closing pages have formed one of the most popular features of a successful book.

There was a novel of adventure once upon a time which closed with the usual plighting of troth. The adventure was good, but the plighting would have muffled the eagerest of wedding bells. Several efforts led to no better results and the author confessed himself better at war than love-making. Time pressed, and finally the editor modestly did the plighting himself, the author approved, and the book appeared. A young writer who had been asked to produce a first book saw fit to make the poisoning of a rival an incident of college sports. It was pointed out that though football players may do worse things to each other, they do not use poison in actual life. By dint of argument the lethal draft was done away with and the story rewritten on a practical basis. There was once a novel wherein the noble red man appeared in almost every chapter. He not only appeared but he talked in the peculiar pigeon-English which no red man has ever been known to use. Otherwise the story contained adventures with an amount of thrill which was worth preserving. And so the author and editor fell upon the savages with a blue pencil and enforced the aphorism that "there is no good Indian except a dead Indian."

In these few cases practical suggestions proved of use in the manufacture of books, but on the other hand, the author may be the more sagacious judge even from the worldly point of view. For the untried or preoccupied writer there exist many so-called "bureaus of revision," which are presumably good, bad and indifferent according to their lights. Thither come the aspiring débutantes, the experimenters, with tales and verse, and also those who have done more substantial work but without preliminary training. There is also a publishing which is done at the expense of authors. As a matter of fact, every large publishing house issues what are termed "authors' books," but the number is usually small. However, there seems no good reason for this restriction. With the growth of successful authors in prosperity and confidence perhaps this will be the business of the future.

The criticism that authors are not practical no longer holds. From "up the Hudson" comes a report that John Burroughs has marketed sixty tons of grapes from his vineyard this season. In Los Angeles Charles F. Lummis, ethnologist, explorer, author and editor, has built his adobe house with his own hands. In Indiana Mr. Booth Tarkington has not only been elected to the Legislature but he has proved his modesty by selecting a rear seat in the legislative chamber. Mr. E. C. Stedman's long career on the Stock Exchange was closed only a few years since. The author of to-day is more likely to be a man of affairs than a recluse.

Another practical phase of authorship is shown in efforts at a realism based on experience. A New York author once had occasion to describe an exciting foot-race. He was not an athlete, but in order to realize the feelings of his hero he went out at night and ran at full speed around the block. The effort was not wholly successful for he reached his goal in a state of exhaustion with a policeman a close second.

# THE UNSILENCED TONGUE

## A STUDY IN CRIME

## By Arthur E. McFarlane

WHEN the Judge did finally come in at half-past two, not only had the others finished luncheon and every slice of bass and potato-ball that had been fried for luncheon, but Ciprien was down on the beach washing up, and the rods were again in the double skiff, twitching for an afternoon with the Long Channel 'lunge.

The old gentleman laboriously unlimbered. From his creel there curled half a dozen spreading pickerel tails. He had plainly had good sport, and his full and ruddy countenance beamed like a hoary fox-hunter's in an old English print. He had a string "to talk about," and an appetite more than capable of filling in all the pauses.

Then he waddled around to the other side of the supply-tent, and his eyes fell upon the clean-swept superficies of that pine-slab table. The curtain-change which took place upon the stout, judicial countenance was astonishing. "You—ah—you didn't wait?" he said.

"We waited an hour and a half," replied Doctor Fergusson. "And then, after yesterday and the day before——" He stepped offensively into the boat.

"Besides, you absolutely forbade us to, you know," said the Colonel, and followed the Doctor.

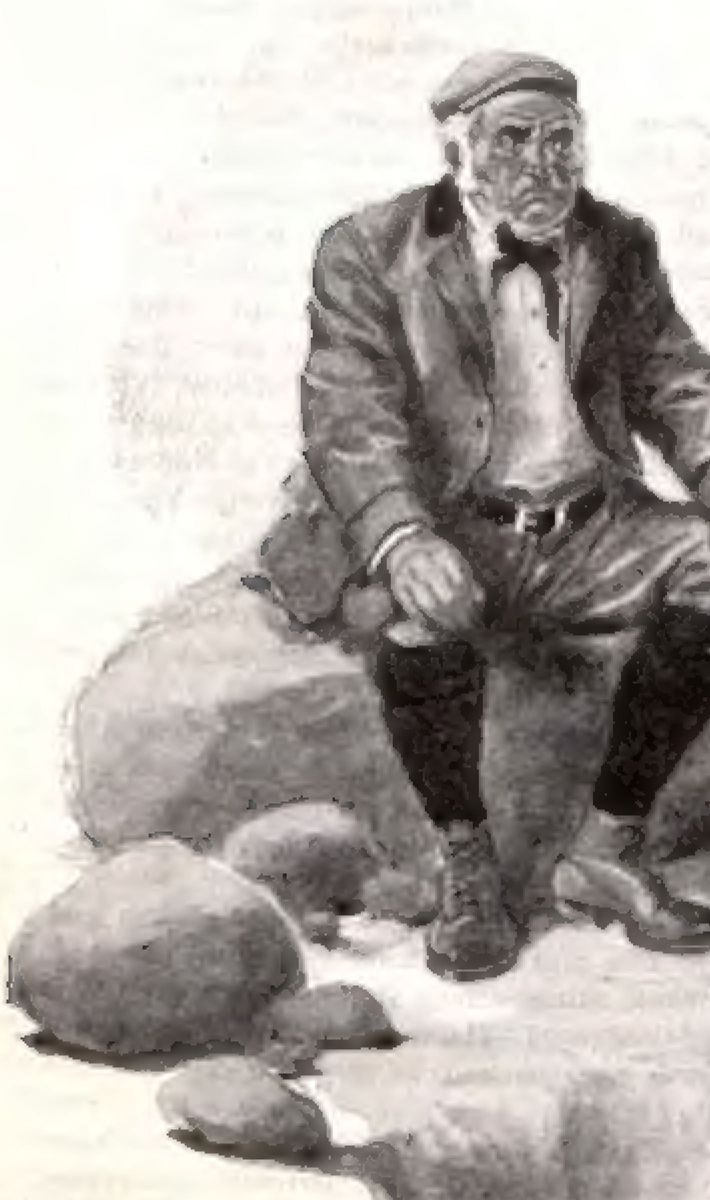
He *had* forbidden them to; but among those who are, at least by presumption, gentlemen——

"Oh, go on, now, Isaac," said Vanderdecken; "don't you pretend you're sore on us. Why, you're a *cordon bleu* beside Ciprien here; and you've brought back pickerel enough to feed the multitude. And really, you need this lesson, too." He gave the push off, and they pulled shamelessly away.

The Judge watched them go with all the consolidated dignity of the whole Supreme Court. If they counted upon his showing temper they were most wonderfully mistaken. He could thank Heaven, he could thank Heaven fervently, that his twenty years on the bench had given him a philosophy which could contemplate actions so picayune, so contemptible, so utterly detestable, with the calmness, nay, with all the interest of the entomologist examining a new specimen!

He went to the supply-box to hunt out the pepper and salt.

It was a little hard, though, that after thirty years Vanderdecken should act so. And gratitude of even the most ephemeral sort called for something better. For only the week before, when they had sent Ciprien back to the Landing for more stuff, had he not dried dishes for him when it was not his turn on four different occasions? And when "Vander" had persisted in leaving him the frying-pan to scour, had he said anything that was not meant chaffingly? And now he had turned against him with the others! Well, he could manage for himself and say nothing. But just this, though: he was systemically prone to *apoplexy;* he had felt it for years. And if, after straining himself to cut wood and stooping over the heat of the fire to cook—if, just when they were returning he should suddenly be knocked over—huh—that would be something of a *joke* on him, something of a *joke!* Perhaps, then, the lesson he needed might not seem quite so well advised!



HIS SPIRIT WAS
A SEVEN-TIMES
HEATED FURNACE

And then he came to a full stop. His groping fingers had uncovered the last three treasured tins of potted tongue! Oho, oho! There were other ways of taking lessons. He was already using the can-opener, making those trenchant zigzags which they had always found so amusing. He could see them now, coming back smirking and snickering. "Well, Judge, what did you have for dinner?"

"Oh-h, tongue; a tin of tongue." (He would answer them quite calmly.)

"*Tongue!* A tin of *tongue!*"

"Why, yes, of course. I took it for granted you meant me to take a cold dinner. I hope I didn't err, gentlemen."

Ha, that was good, superlatively good! He spread his bread and butter and turned half the tin out upon his plate. And as he ate of it he smacked the table at intervals and went over that dramatization of their empoisoned home-coming a second, a third, a fourth time. . . .

But the fourth time—he had laid down knife and fork, let out his belt, and begun peacefully to fill his pipe—he seemed somehow to get the heartburn of *their* point of view more sympathetically. They had deserved it, more than deserved it; but perhaps, after all, he would have been wiser, at any rate kinder, to spare them. He could, however, greatly soften it by pretending he had eaten the whole tin, and then suddenly producing the other half. Yes, that would be the right way out of it, to give it that humorous and jocular turn.

But then, might not even that be interpreted wrongly? Why chance hurting their feelings at all over a miserable, greasy, little tin of tongue—which would probably never be missed, anyway. The thing was *infra dig.* Better to blot it out and forget it altogether.

Flushing unreasonably, he picked up a stone, crammed it in on the remaining strata of meat, and carried it up shore to the "Tarpeian Rock"—the little six-foot precipice of granite from which they took their morning plunge. But as he swung back the tin to send it far out into the bay the ragged top caught on his coat-sleeve; it foozled, went hardly five yards and fell into the "Kettle." But it was gone, that was the main thing.

### *II*

WHEN the others returned for dinner the Judge had not only washed up his dishes, but he had gathered wood enough to last the camp a week.

"Oh, he's certainly aimed to work the coals-of-fire roast, all right!" exclaimed Vanderdecken. "Of all the low-down, revengeful members of the judiciary——"

"Never mind," said the Colonel, "never mind. We'll make him eat the liver wing of that 'lunge to-night. If we did the right thing we'd open a tin of tongue for him."

The Judge smiled deprecatingly.

"How'd you make out, anyway?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh-h—oh, well enough."

"Your pickerel good?"

"Well, not so bad, not so bad."

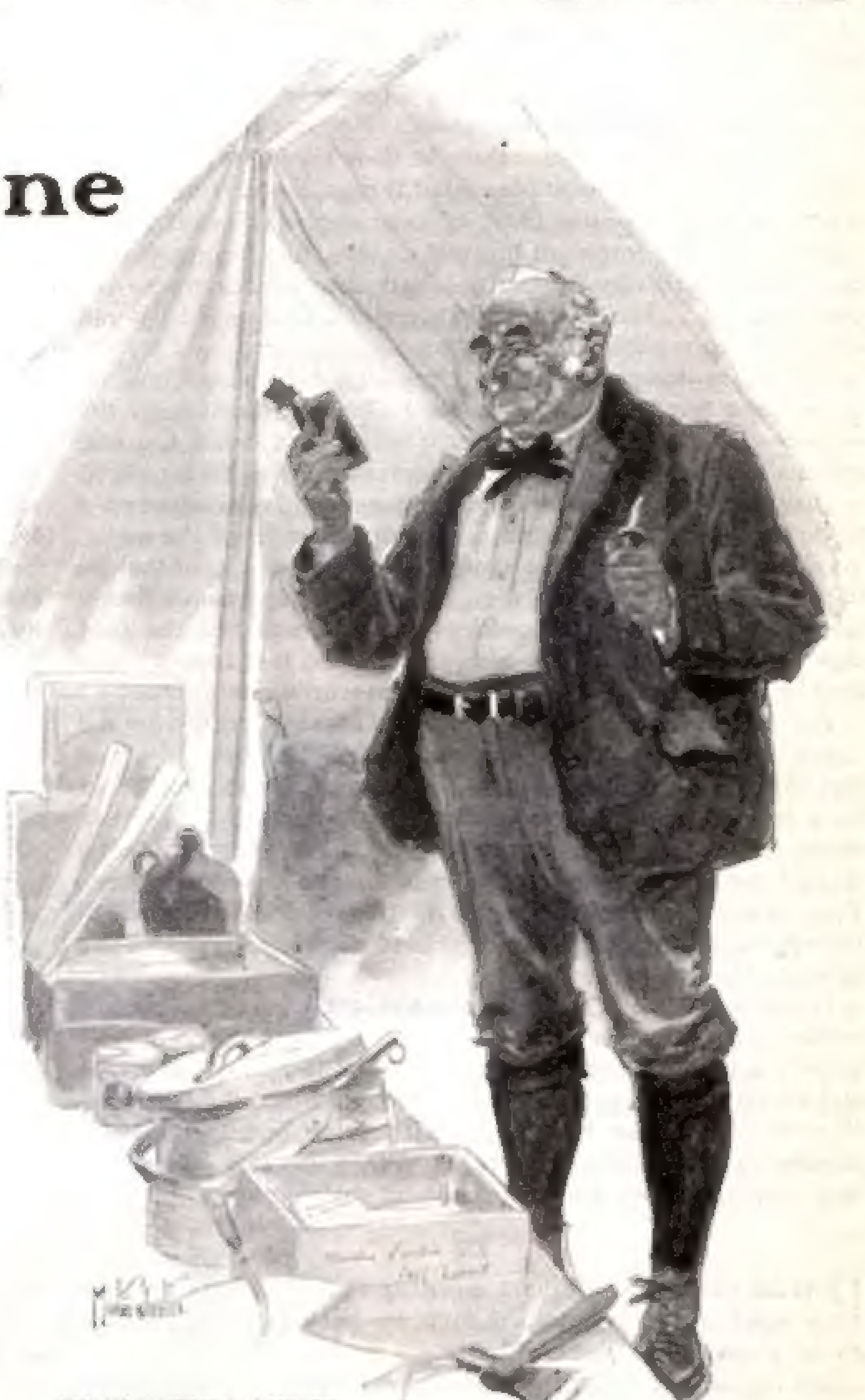
During dinner the last of the Worcester sauce was used up, and the Doctor went for another bottle.

"Why," he said as he came back with it, "there are only *two* tins of that tongue now."

The Judge set down his cup of tea.

But Vanderdecken was in the middle of an Indian tradition of some ancient apple trees said to have once grown far north in the Thunder Bay district. And that reminded the Colonel of a story that the Indians had, three hundred years ago, carried apple seeds up the Mississippi from New Orleans to Michigan. Then the Doctor tried again for an opening, and again the Judge's internal machinery came to a sickening stop.

But the Colonel in his turn declined to cut his story in two, even for the consideration of precious tins of tongue. And when that loss was again forced into the conversation, Vanderdecken was deep in one of his favorite subjects, the reliability of traditions in general. Twice the Doctor determinedly interrupted him, the second time with an exasperated and rather irrelevant offer to give them proof that there had been three tins at the last stock-taking.



THERE WERE OTHER
WAYS OF TAKING LESSONS

"Fergusson," said "Vander" wrathfully, "go 'way forward and sit down on yourself! Maybe there were three tins, maybe there were. *I,* too, understood that we'd left three. But I wouldn't undertake to prove it in court. And if this is your day to prove things, what about that fifteen-foot diving you still claim you did up at Gull Lake?"

"Yes—heh, heh!" exclaimed the Judge with a sudden burst of vindictiveness that made the others gape. "Let's hear you prove that!" Then he rose and betook himself up to the Point. His spirit was a seven-times heated furnace, and he felt that he must spend the next half-hour holding "imaginary conversations" with the Doctor. Again and again during dinner—even after the Colonel had thrown out that contemptible innuendo about opening another tin—he had really been just about to confess to that tongue; he had felt that in another moment he could do it lightly and facetiously. But now—Fergusson had driven him almost to the point of equivocation, he confessed it, almost to the point of equivocation. And "Vander," too. "Vander" seemed to think that he asked to be *shielded!* He had even——

It was Vanderdecken himself who broke in on him. "Isaac, old boy," he said, "forgive me if I intrude upon an hour of soul-communing. But I didn't come of myself. I was driven out here. The Doctor is more relentlessly on the trail of that sanguinary tongue than ever." The Judge's pipe turned in his mouth. "He's been over counting the empty cans on the rubbish heap. And when he could find only three of the half-dozen we brought, I believe, on my soul, that he came away firmly convinced that you'd emptied the other one this afternoon and thrown it in the lake."

"Heh, heh! Heh, heh, heh!" (The second laugh, if it still grated hollowly, was a vast improvement on the first.) "A—a queer sort of man he must think me!" Then he choked and fell into a tongue-tied silence.

When at length they walked back to camp he was loathing himself beyond all expression—but not beyond what he loathed Fergusson.

From the bivouac the voice of the Colonel called to them despairingly: "Judge, oh, Judge! if you love me, for Heaven's sake come here and tell the Doctor that you didn't eat that other tin of tongue!"

The old gentleman's eyes bulged, and his fingers worked as if he already had Fergusson by the gizzard. "*No!*" he roared; "*no*, I did not eat that other tin of tongue!" Then he gasped at himself, and with the others gasping *at* him he made a miserable retreat to bed.

There are depths of shame, of self-contempt and spiritual abasement which it is for no story-teller to lay bare. An hour afterward, when the others knocked out their pipes and one by one turned in, the Judge made a pretense of sleep so that he might not have to speak to them. But only fifteen minutes more and no one could have thought *their* slumbers a pretense. They possessed that most blessed of things, a good conscience, while he, faugh!—after years of considering himself incorruptible, he had forsworn himself on the first temptation—had done it willfully, instantly—had shouted the lie to the very heavens! He kept turning over and over as if he would get away from himself. . . .

Yet it was done now. And, after all, might he not hope to draw some good from it?—some fuller charity toward the weak and erring? In the past, perjury had been the one offense to which he had shown no mercy. Hereafter he would realize that the false swearer may escape penal conviction only to be tormented by the infinitely greater miseries of the mind. Nay, how often must the tortured wretch almost wish that he had left behind him some clew that would lead to his detection. . . . Then he suddenly halted, and felt the cold dew come out fore and aft his ears; he had just remembered that he had not wiped off the tongue-smeared can-opener!

For minute after minute he lay there in breath-stopped listening. The nasal and cacophonous chorus about him was threefold, but was it genuinely the voice of slumber? Those long-drawn respirations from Fergusson's corner, did not they sound feigned and exaggerated? Was his self-betrayal being waited for? For another five minutes he lay motionless. Then at last he nerved himself to it. He rose, slipped through the open flaps into the moonlight, and noiselessly crossed the camp to the supply-tent.

When he stole back again, scattering a wisp of wire-grass behind him, he was still on tiptoe, but inwardly he was fiercely a-leap with exultation. "So the Doctor—curse him and all his sniffing, nosing kind!—thought himself a Sherlock Holmes? Well, he had to do with some one just a little cleverer, just a little cleverer!" When he fell asleep his face bore a smile of grim, triumphant satisfaction.

### *III*

IT WAS evident to all next morning that the Judge was in a much better temper, though he once more elected to go off alone to his pickerel holes.

But he did not again return late for luncheon. Indeed, he pulled back an hour before the others. And he was impelled by a nervous fear as besetting as it was palpably ungrounded. They had noticed nothing when they had taken their matutinal plunge. But still, there was just a chance. He slowly pushed the skiff in to the "Kettle," and peered over the gunwale. And now he could see something very plainly. From the depths of the sombre "muskeg water" a bronzy gleam blinked up at him as from a jaundiced and accusing eye!

"And they say they could tell any can I'd opened among a million," he muttered cankerously. "Well, I'll put you where you'll not be seen again, *this* time." He knotted another lead to his line just above the hook, and dropped it in like a grapnel.

But the barb would not catch. Even after he had paid out the heavy limestone fishing-anchor he could not seem to grapple steadily. And apparently the top and the sloping sides of the can were uppermost. He tried again and again, and had been at it for almost a half-hour when his head was sent up with a horrible jerk by the Colonel's fog-horn hail from campwards. "Oh-h! Oh-h! Unprofessional! Crooked, effeminate, and vilely unsportsmanlike! Fishing with a hand-line and watching the victim take it!"

The Judge drew up his grapnel, cackling tremulously. In the bait-box at his feet there were still some emaciated worms. He rapidly thrust one on the hook.

"Getting anything for your sinfulness?"

"No-o—not as *yet*." He dropped the line in again, and in ten seconds he was fighting a four-pound yellow bass!

"Hooroo! Me too! Me too!" shouted the Colonel, and in another *twenty* seconds he had a line in from shore. They caught bass about for the next half-hour, and the old gentleman's reflections need not be unduly specified.

A few minutes later the others arrived, and they joyously dropped the anchor of the two-oar boat beside the Judge's skiff. Here, by the living twisters! was a place where they could pretty near toss their fish from the water into the frying-pan! And but for the instincts of genius in "Foxy Grandpa" they'd probably never once have thought of trying there! The Judge turned away his head to reflect on that ancient question—the real nature of genius.

Vanderdecken continued to fish on for some time after the others had tired and come ashore. When finally he joined them at the luncheon-table he mentioned casually that there was something shining, in a rusty sort of way, on the bottom out there. (There was one at that table who felt his most vital organs shift and congeal.) "An old tin cup, I should say," added "Vander."

"Not unlikely," said the Colonel.

Nothing more was said until the Doctor had another of his afterthoughts. "I shouldn't have imagined, though, that you could *see* anything on bottom there, in this saffron-colored water, and in a pot-hole like that, especially."

"Oh, it takes only thirteen or fourteen feet of line. And say now, Doc, isn't this a chance for you to confirm that diving record of yours? We couldn't expect you to bring up a ten-ton glacial boulder; but if you're good for fifteen feet you ought to be able to get that cup."

"All right," said the Doctor; "I am, and I take you! I may scare the branchiostegal rays out of any unfortunate yellow bass still remaining there, but you'll be drinking to my truthfulness out of that cup to-morrow at breakfast!"

There is a point in the psychology of those who may be called "criminals of high mentality" when, in the sudden and paramount necessity of defeating discovery, every nerve stretches at once to its fullest tension, every brain cell becomes quiveringly alive, and for the time all remorse is completely swallowed up in a kind of fevered exhilaration. Throughout the remainder of that meal the Judge evinced such gayety and spirit as had not appeared in him for days. He showed no tremor. He joked, he laughed. There was a light in his eyes which might almost be called a glitter.

And the truth was that he had already formed a second and this time a saving plan. In another hour they would all be away from camp again. And then—ten minutes more and he would have that accursed "cup" smashed and obliterated in its nether gloom under half a skiff-load of 'longshore stone!

But a thunderstorm came down on them before Ciprien had finished washing up, and the after drizzle kept on hour after hour. No one left camp all afternoon!

### *IV*

YET, even then, did the Judge give up? A thousand times no! Next morning the first cold line of pink had scarcely barred the shivering East when he was climbing swiftly and stealthily into his bathing-suit.

A minute later he was poising on the "Tarpeian." In the thick rotundity of his black-and-yellow banded suit he much resembled a huge bumblebee. But upon his face was an expression of implacable defiance and resolve such as Lucifer might have worn when about to take his leap into Chaos. So the Doctor thought he could take away his honor, nay, the honor of the whole New York bench, by one fifteen-foot dive, did he? Well, there were others who had done some diving in their time, though they did not *brag* eternally of it. And he launched himself downward in a header that should have fathomed the Kermadec Deep itself!

Alas, it is doubtful if he got even his own length nearer the Antipodes. He came up snorting with rage, and sent himself down again.

Equally vain! He tried it a third time, a fourth, a fifth—hopeless! Hopeless to the point of absurdity! "Gar-h-h!" he guttered. "One would think I was full of cork—a float, a buoy! Gar-h! I'm a *balloon*—a *gasometer!*"

He was still rabid in inward self-objurgations when the others came pattering out. Then the Doctor began to dive.

He touched the "cup," touched it twice. But for all his trying he failed to bring it up.

He said he would do the trick *next* morning, however. For the remainder of the day he stayed reflectively about the camp and caught more yellow bass from the "Kettle."

That night the Colonel was awakened by some one clattering among the "niggerheads" along the edge of that same interesting "pot-hole." He rose wonderingly. It was the Judge, and it called for no second glance to see that he was walking in his sleep. It did not take them long to hale him back to the tent and his bed again; but the incident left the Doctor considerably disturbed.

"He hasn't been his usual self for some time," he said to the others, on the first chance to speak to them alone. "I'm going to take him into consideration for the next few days. And you see that he isn't left too much to himself."

The Judge could honestly say that he was neither too imaginative nor hypersensitive; but throughout the days which followed he could have sworn that the others were watching him! From every side he felt suspicion blowing chill upon him as the grip-ridden victim ever feels a thousand icy drafts on neck and nape and spine! He could no longer, by any excuse or subterfuge, get them to leave him alone in camp again. Sometimes Vanderdecken stayed, and sometimes the Colonel, but oftenest it was the Doctor—gar-h!—it was the Doctor! A dozen times a day he could feel his maddening professional eye triumphantly upon him. When he dived the Judge's soul went sickeningly up and down with him like the indicator on an elevator shaft. And he continued to dive with a persistence simply diabolical.

There was a time when the Judge's slumbers had been of a full, Falstaffian somnolence. Now, hating Fergusson kept him awake for hours. Once only did sleep afford him any pleasure. That was when he dreamed that he had waited in the skiff for the reappearance of that accursed water-sleek head, and halved it with the kitchen cleaver!

But even the Doctor's perseverance had its limit. On the third day he had Ciprien get out his old foot-knotted trolling-line and plumb the "Kettle." It registered just twelve foot five!

And then the others shouted. O-o-oh! Twelve foot five—and he made his Alfred-David that he'd done fifteen! Oh, hevings, what mendacious mendacity!

"I said that it could hardly have been less than fifteen," expostulated the Doctor.

"Well, that was prevarication by inference! It was *sugestio falsi!*"

"And by letting it continue uncorrected it became *suppressio veri*, which is worse."

"And now it's the *whoppero ipso facto!* Isn't that right—isn't that right, Judge? You ought to be able to give us the statutes entire on this delicate point."

The Judge's mouth fell open, and he glared like ghosted Macbeth in the banquet scene. "What? What? I see no reason—— How dare you——"

After that the Doctor assured Vanderdecken and the Colonel that he would give his most earnest attention to the old gentleman henceforward. And to the camp in general he announced rather unnecessarily that he would do no more cup-diving.

But, most astonishing to relate, it was as if that outburst had altogether cleared the Judge's brain of its inexplicable atrabiliary fogs. By luncheon he was beginning, however avertedly, to come into the conversation again. He offered no apology for his explosion, but he was plainly aching to have them forget it. By night he was shamefacedly attempting to chaff and joke once more. And in another three days, save for a curious antipathy to bathing or fishing in the "Kettle," and a certain stiff tardiness in renewing friendly relations with the Doctor, he was himself again.

### *V*

YET the worst was still to come! On the night of the following Monday the Doctor suddenly threw up his head after a long period of brow-knit meditation. "Why," he exclaimed, beaming, "it's just occurred to me that at Gull Lake I did my diving in the afternoon. And, Gad, you know, from all physiological standpoints a man *is* certainly at his best then."

If the Judge had not been sitting with his face away from the heat of the fire the monstrous effect which this harmless speech had upon him could never have escaped general notice.

"And I'm going to have *one* more go after that cup, anyway. To-morrow, at four-thirty, expect something to happen."

"*Ha!*" said Vanderdecken—"*Ha!* Methinks it soundeth like the voice of the warning spook in a fate tragedy!"

It was! It *was!* Again the Judge's inward machinery had slowly stopped, with palpitations, icy sweats and horrid qualms.

Yet he managed for all that to get away to bed without drawing any attention to himself.

Nor, shortly after dawn next morning, did the Colonel crawl from his blankets any the more expeditiously when he saw the old gentleman's bumblebee bathing-suit disappear through the flaps toward the "Kettle." In fact, it was only by the merest chance that he had risen for a sunrise plunge himself.

Therefore, he was the more completely horror-stricken and aghast when he stepped out of the tent to behold the Judge stand up in the skiff, twist the anchor-line, with its twenty-pound limestone slab, about his arm and drop overboard with it!

He stopped only to emit one camp-rousing shout of terror, and reaching the "Kettle" in three leaps, sprang in. Then throwing his shoulder over the gunwale of the boat to get a leverage, he gave one long and desperate tug upon the rope. Next moment the Judge burst up, blowing like a harpooned walrus. Yet, wholly incredible as it may appear, upon getting eyes upon his rescuer, he gave an exhibition of ferocity quite indescribable—not to say unwarranted! By the Colonel's own statement he struck at him; and, whether he mistook in that or no, it is very certain that when the others had rushed night-togged down to the "Kettle," "Foxy Grandpa" was heaving forth such language as might well have read him out of the comity of gentlemen. Nor were his words those of the would-be self-destroyer, who, when he has at last thought himself safely out of this weary world, wretchedly beholds himself called back into it again. His execrations were of that studied and protractedly fulminant order of vituperation which bespeaks sanity in the most offensive degree.

Indeed, Vanderdecken and the Doctor fell upon each other's necks and yelled at any thought of self-destruction at all. As for the Judge himself, he refused with further obloquy to offer any explanations, and went sputtering and purple of countenance to the tent.

"Very *well!* Very *well!*" said the Colonel; "I'm sure I can laugh at his insults and ingratitude! And by all means let us say that it was nothing serious again. Let's say that he was just going pearl-diving! He was certainly rigging himself after the South Sea method. But don't say I haven't given you warning!"

"Oh, well, now," said Vanderdecken, "I humbly ask pardon. And I'm going up to Long Channel to troll this morning. I'll make "Foxy" come along and pull some sense into himself. But, oh Lord, Colonel, oh Lord, you know——"

Vanderdecken did make the Judge go with him. And between them they caught three fair-sized 'lunge, to say nothing of getting half a dozen of the huskiest kind of strikes. But not for two minutes at a time did he succeed in bringing the old gentleman out of the settled and brooding taciturnity into which he had fallen. It was a great relief when, at the head of the channel, they met young George Hastings and the Electra.

George was fooling along on his way back to Pickerel Landing, and he made them come aboard and lunch with him. It was a good luncheon, and he was full of the gossip of civilization. Then for a time they trolled from the Electra and with more success. Yet through it all it was evident that the Judge's thoughts were still nervously and morosely otherwhere. . . .

In the mean time, the Doctor and the disgruntled Colonel had spent the morning in a long-projected tramp through the bush to Dead-Man's Portage. And in the afternoon they lay around and snoozed under the cedars. But by three o'clock the Doctor began to find time hanging heavily upon his hands. He put in an hour tinkering and fledging spoons. Then he remembered there was something else he had intended to do. He wandered up to the "Kettle" and gazed prospectively into the clear water. . . .

George Hastings insisted on bringing Vanderdecken and the Judge home in the launch. He had pushed in as near shore as the uncharted reefiness of the bay permitted, and "Vander" was already climbing back into the skiff, when there went up a burst of exultant whoops from camp. The lank and dripping figure of the Doctor was doing a *tarantella* on the "Tarpeian" and he was brandishing aloft something which shone in the afternoon sun with a hard, triumphant brazenness!

"George," said the Judge suddenly and chokingly, though he tried hard to smile, "you said you were going right on to the Landing, didn't you? Do you think you could get me there in time to catch the stage and connect with the seven-thirty Southern? I wouldn't delay you to go in for my clothes and stuff."

"Why, Great Scott, yes, but——"

Vanderdecken all but sat down over the side of the skiff. "Well—*Je-ru-sa-lem*, Isaac, what——"

The figure on the "Rock" threw up its legs and whooped again. The Judge's expression became that of a man who is just about to have a recurring succession of apoplectic fits.

"Won't you," begged Vanderdecken, "won't you just come in and see the Doctor for a minute before you go?"

"'Go in and see the Doctor?' The scoundrel! The—the d-d-d——d hound! If I did go in I—I—I'd *break his face!*" He turned his eruption of rage upon young Hastings. "And now, sir, unless you consider me either crazy or intoxicated, will you be so good as to head for the Landing?"

"George," cried Vanderdecken, "I beg of you—you see how it is—don't think of it. Don't move an inch." He lifted his voice shoreward in a yell. "Colonel!—Fergusson! *Quick!* Come out here! *Quick!*"

It was not often that the Doctor lost his professional coolness; but when he jumped into the boat after the panic-faced Colonel, his hand still unconsciously grasped the trophy he had just won from the bottom of the "Kettle." It was one of his own old Golden Leaf tobacco boxes!

And when they reached the Electra that trophy was the first thing the Judge's madly-rolling eyes settled upon. And then—astounding end and anti-climax of an astounding series of incidents!—the old gentleman's countenance again underwent a complete and utter alteration. It changed like one of those red-rubber faces advertisingly squeezed between the thumb and finger of the street-corner hawker—first a paralyzed relaxation of bilious and flaming wrinkles, then a slow, transmogrified opening of mouth and eyes, and finally a rearrangement of lines into a sunrise roundness and effulgence nothing short of caricature. "Boys," he stuttered—"heh, heh—heh, heh, heh—I've been putting up a joke on you. I, I, I—when you hear it it'll be the laugh of your lives. I just wanted to see—to see if I couldn't scare 'Vander.' And I'll tell you the rest of it later."

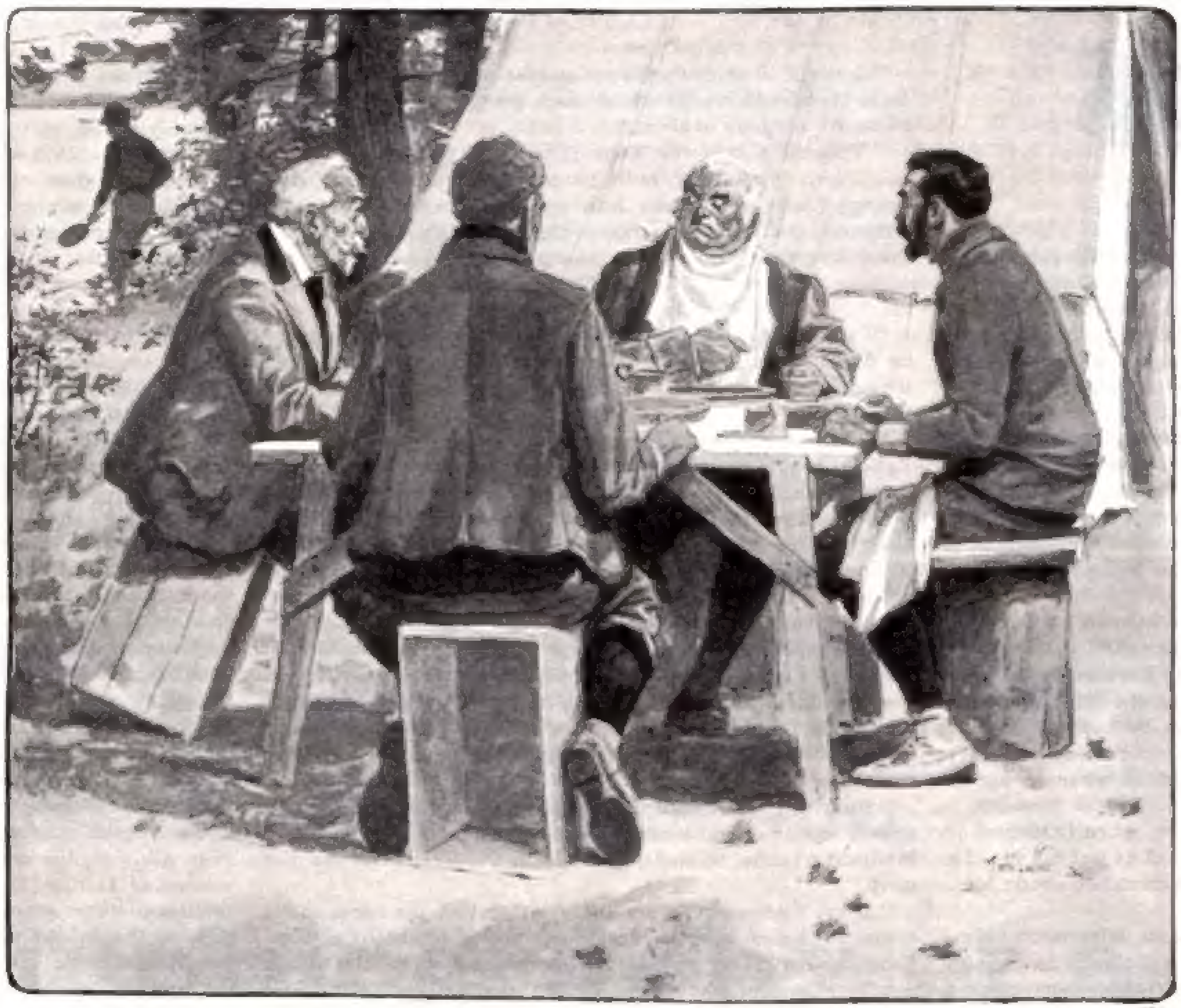
But he never did tell them the rest of it.

Perhaps in the life of every man there has at some time flowed what may be called an underground river of guilt. And some of these dark, subterranean currents, contrary to all the moralists, never do rise to the surface and to final, well-merited exposure. But what one of us, if he have true charity, will not say that it is often better so?

# The Great Showman

P. T. BARNUM, Showman! What memories are recalled by the magic of that name! What an annual delight he was to our parents and grandparents in the long ago when they were boys and girls! How their hearts fluttered with expectancy at sight of the great, gorgeous posters that flamed upon barns, fences and billboards, followed in due time by the thrilling pageant that rolled into town and set every one wild. Schools, manufactories and shops closed their doors, and everybody went on a holiday. We knew that half the show was fraud, but we loved Barnum none the less, for there is enjoyment in being humbugged by such a peerless master of the art as was that wonderful Connecticut Yankee.

"I admit," the genial showman used to say, "that a good deal of all this is fraud, but there's much that is not, and when the price of admission is only fifty cents, you will concede that every person gets his money's worth."



"WHAT? WHAT? I SEE NO REASON—— HOW DARE YOU——"

I remember standing in the old museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann Streets and studying an ivory sphere about the size of a billiard ball. It was perfect in shape, beautifully carved, with small circular openings through which a smaller ball could be seen, and inside of that still another, the one in the very centre having about the dimensions of a marble. A bit of paper outside the case stated that these balls, steadily diminishing in size, were eight in number, and that all had been carved from a solid sphere of ivory by some marvelous Chinese genius.

"I cannot understand how human ingenuity can accomplish that," I said to myself, and I might have added that human ingenuity never did accomplish it, for had that remarkable exhibit been placed in boiling water and kept there for several hours, every ball, with the exception, perhaps, of the tiny marble in the centre, would have fallen apart, breaking into several sections. The real art of the artificer consisted in hiding the minute seams that marked the joining of the different parts so that the keenest eye could not detect them. So it was with hundreds and perhaps thousands of curiosities to which countless multitudes made pilgrimages from all parts of the country before and during the Civil War.

My first recollection of Barnum brings a special delight, for I was one of several urchins who succeeded in crawling under the tent and gaining a sight of the whole show without a penny's expense to us. Barnum's star attraction at that time was Tom Thumb. There have been many smaller midgets on exhibition since then, but none will ever create the furor that he did, for he was the pioneer, and he had the greatest of all showmen to exploit him.

Years afterward, when I was grown to manhood, a train of circumstances brought me into close acquaintance with Barnum, and I spent more than one delightful hour at his pleasant home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He talked freely of his extraordinary experiences, and was one of the most entertaining story-tellers to whom I have ever listened. Regarding Charles Stratton, remembered as Tom Thumb, he said:

"He was by no means mentally bright. You remember that one of his favorite performances was to imitate the great Napoleon, posing in several attitudes, and in his cocked hat and pretty uniform he formed a striking picture. The story has been repeated hundreds of times that when he was doing this before Queen Victoria and had assumed a thoughtful attitude, she asked the question, 'Of what are you thinking?' To which Tom is said to have replied, 'Of the Battle of Waterloo.' He was complimented many times on the aptness of his reply, which, in its way, was peculiarly flattering to the English nation. It is true that the Queen asked the question, but it was I who made the reply, Tom never opening his lips, for he was at a loss for an answer. It was a good advertisement, and I was content to let him have whatever credit it deserved. At the time of our appearance before the Queen, etiquette required that I should never address her directly, but make my replies through a third person, her words to me being filtered in the same way. She became so interested, however, that, much to the amusement and wonder of the attendants, she and I fell unconsciously into a direct conversation, which continued for some time without either of us being conscious of the breach of court etiquette we were committing.

"Tom Thumb made a comfortable fortune under my management, but like many others in a somewhat similar situation, he gained the idea that the whole credit belonged to him, and he started out for himself, finally appearing in the cheapest forms of entertainment. He kept growing slowly but surely in stature, until, in middle life, he lost his value as a curiosity."

There may be some of my readers who remember one of Barnum's curiosities which for several years was a leading attraction at his museum. This was the "What-is-it?" a gibbering, bent-over creature with a pate as bald as a billiard ball, claimed to be the real connecting link between man and the monkey. One day a visitor published a card in a daily paper declaring that the curiosity was simply an idiotic boy. He was positive, and in reply Barnum offered to give $5000 to any public charity that should be named if it were proven that the "What-is-it?" was a boy, either under-witted or of ordinary intelligence. "I was safe there," chuckled the old showman in telling the story, "for though it was true that the 'What-is-it?' was an idiot, nevertheless it was not a boy, but a girl.

It may sound strange to say that, on the whole, Barnum acquired comparatively little out of his show business during the latter years of his life, but he made that declaration to me.

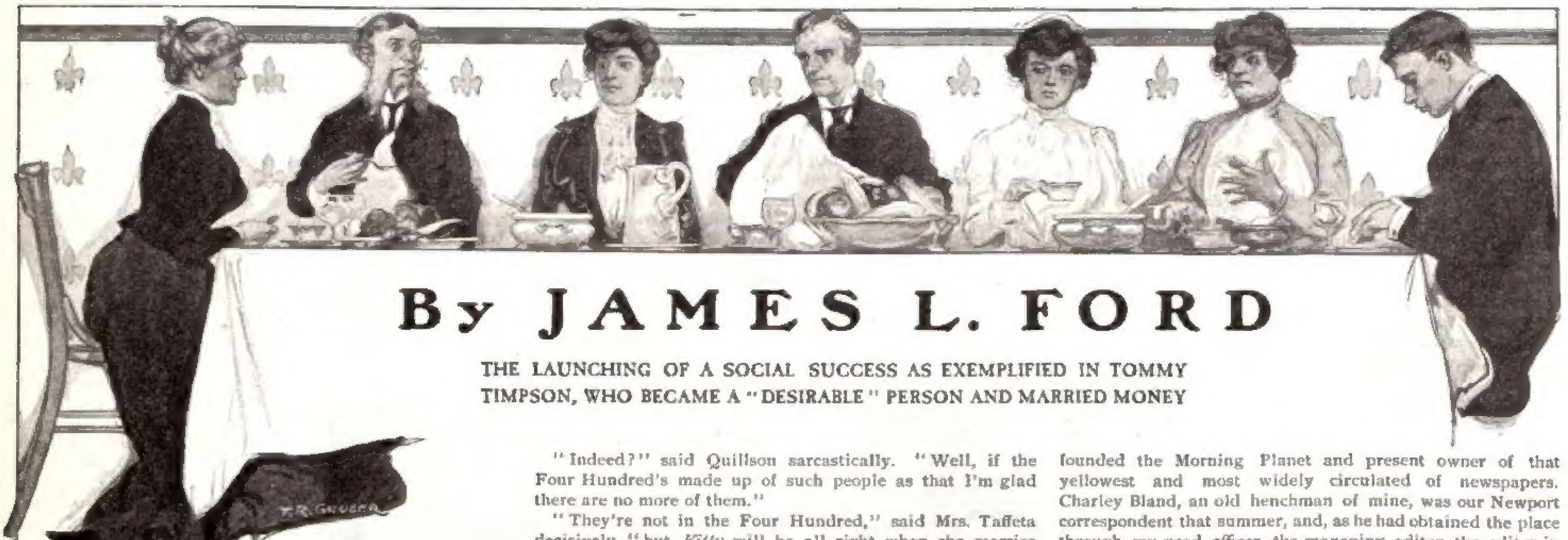
"What money I have," said he, "was mostly made in real estate speculation, which reminds me of a woeful misfortune I have lately had. Some years ago I accepted in payment for a debt owed me by a man in Denver a deed for a tract of land outside the city limits. Regularly every year I had the pleasure of paying a good round sum for taxes. I became tired of this, and one year when our show was in that city I asked my partner, Mr. Bailey, to investigate the matter. Bailey did so, and wrote me that my land was part of a swamp, and if I could find some one to whom I could make a present of it to do so at once.

"Now, I have a sister living in Denver, and I saw a chance of having a little joke at her expense. So I made out the proper legal papers and sent them to her as a token of my affection."

At this point the old showman sighed and drew a letter from his pocket.

"This is a letter from my sister," he explained, "in which she tells me I shall be happy to know that she has just effected a sale of three-fourths of that land to a Chicago syndicate, which paid her $600,000, and she is sure that by holding on to the remainder for a little while she will net a round million from my thoughtful kindness."

# OUR AMERICAN SNOBS



## By JAMES L. FORD

### THE LAUNCHING OF A SOCIAL SUCCESS AS EXEMPLIFIED IN TOMMY TIMPSON, WHO BECAME A "DESIRABLE" PERSON AND MARRIED MONEY

IN ONE of New York's eminently respectable brownstone side streets, about midway between Washington Square and Central Park, my excellent friend, Rebecca Catnip, has long maintained a boarding-house whose cheerful dinner-table I hold to be a veritable *camera oscura* of contemporary life, customs and manners.

Numerous and varied are the topics discussed at the nightly gatherings about Mrs. Catnip's mahogany, and, whether the engrossing subject be literature or the drama, music or politics, the relation of capital to labor or that of Church to State, there is usually some one present capable of disposing of it with a voice that at least satisfies us as being one of final authority.

There is, however, one notable exception to this rule in the shape of a topic that has never yet been disposed of, though we seldom leave the table without having touched upon it; a topic that is of universal interest, like the Shakespearean drama, and one which no two of us can be brought to view from precisely the same standpoint; a topic on which every one of us has something to say and on which we never agree.

That topic is Society.

Silent as some of us must be, perforce, when literature or economics are up for discussion, not one of us but can wield a verbal knife when the Four Hundred is stretched out on Mrs. Catnip's dinner-table for dissection.

On Sundays we dine at half-past one, in deference to Mrs. Catnip's old-fashioned notions, and the dinner is better and longer than on week-days, and the conversation more erudite and sparkling. It was at one of these Sunday dinners that old Quillson, who went into Wall Street forty years ago as a capitalist and banker and is still there as an expert accountant, spoke with a peculiarly acrid bitterness of old Jacob Titepurse, whose daughter's marriage to young Tommy Timpson had been the most engrossing topic of discussion at our table for several days. From these discussions Quillson haughtily held aloof, as I remembered afterward, but on Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Taffeta—to whom society is as an open book—imparted an unusually rabid degree of frenzy to the conversation by reciting the list of wedding presents, furnished her by a particular friend of hers who knew the lady employed as housekeeper in the Titepurse mansion, the old accountant lifted up his voice for the first time: "So the old man's present is a check for a million dollars, is it? Well, my advice to the young ape that's going to marry his daughter is to get up at daybreak and have it certified before the old man can renig. Check for a million dollars! There weren't many million-dollar checks floating out of his office in '84 when he laid down on his puts and calls; I can tell you that. There isn't a more thorough-going thief in the whole town than old Jake Titepurse, and he hasn't even got the redeeming qualities that some thieves have. I've known him thirty years and I never knew him to give away a cent in charity or do anything for any one but himself. I wouldn't trust him around the corner."

"His credit's A1 at our place," remarked Mr. Grosgrain, whose long, silky whiskers are the color of a mayonnaise salad dressing, and who holds an office of no small authority in one of the principal marts of retail trade. "I waited on Kitty Titepurse only last week. She came in with her mother and got a lot of things for this very wedding. Everything they buy from us is always charged."

"Indeed?" said Quillson sarcastically. "Well, if the Four Hundred's made up of such people as that I'm glad there are no more of them."

"They're not in the Four Hundred," said Mrs. Taffeta decisively, "but *Kitty* will be all right when she marries young Timpson. 'Twas him got her the invite for the Assembly ball this year, though they wouldn't have her at no price last year. You watch the papers, and you'll see the minute she's married she'll blossom right out in the smart set."

"I suppose that Mr. Timpson can get anybody into society he likes," put in silly little Mrs. Grinders, who had been listening, open-mouthed, with her food untasted on her plate before her.

"There hain't nobody can do more'n him," rejoined Mrs. Taffeta, speaking as one who knew; "and when you think that it wa'n't more'n three years ago last summer that he got in himself, you can see he's done some pretty spry climbin' to get to the top in that time; and if he can get Kitty Titepurse in he'll do more'n her father could, with all his millions. Them Titepurses has just been a-strugglin' an' a-wigglin' an' a-skatin' round the outside edge of society ever since they wus first heard on, five years ago. Now Kitty'll get in all right and she'll probably make things easy for the younger daughter, Maudie, that'll be comin' along in three or four years."

"I didn't know there was a younger daughter," said Mrs. Grinders.

"Fourteen years old last spring. They've got her to school up to Miss Birdfood's Nickel-Plush Academy in Madison Avenue, so she'll get in with the right set from the start."

"Why, that's where my little girl is! I do hope she'll come to know her!" exclaimed pretty, sad little Mrs. Foxglove, a very sweet, well-born and well-bred little Southern woman whom Fate—as exemplified by a worthless husband and failing fortunes—has dealt rather hardly with.

Now the Nickel-Plush is one of the most famous institutions of learning that our metropolis can boast of. Its fame is due, not so much to the system of instruction that goes on behind its doors as to the number of automobiles, victorias and lady's-maids that gather in front of them at two o'clock every afternoon. It enjoys a high reputation among women who desire that their children shall cultivate a circle of desirable acquaintances while acquiring an education. Mrs. Foxglove lives in a little hall-room at the top of the house and ekes out the small income allowed her by her husband's family by writing anæmic love stories and silly fashion articles for Sunday newspapers and second-rate magazines; and, knowing, as I did, how hard it was for her to make both ends meet and pay for the schooling of the little girl who had found a home with some kind-hearted relatives uptown, I was surprised to learn that she was sending the child to such an expensive and fashionable place as Miss Birdfood's Nickel-Plush Academy, and positively shocked to hear her express the hope that she would become intimate with the young daughter of the thieving and rascally old house of Titepurse. As for Tommy Timpson, whose marriage into that delectable family had kept the conversational pot boiling at Mrs. Catnip's table for the past fortnight, it happened, strangely enough, that in all that bright company, I alone—regarded by Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders with unutterable scorn as a man without either social standing or society knowledge—knew the true story of how he made his way into the Four Hundred.

As Mrs. Taffeta truthfully said—that woman is certainly a marvel of accuracy in such matters—he first broke, or rather fell, through the golden portals of society three years ago last summer. I remember the circumstances perfectly, for at that time I happened to stand rather high in the councils of David Barshfield, grandson of the original Barshfield who founded the Morning Planet and present owner of that yellowest and most widely circulated of newspapers. Charley Bland, an old henchman of mine, was our Newport correspondent that summer, and, as he had obtained the place through my good offices, the managing editor, the editor in chief and the night city editor had formed themselves into a league to get him out and put one of their own creations in his place. So skillfully had they laid their plans and so successfully were they carrying them out, that it was not until my revered employer, Mr. Barshfield, spoke of making a change that I realized the strength of the cabal against him. Then I sent him a private letter telling him that his place was in jeopardy unless he could delight our chief's heart with some great and overpowering social sensation, something that would offset the series of Saturday afternoon vaudeville entertainments for the insane paupers on Blackwell's Island that our rival, the Megaphone, was carrying on with such distinguished success.

Now, in nine cases out of ten when the Newport correspondent of a yellow newspaper is threatened with discharge some freak is tumbled pell-mell into society; and, luckily enough, young Tommy Timpson made his first appearance on Bellevue Avenue on the very morning that Charley Bland, with his naturally bright faculties quickened to the highest degree by my letter, was strolling along that thoroughfare of fashion on the alert for the social sensation that should make his job a permanent one. Suddenly out of the thick fog that happened to hang over the ancient city that day there loomed the figure of Tommy Timpson, and, as Charley Bland told me afterward, the very minute he set eyes on him he beheld him as in a vision, the centre of a great, full-page picture with women of fashion kneeling at his feet and surrounded by smaller pictures representing him riding to hounds, playing golf, at the bridge-whist table—in a score of phases of a triumphant social career, and over all, his great red ears flapping like sheltering wings.

"There's the man that's going to save my job for me," said Charley to himself, and without a moment's hesitation he went up to the stranger, introduced himself as the correspondent of the Planet, and in an easy, pleasant way proceeded to point out the objects of interest. Timpson, who seemed to be a simple-minded sort of a chap, told him that he had been saving his money for three years for the purpose of "cutting a dash in society," had arrived in Newport that very morning and expected to make a preliminary dash the next afternoon. He seemed surprised when Bland asked him if he had brought any letters of introduction, and replied that he had never needed any in the Western town from which he came and had thought that it would be an easy matter to scrape an acquaintance with a few "nobs," adding, "you see how quick you and I got acquainted; well, I can get in the same way with anybody I meet."

"I'm afraid that plan won't work," said Charley, shaking his head. "If society was as easy as that everybody'd be in it. If you don't believe me, just stand here on this corner and try to get acquainted with some of the people that pass by. Why, they'd turn you over to the police as a suspicious character."

The poor fellow looked dreadfully disappointed and said he'd come all the way from the West with three or four thousand dollars he'd saved up, and if he went back home without doing anything he'd be the laughing-stock of all his friends, and they'd made fun enough of him before he came away. While he was talking Charley was looking at him and wondering what rôle he was best fitted to play in the Four Hundred. His extraordinary ears, which seemed to almost meet over the top of his head, fitted him to shine in the fashionable, intellectual and artistic set, which invariably demands some striking peculiarity of visage on the part of its prophets. With such ears as Timpson's, Charley thought that there was no reason why, after a fortnight or so of study,

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**Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of papers by Mr. Ford. The next paper will appear in an early number.**

he should not give a series of drawing-room talks on the revival of the poetic drama or the Tolstoi cult in its relation to higher criticism, or almost anything that rings pleasantly in the ears of the people who think they think. On the other hand, if he would consent to be photographed in a dozen different ways he might gain access to society through the columns of the Planet, where he would figure as what is known in Park Row as a "freak feature," and one well calculated at least to divide public interest with the vaudeville entertainments for the Blackwell's Island lunatics.

Timpson was not lacking in nerve and was perfectly willing to get up a lecture on Maeterlinck or a talk on Ibsen, provided Charley would induce somebody to let him deliver it. But, after careful consideration, the "freak feature" seemed the more feasible plan, and the very next Sunday the Planet blossomed out with a full page that more than realized the one that Charley had seen in a vision the first time he ran across Timpson on Bellevue Avenue. Accompanying the full page was a description of the young society man from the West who had taken Newport by storm, and made himself within a few weeks a personage of vast importance in the councils of the Four Hundred.

Barshfield was delighted with the new freak feature and telegraphed Bland to run a page about him with photographs every Sunday until further notice.

Now, it is a curious fact and one that I shall not even attempt to explain, that, even when backed by the most brilliant intellectual qualities, a man must work incessantly for years, and perhaps during an entire lifetime, to win fame in statecraft, art or one of the learned professions, whereas he can become known from one end of the country to the other as a social celebrity in about six weeks, and that, too, without the aid of brains, industry or any of the qualities which usually make a man popular. So it happened that with no social capital whatever but his ears the name of Tommy Timpson became a household word before the summer was over in even the most remote villages of the country, and scores of second-rate persons were striving to make his acquaintance.

At first, the splendor and novelty of his position as a man of fame frightened him, but under the experienced guidance of Charley Bland—who has shoved more than one fool into society in his time—he played his cards with so much skill that almost before he knew it he was actually taken up by some of the self-advertising set who realized that by keeping close to him they stood a fair chance of getting their names and pictures in the society columns of the Sunday papers in company with his.

After dinner I related to Mrs. Foxglove the story of Mr. Tommy Timpson and what the Catnip school of thought defines as his "social position," but she did not take the story quite as I had expected she would.

"He may have long ears," she said quite seriously, "but just think how many desirable people he knows." And at that moment there was borne in upon me the sudden and awful conviction that this quiet little woman with the sweet, sad face and gentle manners, well born, well bred and reasonably intelligent, was a worshiper at the shrine of the brazen calf and cherishing in her heart of hearts the strange fetish of the "desirable people."

"Poor little Alice! No one knows what that child has to suffer now that she's making desirable acquaintances at the Nickel-Plush school," said the widow sadly. "It's only yesterday that she sobbed and cried and begged me to take her away and send her somewhere else, and it was so hard to have to tell her that if she went to another school she'd never get into the Four Hundred. However, my mother's conscience is satisfied and I don't grudge the sacrifices I'm making for her, because the time will come when she'll thank me for starting her in life with desirable little girls as associates."

Her blue eyes filled with tears as she said this, and to tell the truth, I almost cried, too, over her artless recital of what poor little Alice had to endure at the hands of the young Nickel-Plush nobility. At the noon recess on the very day of her entrance, according to little Alice's piteous tale, a swarm of these desirable brats fell upon this poor child, fresh from the infinitely purer and better atmosphere of an old-fashioned Southern town, and literally staggered her with a flood of impertinent questions. They lifted up the edge of her skirt to see if it was silk-lined; they looked sneeringly at the maker's name on her hat and coat, and made merry over the fact that her shoes were not in the extreme of the prevailing fashion. Then they asked her where she came from and what her father's business was, and were about to delve deeper into the history and financial condition of her family when the child's outraged feelings came to her aid and she turned upon her desirable tormentors in an outbreak of indignation from which they recoiled in abject terror.

And it was this very Mrs. Foxglove, offering up her daughter as a living sacrifice on the altar of the brazen calf and not ashamed to tell the story of the child's sufferings—it was this woman who burst into tears of anger just because I said to her at the close of her recital:

"It's a wonder to me that God sends children to such women as you."

## Ward as a Cherokee

*By Robert Barr*

HERE is a story of Artemus Ward which has never been in print before. It was told to me by one of the victims, who years afterward was sent as Ambassador from the United States to a prominent country in Europe. Artemus was lecturing in a Western city, and two prominent society young men invited him to a little supper after the discourse was over. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when his hosts turned out into the silent and deserted streets to escort Artemus to the hotel where he was staying. The humorist was feeling pretty brisk and he stopped suddenly on the pavement and gravely said:

"Did you ever hear me give the Cherokee war-whoop?"

His companions admitted they had not had that pleasure.

"Well," said Artemus, "I think I can waken the whole town, although I am not sure of arousing the more distant suburbs," and with that he sent forth an ear-piercing yell that made the sleeping city in his immediate neighborhood think the Day of Judgment had come. As the echoes of the appalling war-whoop died away, shrill policemen's whistles were heard in various directions, whereupon Artemus turned, deserted his two comrades and ran like the warrior he had imitated. Before the two young men could gather their wits a policeman appeared out of the darkness and arrested them.

"Drunk and disorderly and disturbing the peace," said the officer; "make no resistance or it will be the worse for you."

And then he blew his whistle again to summon help in case the two should turn upon him, which they had not the slightest intention of doing, but they were thunderstruck at the prospect of spending the night in the cells and having their respectable names in the papers next morning. They swore to the policeman that they had not uttered the shriek or murdered anybody as he seemed to suspect, and the bobby sarcastically advised them to try that story on the magistrate in the morning. As they parleyed there, a tall, dignified gentleman in evening dress strolled along.

"What is the trouble, officer?" asked the newcomer in a most urbane tone of voice.

"Drunk and disorderly," repeated the policeman.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but I know these gentlemen and can vouch for their sobriety and respectability."

"And who the deuce are you?" asked the officer, not too well pleased at the interruption, yet somewhat mollified by the politeness of his interlocutor.

"I am Mr. Artemus Ward," replied the other; "I lectured last night before some two thousand of your best citizens at the Opera House, and among my audience I understand was your own Chief of Police, so if you wish me to accompany you to the station I shall be most happy to do so."

The policeman dropped his hand from the shoulder of the future Ambassador, for he had seen the name of Artemus Ward on the boardings in letters three feet long, and he had a deep respect for any man who could have his name printed in such gigantic form.

"Oh, if you know the men, sir, it will be all right, and I won't run them in, but who in thunder let out that blood-curdling screech? Did you hear it, sir?"

"I did," admitted Artemus suavely, "and, furthermore, not five minutes since a man ran down in the direction from which I came as hard as he could go. I believe that he was the disturber of the peace."

"Ah, well," said the officer with a sigh of relief, "that'll be the man, bad luck to him, and he'll run right into the arms of Mulligan, for that's on Mulligan's beat. Good-morning to you, gentlemen, and my best apologies to the three of you."

"The mistake was quite pardonable," said Artemus with his most distinguished bow, and he led his still bewildered friends away.

# The Autobiography of a Beggar

## By I. K. FRIEDMAN

**Author of "By Bread Alone," Etc.**

## *The Tale of the Persian Cat*

NOW, talkin' about bulldorgs an' kind ladies an' beggars' signs reminds meh ef what happened ter meh wid a Persean cat. I was a-travelin' thru de alley one day when I seen de sign ef a kind lady on de back-yard door. Den I peeped over de fence an' I seen dat de back yard was full ef cats, dem cats bein' in a wire cage what had tracks fer 'em ter walk up an' down, jist like a elervated railroad. I axes somebody what it means, an' he says:

"It's a old maid lady what keeps a catery er a cateract—dat is ter say, a home fer cats." An' he pints out one cat, a big white feller wid a long fuzzy tail, an' he says dat dis one was a Persean cat an' wuth five hundred dollars!

"What fer is he wuth dat much?" axes I. "Is it a'count ef his skin?"

"Oh, no," laffs he; "it's nice fer ter see an' ter have aroun' de house!"

"Kin he do tricks?" axes I.

"No," grins he, "but some people fancies cats an' some dorgs an' some birds; old maid ladies preferrin' cats!"

"Why fer?" axes I.

"Cats bein' considered good luck," explains he; "now dem Malteaser cats keeps de consumptshun away, an' de Persean cats keeps orff rheumatisum. A cat is full ef 'lectricity," he says, "some cats havin' one kind an' some anudder."

"Rich folkses is queer wid der money," says I.

"Not so funny when yer comes ter consider," he says; "fer dem cats in de long run don't cost no more en doctors. An' ef yer has all kinds ef cats yer don't need no doctors."

An' I goes orff a-scratchin' meh head an' wonderin' how I could coax dat five-hundred-dollar Persean cat inter meh pocket, when I runs up agin Hungry Henry. An' we considers fer a while an' den we puts all de coin what we could scrape up inter buyin' a big baskut wid a cover. An' we goes along by de front ef de house where de old maid lady an' her cats lives. I notices a pile ef coal dere, an' I has an ideer, an' so I sends Henry wid de baskut aroun' de corner fer ter wait till I calls him. An' I rings de bell an' axes de gurl what comes to de door ef she wants de coal put in.

"I'll call missus," says she, "an' see." An' den de old maid lady, what has long side curls an' glasses an' sharp eyes, an' is tall an' thin, comes down an' axes:

"How much a ton?"

"Jist give meh a bite ter eat," says I, "an' a hot cup ef coffee an' I'll put in de coal what's dere fer a dollar."

"All right," says she; an' de gurl takes meh inter de kitchun an' trots out de grub, an' while I was a-thinkin' an a-watchin' fer de Persean cat de missus comes down an' says:

"Dere's a board er two gone from de coal bin in de back yard. Kin yer fix it?"

"It's agin union laws," I says, "fer de coal-heavers an' coal-carriers ter do carpinter work."

"Dose unions is gittin' awful," says she.

"I'm sorry," I says, "yer bein' so kind an' a old maid lady asides, an'——"

"What has dat got ter do wid it?" says she, a-gittin' red ez a hot coal.

"Nothin' perticular," I says, seein' as I must have made a mistake an' not knowin' jist where, "but it do seem no more en right fer a singul lady ter pay only half as much ez ——"

"Jane," she says to de gurl, cuttin' meh short, "git a carpinter."

"Hold on," I says; "I knows a feller out ef a job what'll be glad fer ter put dem boards back fer a dime. I kin get him here in less en a minute."

"All right," says she; "hurry along."

"No hurry, mum," says I, "no hurry; he'll be dere all day. An' I meant no offenses, mum, when I says ez singul ladies an' double ladies——"

"Hurry along," snaps she.

An' I runs out an' brings Henry back. An' de gurl leaves us in agin, an' I says loud, so she kin hear:

"Got all de tools in de baskut, Mr. Henry?"

"Sure," says he; "hammer an' saw an' all."

An' de old maid lady comes down an' says, "I'd like fer ter have de price fixed in adwance."

So Henry an' meh starts fer de yard where de cats is, an' him, like a fool, goes right ter de cateract an' peeps atween de wires.

"Don't mind dem cats," scolds de old maid lady; "dey will take care ef demselves. What'll yer charge ter fix dose boards?"

"Well, I'll tell yer," says he, lookin' at de bin, "I'll fix it an' take a cat fer meh little gurl ter home."

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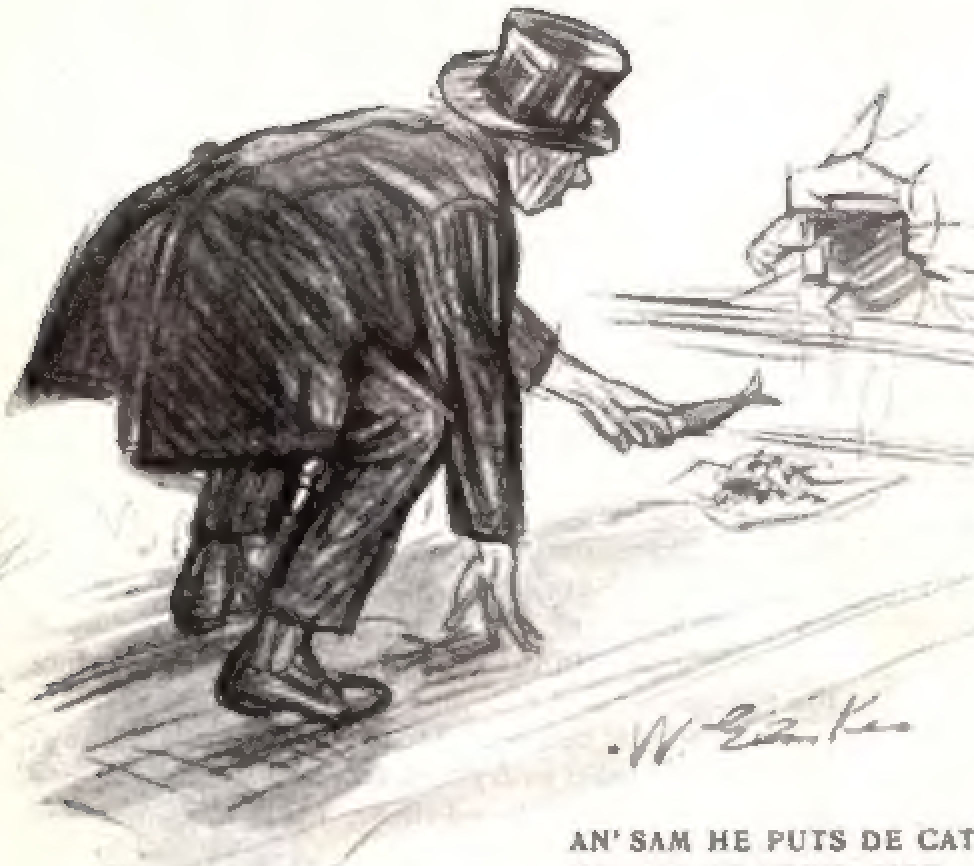
**Editor's Note**—This is the third story in the series. The next will appear in a fortnight.



AN' SAM HE PUTS DE CATNIP AN' DE FRIED FISH NEAR DE HOLE

"I guess not," says she, laffin'; "why, dat Persean cat alone is wuth more en a hundred coal bins."

"I tole yer so, Henry!" I yells, a'count ef him not bein' willin' ter believe meh when I tells him de price ef a Persean cat.

"Tole him what?" axes she, lookin' sharp at meh.

"Dat Persean cats, keepin' rheumatisum away, is wuth more en a coal bin, an' him not willin' ter believe it."

An' she laffs agin an' says: "Oh, dear; youse is two funny men." An' she an' Henry agrees on de price ef two bits fer ter fix de coal bin; an' she says:

"De gurl'll pay yer when yer is done, fer I must be a-goin' downtown."

"An' who'll pay meh?" axes I.

"I'll be back in time," says she, an' she goes an' leaves meh in de yard wid Henry.

An' Henry says ter meh: "You go an' git a barrul full ef coal in an' I'll look aroun'." An when I comes back wid de coal he says:

"Dere's a big Newfoundlander dorg next door; yer kin hear him a-barkin' at dose cats."

"Well?" axes I.

"I'm a-goin' ter fiddle aroun' a while," says he, "an' knock a hole in de fence an' leave de dorg in."

"Why fer?" axes I.

"Ter skeer dose cats," says he.

"What good 'ill dat do?" I axes.

"Well," says he, "I'll knock de lock offen de cateract, open de door an' let dose cats out, an' de gurl 'ill come an' chase de cats an' de dorg, an' I grabs de Persean cat an' puts him in de baskut. See?"

"I see," says I.

So he goes ter de gurl an' says he fergot his hammer an' his saw, an' she gets 'em from de house; an' he comes back into de yard an' says ter meh:

"Mollbuzzer, go an' talk to de gurl while I saws out a hole in de fence an' takes de lock orff de cateract."

So I goes into de house an' de gurl says, "What's de mattur now?"

"I broke a hole in de barrul," I says, "an' I'll have ter have anudder one."

"You'll find one in de cellar, downstairs," says she.

"I won't go down in no cellar," I says, "a'count ef ghostes which lives in cellars and downstairs places."

An' de gurl laffs, an' she goes down inter de cellar an' I looks out ef de kitchun winder an' seed Henry a-cuttin' a hole fer de Newfoundlander dorg.

"Der ain't time ter cut de whole fence down!" I yells; "dat dorg ain't no elerphunt!"

"Mind yer own bizness," says he, a-sawin' an' a-hammerin' away, "an' keep de gurl busy."

An' when de gurl comes back wid de barrul I says, "Dat barrul won't do."

"Why not?" she axes. "It's de same as de other one was."

"Dat shows all yer knows about barruls," I says. "It looks de same but it ain't de same," I says; "ef yer ever carried coal yer'd know a barrul wid three hoops don't hold ez much ez one wid two hoops, 'cause it don't stretch so much."

"I never heard de like," says she. "Yer kin take one hoop orff."

"All right," I says; "git meh a pair ef scissors."

"Scissors!" says she.

"Yes, scissors," I says, a-tryin' ter gain time. "I ain't a-goin' ter take de hoop orff de barrul wid meh teeth."

"Sunday an' Monday!" yells she, a-peepin' out ef de winder ef a suddint, "what is dat carpinter a-doin' ter de fence? An' dat big Newfoundlander dorg next door! Missus said ter fix de coal bin, not ter tear de fence down!"

"He's gittin' boards out ef de fence ter put in de bin," I explains.

"I'll board him," says she, a-takin' a broom an' a-runnin' fer de door.

"Hold on," I says, a-standin' in her way; "yer wouldn't hit a lonely carpinter man?" I says.

"Let go!" she hollers.

"Oh, Mollbuzzer, come quick!" yells Henry in de yard. An' I pushes her back an' shuts de door an' springs fer de yard jist when Henry throwed de door ef de cateract wide open, an' de Newfoundlander dorg springs in de yard, a-barkin' an' a-howlin' an' a-makin' fer de cateract. An' dose cats meows an' meows an' spits fire ez ef all de rheumatisum an' consumptshun in de world was let loose at 'em. An' dey goes a-flyin' an' a-spinnin' fer de top track in de cateract.

An' Henry makes fer de back fence, de baskut on his arm, an' his hands a-bleedin' awful, so I knows de Persean cat was ourn.

But de Newfoundlander dorg loses his head an' seein' he couldn't get one ef de cats he makes fer Henry, an' he almost has him by de leg, but Henry has had more practice in fences, I reckon, den dorgs, fer he gives dat Newfoundlander de double quick wid his boot across de nose an' jumps inter de alley like a skeered rooster.

An' de gurl, a-screamin' an' a-yellin' more en de blame cats an' de Newfoundlander, slams de cateract door shut. I makes fer de fence, but de dorg shows his teeth an' looks bizness out ef his eyes, an' dere I was atween de gurl an' de Newfoundlander.

"Dis is a outrage!" screams she. "I'm goin' ter get de law on you!"

"Get de law on!" I screams back, "but call de dorg orff. Ef yer does I kin git dat five-hundred-dollar Persean cat back, which I seen jump over de fence."

"Oh, Heavens! it's so!" she says; "missus 'ill be crazy. Sunday an' Monday! dat cat wuz de pride ef her heart, it was," an' she leans her head agin de cateract like ez ef she was a-goin' crazy, too.

"Call de dorg orff!" I yells agin; "dat five-hundred-dollar cat ain't a-goin' ter come back 'cause yer keeps yer eyes shut!"

An' de Newfoundlander, seein' dat dose cats was come ter de ground floor ef de cateract agin, he makes fer 'em, an' I springs fer de fence, an' de dorg turns fer meh agin an' de gurl hits meh a whack wid de broom, a-hollerin':

"I'll hoop yer! I'll barrul yer! I'll scissors yer!"

An' de Newfoundlander samples a yard ef meh pants, which I was erbliged ter leave wid him; an' I kites ater Henry.

An' I hears a meowin' an' a-barkin' agin, an' I turns an' sees dose cats a-runnin' right an' left fer de fences an' everywhere, which frightens de life out ef meh, fer I didn't know de habits ef Malteasers an' Persean cats, an' I thought maybe dey was ater meh. So I runs as I never hopes ter run agin; an' none too quick, neither, fer peepul was a-comin' down dat alley like ter a fire, an' a cop er two wid 'em.

Henry an' meh figured it out an' we thought it would be better ter rent a room fer de night at de Star Ef Hope an' ter lay low instead ef goin' back home. We stayed dere a long time, too skeered fer ter speak, but in de night Henry he wakes up ter hisself an' he says:

"Mollbuzzer, now dat de five-hundred Persean cat is ourn, what will we do wid it?"

"Yer don't expict ter put it in a bank," I answers, "de same ez ef it was money? De fust thing ter do is ter read de papers in de mornin' an' look fer a riward!"

"But I'm gettin' nervous 'bout de whole blame bizness," says he.

"Well, den," says I, "maybe it 'ill be better ter go back home an' see Sam."

"Yes," he says, "an' Sam 'ill want de cat, tail an' all, fer readin' jist a line!"

So we talked it up an' down, an' come to de point dat we thought it would be best ter go back home wid de blamed cat an' tell Sam what happened an' take his adwice. An' Sam was mighty mad at first an' called us traitors; but seein' it might be a good bizness fer us three, he cooled orff an' says he would help all he could. An' sure enuff, we reads a piece in de paper de next mornin' sayin' fifty dollars riward an' no questions axed fer de return ef de cat ter de old maid lady.

"No questions 'ill be axed," I says; "dey'll jist grab us an' put us in jail, an' dat will be all! Who'll take de cat back?"

"I'll take de cat back jist ter akomerdate yer," says Sam.

"An' grab de riward ter akomerdate us, too," says Henry.

"Well," says Sam, "we'll diwide; youse fellers kin each keep ten an' meh thirty."

"That's jist plain robbery an' no diwision at all," I says.

"But I'm takin' de chances ef bein' sent ter jail," says Sam.

"All three ef us 'ill go an' share an' share alike," I says.

"Dat's right enuff," Henry says, "but I can't see how yer kin diwide fifty dollars equal atween three peepul!"

An' jist den dat Persean cat gets out ef de baskut somehow, an' afore we could grab him by his long fuzzy tail he runs thru a hole in de wall an' is gone!

"Yer see what yer done by yer argufyin' an' yer disputin'," swears Sam. "Now none ef us gits nothin'! Mollbuzzer," he says, "kin climb on de roof an' watch wid a stick so ez de cat can't git away thru de chimbley; an' you, Henry, kin watch de hole in de wall here."

"Git some one wid de rheumatisum," I says, "ter coax de cat back."

"Rheumatisum, yer grandma," says Sam, him not knowin' ez much about Persean cats ez meh; "I'm goin' ter see a horse doctor what I knows, Doc Dan not bein' ter home."

"What fer a horse doctor?" axes I.

"I knows what I'm about," says Sam, an' he goes away, an' Henry shins on top ef de roof, an' I watches de hole in de wall ef de room.

An' Sam comes back soon an' says, "It cost meh twinty cents fer catnip an' fried fish what de horse doctor told meh fer ter buy ter coax de cat back."

"Dat's more en I'd pay fer a meal fer mehself," says I.

"All right," says Sam, "but yer ain't wuth no five hundred an' fifty dollars, neither."

"It's strange," puts in Henry, "dat a cat should be wuth more en a man, ain't it? How does yer explain it, Sam?"

"Git de cat back an' I'll explain it aterwards," says Sam.

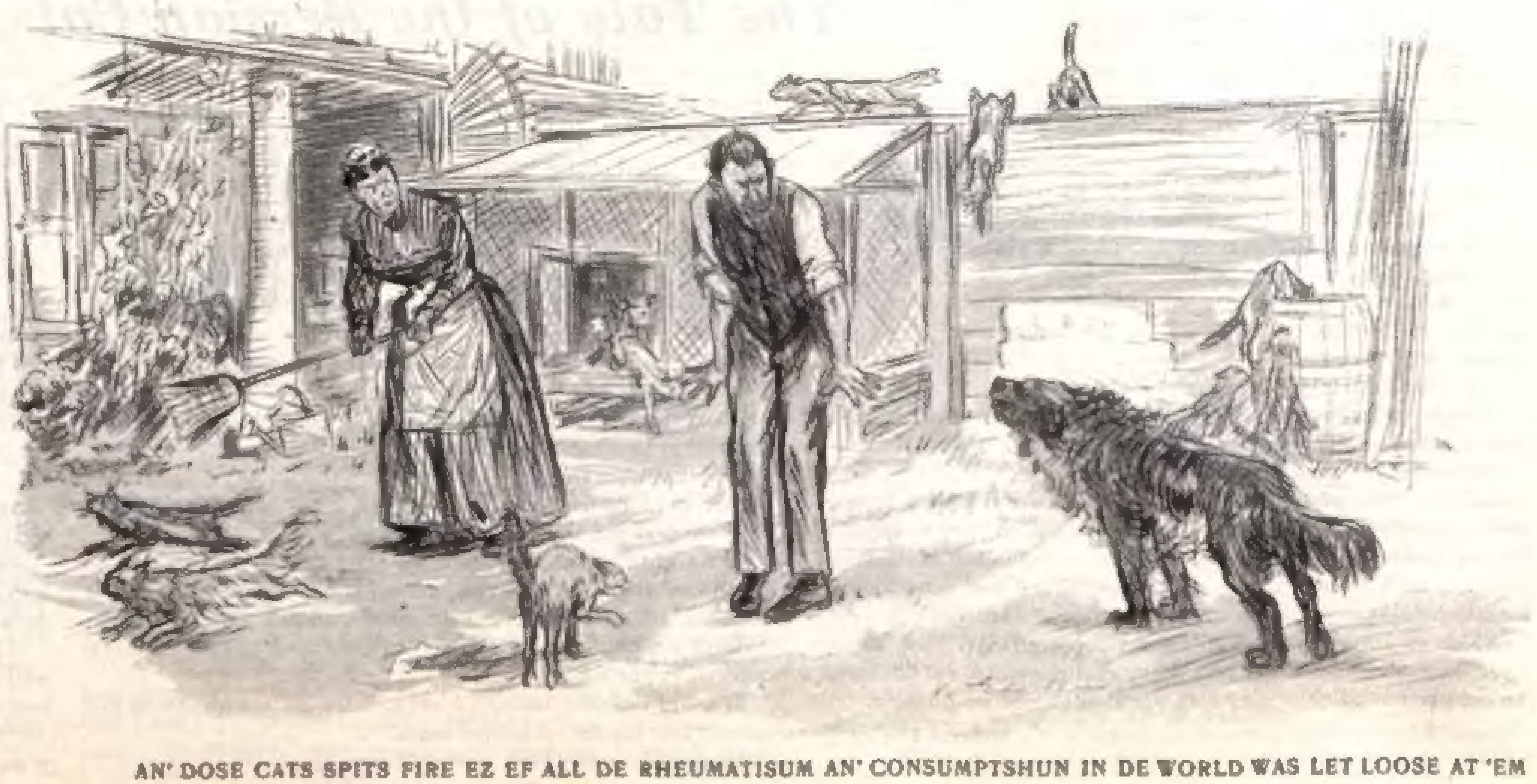
An' Sam he puts de catnip an' de fried fish near de hole, an' ater a while de cat puts his head out thru de wall, an' he grabs it.

"Don't kill him," I says.

"Yer kin hold him," says he, a-hollerin' blue blazes, "ef yer knows so much!"

So we puts de cat back in de baskut, an' along night we goes ter de home ef de old maid lady an' de cateract.

"De cat comes back," I says ter de gurl at de door.



AN' DOSE CATS SPITS FIRE EZ EF ALL DE RHEUMATISUM AN' CONSUMPTSHUN IN DE WORLD WAS LET LOOSE AT 'EM

"Ain't youse de biggest rasculs in de whole world?" she axes, gittin' red in de face

"No questions axed," I says, "accordin' to de riward."

"Thank the Lord anyways dat it's back," she says, "fer missus is sick in bed an' almost dead wid——"

"Wid de rheumatisum?" I axes.

"You an' yer rheumatisum," says Sam; "don't talk so much."

"Give meh Lady Grimalakins," says de gurl.

"We didn't bring no lady; we brung de cat back," I says

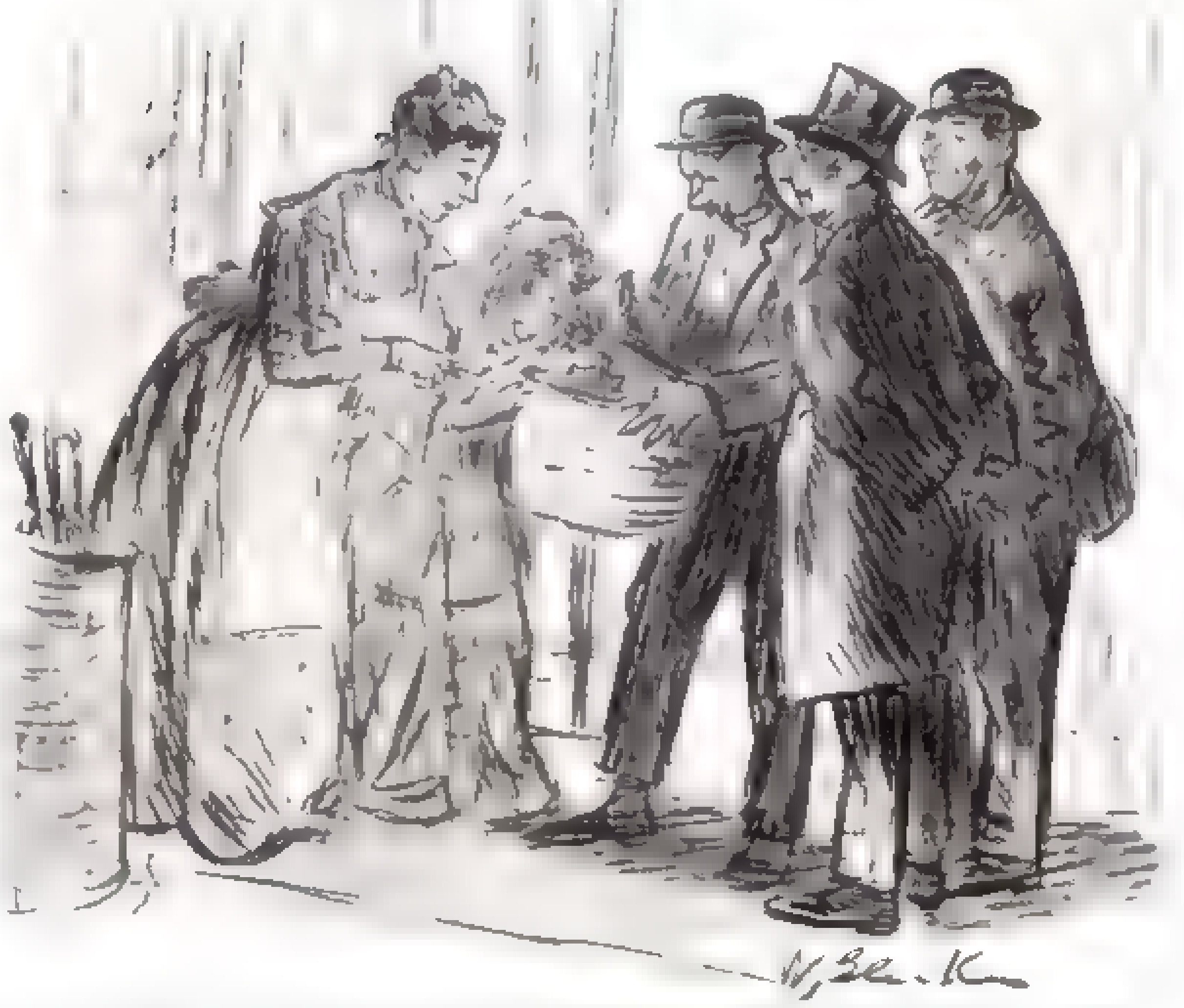
"Dat's de name ef de cat," says she

"Is Persean cats named de same ez peepul?" I axes

"Keep still, yer fool," says Sam; "let de gurl git de coin

"Git de fifty," I says ter de gurl, "an' Lady Persean is yourn fer life; an' yer kin tell de old maid lady ter put in an extree five fer a new pair ef pants dat de Newfoundlander dorg tore——"

An' Sam he gives meh a punch in de ribs, an' de gurl comes back wid de old maid lady, her glasses an' her side curls an' all, a-lookin' whiter en de Persean cat. An' she starts in ter say, what we knowed already, dat we wus de greatest rasculs in de whole world, jist like ez ef we come ter steal de cat instead ef takin' it back, which is jist like wimens.


"AN' IT WON'T COST YER NOTHIN' EXTREE," PIPES I, "FER TAKIN' A PEEP"

An' Henry says ter her, "Lady Grimalakins, we ——"

"Dat ain't her name, but de Persean cat's," I says ter him, pokin' his head.

"Well, den, mam," he says, "we didn't come ter learn yer 'pinion on polertics, but fer ter get de riward."

"I ain't sure it's de Persean cat yit," says she; "I'll take de baskut inside an' ef it's Lady Grimalakins I'll send de fifty out."

"No yer don't," says Sam

"I'll cut a big hole in de baskut, mam," says I, takin' out meh knife, "an' yer kin look in."

"Fer de love ef Heaven," says she, "put dat awful knife away; you'll kill dat cat yit, youse will!"

"Yer bring a candul," says Sam, "an' we'll open de kiver ef de baskut an' yer kin peep in!"

"An' it won't cost yer nothin' extree," pipes I, "fer takin' a peep," fer sayin' which Sam kicks meh shin

So dey gits a candul an' seen it was de Persean cat an' all, an' dey gives us de fifty, which makes meh think a good deal more ef cats en dorgs

An' we was gone a bit when Sam he turns an' he says, "Youse might tackle dat Newfoundlander dorg next, an' ——"

"I guess not," says meh an' Hungry Henry ter oncet.

# GOLDEN FLEECE

## The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

### By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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### XII

POPE, as Mrs. Ballantyne explained to Frothingham, was an Eastern Senator — a multi-millionaire, sent to the Senate because he practically supported — that is, "financed" — the machine of his party in his State, besides making large contributions to its national machine. "So the 'Boss,' as they call the leader of the party in that State," she said, "sold Mr. Pope one of the Senatorships, keeping the other for himself. Mr. Ballantyne is the leader, the master, of his party in his State and, while he's too modest to tell it, is one of the masters of the party in the nation. He could be President if it weren't for the disgusting prejudice among the people against all who happen to have a little something" — "a little something" being Mrs. Ballantyne's modest way of speaking of their millions. "But," she went on, "old Mr. Pope is a nonentity. He sits in his seat and votes the way they tell him to and is nice to everybody. Mr. Ballantyne suspects that he's getting ready to buy the Vice-Presidency."

"How much does that cost?" asked Frothingham.

"It'll cost him half a million if the chances of our party's carrying the election are good; if they're not so good, perhaps he can get it for a quarter of a million. But they may not dare nominate him. They may have to take some popular poor man. The 'many-headed monster,' as Shakespeare calls it, has been grumbling of late. We have a hard task in our country, Lord Frothingham, to keep the people with property in control."

"It's the same all over the world nowadays, I fancy," said Frothingham. "One has to apologize for being well born or rich or for living in decent style. The trouble with the lower classes at home is that they don't have to work hard enough. They used to be too busy to make themselves and everybody uncomfortable by doing what they call thinking."

"That's the trouble with our lower classes, too," answered Mrs. Ballantyne. "We educate too much."

The carriage rushed into the brilliantly lighted entrance of Senator Pope's house. Frothingham saw Ysobel's face, saw that she was having a violent attack of silent laughter. And he understood why. "The young 'un has a sense of humor," he said to himself. "It's ridiculous for these beggars to pose and strut before they've had time to brush the dirt off their knees and hands."

As they entered the drawing-room Frothingham's attention riveted upon two gilt armchairs ensconced in a semicircle of palms and ferns. "For the President and his wife," said Ysobel. "They're dining here to-night, you know. This is the first President in a long time who has accepted invitations below the Cabinet circle. He comes to Senator Pope's because they're old friends. It's quite an innovation and has caused a deal of talk. But I don't blame him. Where's the use in being President if you can't do as you please?"

Mrs. Pope, stout and red and obviously "flustered," came bustling up. After she had greeted them she said: "Lord Frothingham, you're to take my daughter Elsie in to dinner." Then to Mrs. Ballantyne: "Oh, my dear, why didn't you warn me of the quarrel between the Cabinet women and the Speaker's family. Whatever *shall* I do? Mrs. Secretary Mandon's here, and so are the Speaker and his wife."

"I'd send Grace Mandon in ahead of the Speaker's wife, if I were you," replied Mrs. Ballantyne. "I've no patience with the pretensions of the House. It's distinctly the commonest branch of the Government, while the Cabinet is next to the President."

"But," objected Mrs. Pope plaintively, "the Speaker is so influential and really fierce about precedence, and his wife has *such* a tongue and *such* a temper, and neither he nor she *ever* forgives."

"Do as you like, of course," said Mrs. Ballantyne stiffly. Being of the Senate it exasperated her that the House should be placed ahead of it.

Just then a murmur ran round the room — "The President! The President!" Those who were seated rose, conversation stopped and the orchestra began to play. "Bless my soul," muttered Frothingham, "they're playing God Save the King!" And then he remembered that the Americans had, as he put it, "stolen our tune and set a lot of rot about themselves to it." The President and his wife entered, he frowning and red and intent upon the two gilt chairs. Mrs. Pope curtesied, her husband contracted his stiff old figure in a comical half-salaam. All bent their heads and a few of the young people, among them Ysobel, curtesied.

"See him looking at those chairs?" said she to Frothingham.

Frothingham nodded.

"He's awfully sour at the etiquette here," she went on. "I suppose he's afraid the country'll find out about it and cut up rough. He's smashing right and left, and every one's wondering when he'll throw out the gilt chairs."

But his courage apparently failed him, for he and his wife advanced to the "thrones" and seated themselves. No one else sat, all moving about to get the partners indicated on the little gilt and crested cards they had found in envelopes addressed to them and laid upon the tables in the dressing-rooms. Frothingham examined Elsie Pope and saw that she was small and slight, square in the shoulders, thin in the neck, her hair of an uncertain shade of brown, her eyes commonplace, her features irregular. "She looks a good-tempered soul," he said to himself, searching resolutely for merits. And then he noted that her hands were red, and that she had flat, rather wide wrists. "A good, plain soul," he added. He sat silent, waiting for her to begin to entertain him — he hadn't got used to the American custom of the men entertaining the women; and the New York and Boston women, acquainted with the British way, had humored him. But he waited in vain. At last he stole a glance at her, and noted the flutter of a humor-curve at the corner of her mouth. "A shrewd little thing, I suspect," he thought. And he said to her, "No — really I don't bite."

Her eyes twinkled. "I was beginning to be afraid you didn't bark, either," she said

His expression retired behind his eyeglass. "Nor do I, unless I'm bid."

"I like to be talked to — I'd so much rather criticise than be criticised."

"What do you like to hear about?" he asked.

"About the man who's talking. It's the only subject he'll really put his heart into, isn't it?"

Frothingham smiled faintly, as if greeting an old and not especially admired acquaintance.

"I'm so disappointed," she said presently. "All winter I've had the same man take me in everywhere — you know, we follow precedence very closely here in Washington. And, when I found I was to have a new man, I had *such* hopes! The other man and I had got bored to death with each other. And now — you're threatening to be a failure!"

Frothingham did not like this — it was pert for a woman to speak thus to him; he resented it as a man and he resented it as Lord Frothingham. "That's a jest, ain't it?" he drawled. "We English, you know, have a horribly defective sense of American humor."

"No, it wasn't a jest," she replied. "It was a rudeness, and I beg your pardon. I thought to say something smart, and — I missed. Let's change the subject. Do you see that intellectual-looking man with the beard on the other side of the table — next to Ysobel Ballantyne?"

"The surly chap?"

"Yes — and he's surly because mamma has made a dreadful mistake. She's put him two below the place his rank entitles him to. He'll act like a savage all evening."

"Fancy! What a small matter to fly into a rage over."

"A small matter for a large man, but a large matter for a small man. Sometimes I think all men are small."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because of what I've seen in Washington. They say the women started this craze for precedence. I don't know whether that's so or not. But I do know that in the three years I've been out I've found the men worse than the women. And those things look so much pettier in a man, too."

"But I thought there wasn't any rank in this country."

"So I thought — I was educated in France. I believe in rank and all that — it seems to me absurd to talk about equality. But I despise this silly squabble over little places that last only a few years at most. As Mr. Boughton was saying — you know Mr. Boughton?"

"You mean the Second Secretary at our Embassy?"

"Yes. He said to me only last night: 'America has an aristocracy just as we have, but gets from it all the evils and none of the good; all the pettiness, none of the dignity and sense of responsibility.'"

"But they tell me it's different—out West."

"I don't know. I can only speak of the East—especially of Washington. There isn't a capital in Europe or Asia, the diplomats say, with so elaborate a system of rank and precedence as we have. Why, do you know, it's so bad that the fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year clerks and their families have a society of their own between the circles of those who get eighteen hundred and those who get twelve hundred. And they'd rather die than mix with those who get less than they do."

"Really! Really, now!"

"And anything like a good time is almost impossible. It's precedence, precedence everywhere, always You can't entertain informally."

"It must be as if one were laced in a strait jacket"

"I'm going abroad next year, and am never coming back, if I can help it. I'm going where at least there's real rank to get excited about. I'll go with Ysobel and her mother—unless Ysobel decides to marry on this side."

Frothingham was internally agitated, but gave no sign of it.

"She's marrying either Mr Boughton or that handsome Italian sitting next to Mrs. Ballantyne—the Prince di Rontivogli"

"Ah," said Frothingham. And to himself, "Just my rotten luck!"

"She makes no secret of it," continued Miss Pope, "so I'm not violating her confidence. She says she's determined to marry higher than her sister did. She likes Mr. Boughton better, though I should think she'd prefer the Prince—his face is ideal, and such manners! But, while Mr. Boughton is his granduncle's heir, and his granduncle is old and a widower—still—well, the dukedom might slip away from him. For instance, he might die before his granduncle."

"That would be ghastly for her, wouldn't it, now?" said Frothingham.

"It would kill poor Ysobel. She's *so* proud and ambitious! And that's why she has an eye for the Prince—he's of a frightfully old family, you know. One of his ancestors tried to poison Cesare Borgia and did succeed in getting himself poisoned or smothered or something thrilling. And they were an old, old family then. Oh, Ysobel is flying high. If her father would give her mother and her a free hand, I think she'd land a prince of some royal family."

Behind his mask Frothingham was hastily reforming his line of battle. The Ballantyne fortune was apparently inaccessible to an attack from a mere Earl; but he could keep it under surveillance while employing his main force against the Pope citadel, which seemed to be inviting attack. He did not fancy Miss Pope—she was too patently conscious of her cleverness and it was of a kind that did not attract him, was not what he regarded as feminine; nor was she physically up to his standard for his Countess-to-be. But—she had the essential; and he had been in America nearly five months and had had two, practically three, failures.

For the rest of his two weeks at the Ballantynes' he spent as much time as he courteously could with Miss Pope. And when he joined Joe Wallingford at the New Willard, sharing his suite—and paying less than a third of the expenses—he was with her a large part of each day, driving with her, riding with her, lunching where she lunched, dining where she dined, dancing with her, walking with her, sending her flowers. In Boston and New York he had been somewhat hindered by the chaperon system, careless though it was. Here chaperoning was the flimsiest of farces, and he and Elsie were together almost as freely as if she were a man.

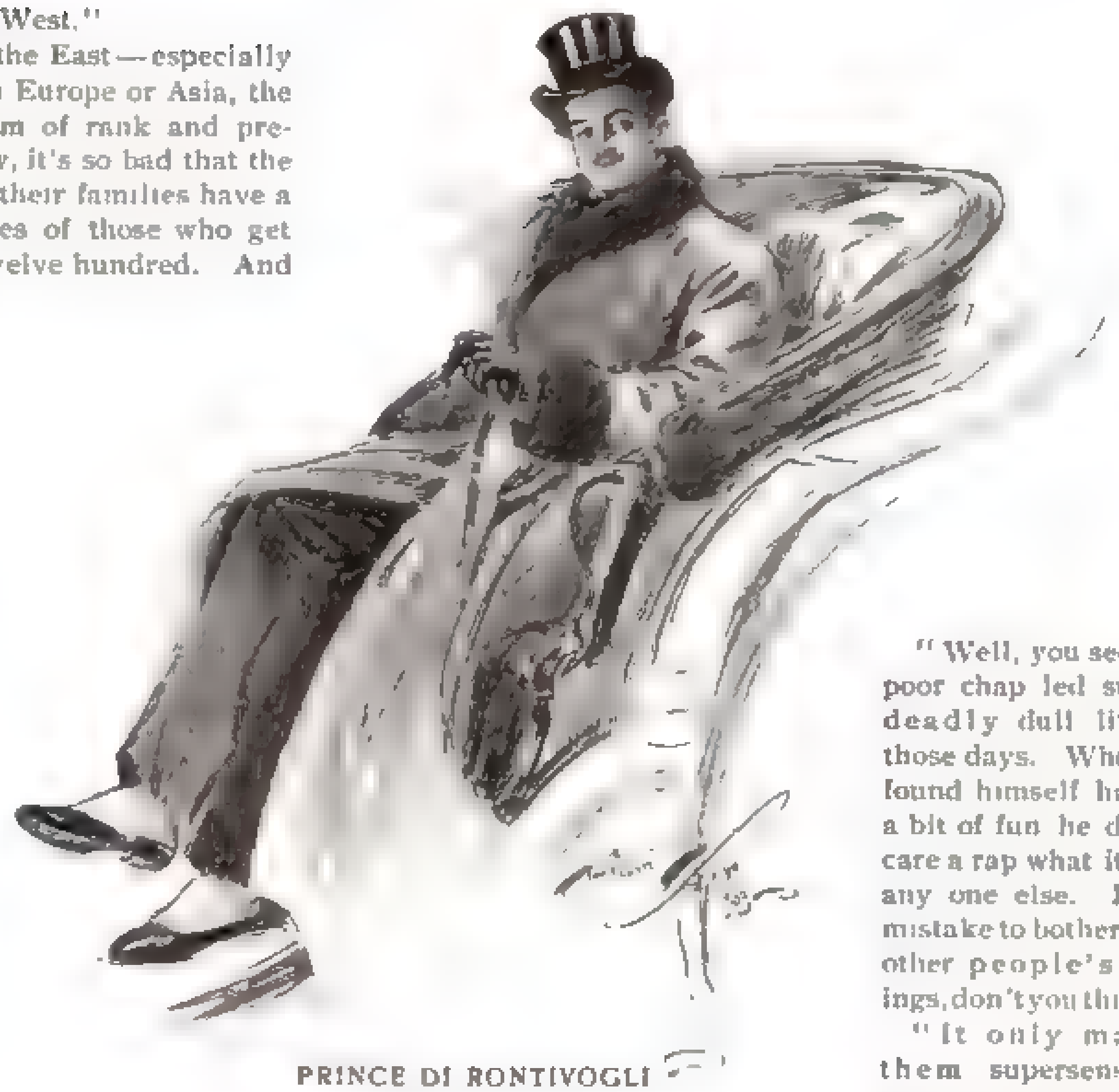
In his fourth week in Washington he called one afternoon to keep an engagement to walk with her at half-past four. She had not returned from a girls' luncheon to which she had gone. At ten minutes past five she came, full of apology for her delay—"I really couldn't leave. The lunch was over before three o'clock, but the Secretary of State's daughter was enjoying herself and, though we were all furious with her, as we had other engagements, she wouldn't leave; and, of course, none of us could leave until she left. When she did finally take herself away, the Secretary of the Treasury's daughter had given up her engagement and had settled herself for the afternoon. She didn't leave until ten minutes ago. So there we were, penned in and forced to stay"

"Precedence again?" said Frothingham.

"Precedence. It's outrageous that those two girls should show so little consideration."

"I've known the same sort of thing to happen at home," Frothingham assured her. "Once when I'd gone to a house only for dinner I had to stay until half past four in the morning. The Prince of Wales was there, and he was just then mad about 'bridge.' He insisted on playing and playing. Several of us were asleep in the next room—the hostess was nodding over her cards."

"But he must have seen," said Elsie. "Why didn't he take the hint?"


PRINCE DI RONTIVOGLI

"Well, you see, the poor chap led such a deadly dull life in those days. When he found himself having a bit of fun he didn't care a rap what it cost any one else. It's a mistake to bother with other people's feelings, don't you think?"

"It only makes them supersensitive and hard to get on with," replied Elsie "I used to be considerate. Now I'm considerate only when it's positively rude not to be. Besides, I must expect to buy my way through the world. I never had any friends—though I used to think I had, when I was a fool and didn't know that just the sight of wealth makes human beings tie up their good instincts and turn loose the worst there is in them. Even when rich people are friendly with each other it's usually in the hope of getting some sordid advantage."

"Do you apply that to yourself or only to others?"

"It applies to me—it has applied to me ever since I found what sort of a world I was living in."

"I don't believe it, my dear girl," drawled Frothingham, the more convincingly for the lack of energy in his tone. And he gave her a quick, queer look through his eyeglass and was stolid again.

She colored just a little. "Oh, I suppose I'd be as big a goose as ever if I should fall in love again."

"Again?"

She laughed. "I've been in love four times in the last four years, and almost in love three times more. That's a poor record for a Washington girl—there are so many temptations, with all these fascinating foreigners streaming through. But I'm not counting the times I've been made love to in half a dozen modern languages—I and my father's money."

"Possibly you're unjust to some of the men who've said they admired you. They may not have attached so much importance to your father's money as—you do."

The thrust tickled her vanity—nature had given her an over-measure of vanity to compensate for her under measure of charm. She looked pleased, though she said: "I don't deceive myself as to myself."

"A man might have been attracted to you because you had money," continued Frothingham dispassionately, "and might have stayed on for your own sake."

Elsie lifted her eyebrows. "Perhaps," she said. "I'll admit it's possible."

"And, honestly now, do you pretend that you'd marry a man who had nothing to offer you but love? What has attracted you in the men you've thought well of? You say there have been four—or, rather, four and three halves. Has any one of 'em been a poor devil of a nobody?"

Elsie hesitated; in the twilight he saw from the corner of his eye that her upper lip was trembling. They were walking near the tall, white, glistening monument, in the quiet street that skirts the grounds of the White House. "One," she said at last, in a low voice. "I didn't care especially for him. But sometimes I think he really did care for me—he was a wild, sensitive creature." She looked at Frothingham and smiled. "And when I get in my black moods I'm half sorry I sent him away."

"But you did send him away, didn't you?" Frothingham's expression and tone were satirical, yet sympathetic, too. "And you complain of men for being precisely as you are!"

"I hadn't thought of that," she admitted.

"I take it for granted the girl who consents to marry me will consent because she wishes to be a Countess." He drew closer to her—she looked her best in twilight hours, and he succeeded in putting as much tenderness into his voice as was necessary to enable so drawling and indifferent a person to create an impression of sentiment. "If I were walking here with the girl I wished to win, I'd say nothing of sentiment. I'd simply trust to the only thing I have that could possibly induce her to listen to me."

She glanced shyly up at him—he thought her almost pretty.

"Do you think that would win her?" he asked in a low tone

"I—don't—know," she replied slowly. Her commonplace voice had also been touched with the magic that had transformed her face.

"Won't you think of it?"

"If you wish," she murmured

They went on in silence a few minutes, then she spoke in an attempt at her usual voice: "But we must turn back. I'll have just time to dress for dinner."

And he decided that he would say no more on the principal subject for several days. He thought he understood how to deal with American girls rather better now. "I'll give her a chance to walk round the trap," he thought. And then he reminded himself that it was hardly a trap—wasn't she getting the better of the bargain? "She's indulging in a luxury, while I'm after a desperate necessary. And, by Jove, it won't be easy not to make a face, if I get it—with her."

### *XIII*

SO CONFIDENT was he—and so out of conceit with his impending success—that he took a three days' vacation, going up to New York with Wallingford to attend a ball for which Longview had hired half of Sherry's, and otherwise to amuse himself. The revisiting of the scene of his early failure depressed him; he lost nearly a thousand dollars at roulette; he borrowed a thousand from Wallingford; he returned to Washington in the depths of the blues. And he found the posture of his affairs completely changed.

On the very day he gave Elsie the chance to become a Countess Prince Rontivogli discovered that Ysobel Ballantyne was in love with Boughton and would risk his succeeding to the title. Rontivogli was not the man to waste time on impossibilities—indeed, he had no time to waste. He turned away from the beautiful Miss Ballantyne instantly, and with all the ardor of his fiery Southern nature laid siege to Elsie Pope. And, while Elsie was somewhat reserved in her welcome, he found an ally in her father who thought it would sound extremely well to be able to say, "My daughter, the Princess."

Rontivogli was tall, had a clear, pallid skin, eloquent black eyes, the brow and nose and chin of an Italian patrician, the manners and speech of chivalrous courtesy to women which disguise profound contempt for their intelligence. He spoke English indifferently, French fluently.

When Frothingham, just returned from New York and still enshrouded in surly gloom, drove up to Pope's door, he saw Rontivogli's little victoria standing a few yards down the drive. Rontivogli was conducting himself in Washington as if he were rich, so plausibly that only the foreign element was without doubts as to the object of his visit to America. At sight of this trap Frothingham scowled. "What's that Italian doing here?" he said to himself, and his fear answered the question. When they came face to face in the parlor Elsie greatly enjoyed it. The Italian was smooth and urbane; Frothingham, careless of the feelings of a man he despised and thoroughly English in his indifference to the demands of courtesy to Elsie, was almost uncivil. He and Elsie talked for a few minutes, then she drew Rontivogli into the conversation. The Prince answered in French, and French became the language. Frothingham spoke it far worse than Rontivogli spoke English, so he was practically excluded. He sat dumb and stolid, wondering why "the brute hasn't the decency to take himself off when I came last."

But "the brute" drew Elsie into a lively discussion on a book he had sent her and, because there was no break in the argument, was seemingly not impolite in lingering. It was almost an hour before he rose, kissed her hand, gave her an adoring look, said "*A bientôt*," and departed. But, although he was physically gone, he was actually still there—if anything, Frothingham was more acutely conscious of him.

"I don't believe Miss Ballantyne could stand that fellow," he said, conscious of tactlessness, but too angry to care. "I think all those Latins unendurable. They're a snaky lot, and their manners suggest waiters and valets."

Elsie flushed and slightly drew in the corners of her mouth, a sure sign that her temper had been roused in the worst way—through wounded vanity. "Oh, you British are so insular," she replied, "and so self-satisfied. Here in Washington we learn to appreciate all kinds of foreigners and to make allowances even for Englishmen"—that last with a mere veneer of good nature. "I think Rontivogli charming. He's so intelligent, and has so much temperament."

Frothingham recovered his self-control in presence of obvious danger. He looked calmly at her through his eyeglass. "No doubt you're right," he drawled. "Rontivogli's a decent enough chap, so far as I know, and for an Italian devilish clean looking, I must say."

Elsie had no intention of driving him off; in spite of the Italian's superiority in title and "temperament," she preferred the Englishman—she knew him better and in a more candid way. She became conciliatory and they were soon amicable again. But Frothingham saw that his vacation had been perilously costly, that he must work to reinstate himself, that it was not a wise moment for reopening the matter of the engagement which only four days ago seemed all but settled. He found that Elsie was dining at the Italian Embassy, to go afterward to a ball at the Vice-President's to which he was invited. He spoke for several dances and left

Boughton and he dined together at the Metropolitan Club While they were having a preliminary cocktail Boughton told him, in confidence, that he was engaged to Ysobel Ballantyne. "So that's why I find Rontivogli poaching," thought Frothingham. And he said presently: "What do you know about that chap Rontivogli? He looks a queer 'un to me."

"Not a thing," replied Boughton. "I had all our fellows writing over to the other side, following him up. The answers thus far show nothing downright shady. He's down to a box of a house and a few acres just north of Milan. And that's swamped in mortgages. No one knows how he raised the wind for this trip. He seems to have a good bit of cash, doesn't he?"

"I'm particularly interested in knowing about him," continued Frothingham. "He's developed an astonishing interest in a girl friend of mine. I'd hate to see her taken in by a scamp. And I'm sure he's that"

"Oh," said Boughton, "Miss Pope?"

"Yes," replied Frothingham. "And she thinks well of him."

"I'll be glad to help you, old man. I sha'n't drop my inquiry as I'd intended."

"Thanks," said Frothingham. And they talked of other matters.

When he looked Elsie up at the Vice-President's that night for the first of the dances she had promised him, he found her on a rustic bench in the garden, almost screened from observation, Rontivogli beside her. The Italian's classic face was aglow and Frothingham saw that he had checked a torrent of enamored eloquence. He saw, also, that Elsie was not pleased by the interruption. However, she left Rontivogli and went with him. As they entered the ballroom he said: "I don't care for this music, do you? Let's sit it out. Only"—he gave her a look of quiet raillery—"you must engage not to go back to your volcano until *my* dance is over."

"Volcano?" A smile of pleased vanity strayed into her eyes and out again.

"Yes—your Vesuvius, whose eruption I was brute enough to interrupt. Beastly of me, wasn't it?"

"Rontivogli seems to annoy you a great deal."

"He? Not in the least." And his tranquil eyeglass affirmed his falsehood. "But I assure you he'll spout all the fiercer for the interruption. I know those Southern chaps. I don't wonder we stand no show against 'em. I tossed the sponge as soon as I saw what he was about."

They were sitting on the stairs now and could talk without being overheard. "Possibly you may remember," he went on, "I said something that was rather important to me—last Thursday, down near the monument—at half-past six precisely, to be exact—I heard a clock strike as I finished. Do you recall it?"

Elsie was puzzled by his light, satirical tone. "Yes," she said. "I do vaguely recall that you said something vague."

"I didn't mean to be vague. But that doesn't matter now. I see there's no chance for me—at present. And I wished to say to you that at least I sha'n't give up our delightful friendship. No matter what you do with your Italian, you'll feel that I'm your friend, won't you?" Frothingham said it as if he meant it; and to a considerable extent he did mean it—chagrined though he was, he fancied her so little in the rôle he had invited her to play that his prospective defeat found him not utterly despondent. He had reasoned out his course carefully and had come to the conclusion that his chance lay in posing as her disinterested friend. Perhaps she would confide in him, would give him the opportunity to advise and criticise—an admirable position from which to undermine and destroy his rival.

As Elsie had not fully made up her mind to Rontivogli and as she saw nothing but advantage to her in keeping Frothingham "on the string," she responded to his frank and manly appeal. And she believed what he said, as she believed pretty much everything men told her; and she liked him better than ever. "If he were only a prince," she said to herself regretfully, "and had temperament."

That same night she accepted Rontivogli; and when Frothingham came to lunch the next day she told him.

"Well," he drawled, "I can't say I'm shouting glad. But I can honestly congratulate him. And—I hope you won't regret."

"We're not announcing the engagement for several days," she said

"That's good. You don't mind my saying—you know we've agreed to be friends—but I think you—your father ought to make careful inquiry about him. I'm sure everything's all right, but—it's prudent."

Elsie smiled. "Oh, we have made inquiries," she said "Besides, any one can see what sort of man he is—any one but a prejudiced Englishman."

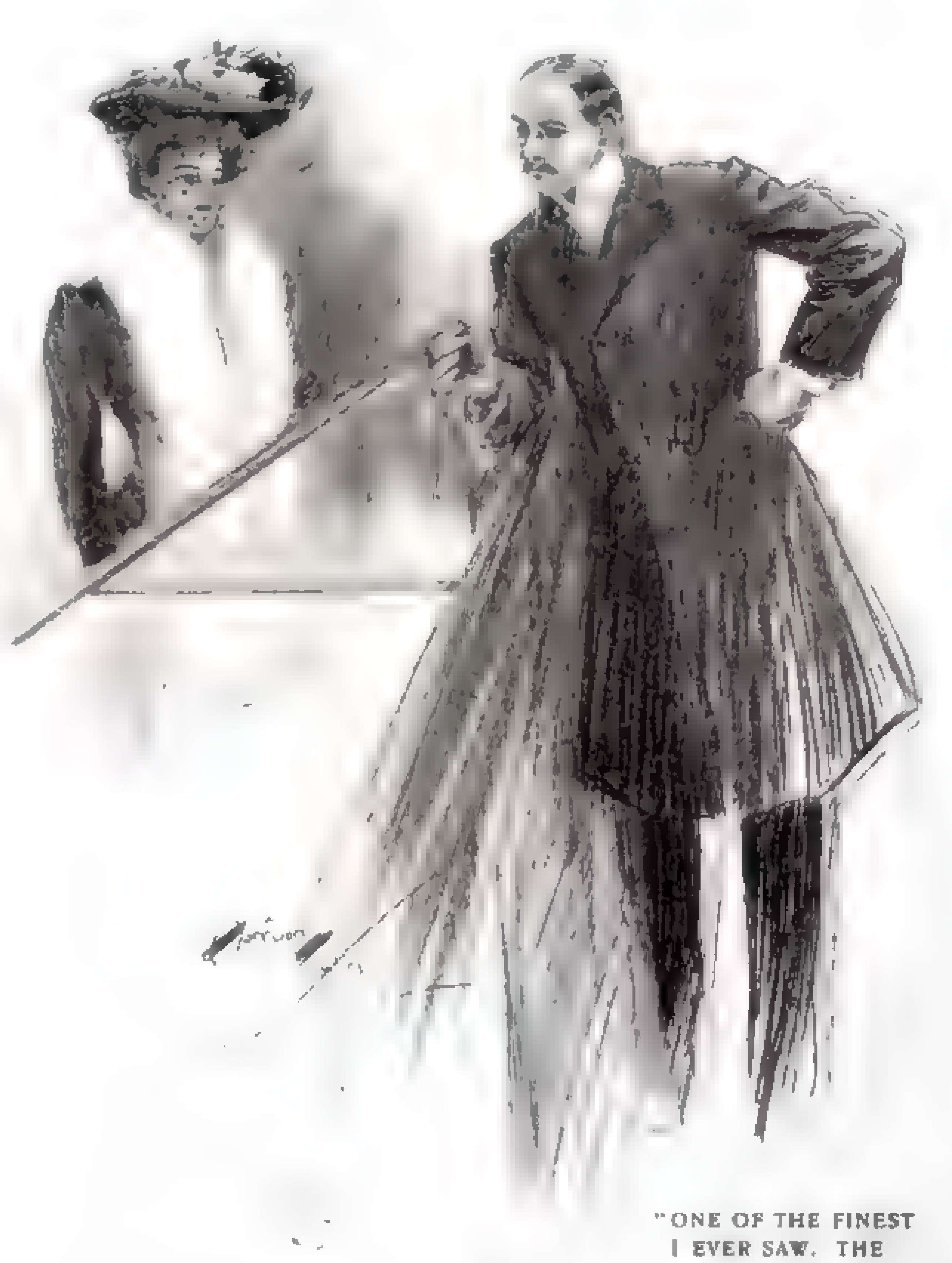
"I don't deny I'm prejudiced. Is it surprising?" And he gave her a long look that might have meant anything or nothing. "But—one can't be too careful about foreigners."

"Foreigners!" Elsie laughed with good-humored mockery. "And what are you?"

"Why, an Englishman We don't count as foreigners here."

"No—but as stepbrothers, which is much more suspicious

Frothingham found encouragement in her willingness to discuss her fiancé with him—it showed plainly how foreign she felt to Rontivogli, how friendly to him. A few afternoons later—it was the day after the dinner at which her engagement was formally announced—she went with Frothingham to call on "Madame Almansa" in her surroundings of Spartan simplicity. They found Ysobel and Boughton there also, and when Ysobel took Frothingham and Boughton into the small library adjoining the smaller drawing-room to look at some old prints "Sue" had brought with her from Spain, Elsie talked with "Sue" of the engagement.



"ONE OF THE FINEST I EVER SAW. THE FLAW IS SLIGHT"

Madame Almansa was chary of congratulations, full of cautionings and doubts. "I don't wish to cast a shadow on your happiness, dear—for you *are* happy, aren't you?"

"Indeed I am," replied Elsie convincingly—Rontivogli was an ideal lover; he could even sing his mad passion in a voice that was well trained and thrilling.

"But—you know my sad experience." Madame Almansa sighed like Medea thinking on the treachery of Jason. Her glance fell upon the engagement ring. She took Elsie's hand. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I love emeralds, and that is a magnificent one. And only a tiny flaw."

Elsie colored with annoyance. "I think you are mistaken," she said. "It's a perfect jewel."

"Certainly it is perfect, dear," replied Madame Almansa in her superior, informative tone. "Perfect for an emerald. But, you know, there are no emeralds of size anywhere in the world that haven't flaws. At least, I never heard of one. Emeralds are valuable in spite of their flaws."

Elsie colored again, this time with annoyance at having exposed her ignorance

"A superb setting," continued Madame Almansa. "It must be very, very old. I love that kind of setting—beautifully engraved, dull gold. The only objection is that it's the best kind for deceiving one as to genuineness, isn't it? One could not tell whether that stone was genuine or imitation You know, they make such wonderful imitations. When I was going out in the world I had all my best jewels reproduced in imitation stuff, and usually I wore the imitation. One felt so much safer"

Elsie drew her hand away, smiling sweetly. She was inwardly raging—"The cat!" she said to herself. "Clawing me viciously, and purring all the time."

She left in a few minutes, Rontivogli calling for her. To relieve her feelings and also because she was in the habit of saying nearly everything that came into her head, she told him what Madame Almausa had said about the ring

Rontivogli, half-turned toward her as they sat side by side in her victoria, regarded her with his luminous smile "That is the way of the world, *ma belle et bonne*," he said in his gentlest manner. "It is difficult to harden one's self to such wickedness. But there is also much that is beautiful and fine. And we—you and I—will shut everything else out of our lives, will we not?"

He made her feel unworthy, almost "common," when he talked in that fashion—she realized painfully that she was sadly lacking in "temperament," and she dreaded that he might find her out.

"The ring," he went on, "has been in the family for eight hundred years—perhaps longer. It is unchanged. No question of its genuineness has ever been raised, so far as I know. We are not so suspicious as some of you Americans."

"She didn't question its genuineness," replied Elsie. "She simply wished to make me uncomfortable with a malicious insinuation. Or, may be, she was just talking. It was silly of me to tell you."

He protested that he was not disturbed. But he seemed unable long to keep off the subject, returning to it as the cleverest habitual liar will fatuously return to his unquestioned lie to weaken it by trying further to bolster it up. So persistent was he that he at last made her uneasy—not that she suspected him or was conscious of having been disturbed by his unnecessary reassurances. The next morning she went down to a jeweler's in Pennsylvania Avenue—she had other business there and thought it was her sole object in going, forgetting that she had intended to send her mother. She discussed several proposed purchases with the manager, whom she knew well. As she talked she had her elbows on a show case and her ungloved hands clasped so that the ring was in full view—curiously it was not on the engagement finger. He noted it, and thought she wished him to speak of it, because as she exhibited it she often glanced at it.

"Would you mind letting me look at that beautiful ring?" he asked.

"Certainly." She drew it off with a certain nervousness, gave it to him, and, as he looked, watched him and it alternately with vague anxiety.

"A very old and a very quaint setting," he said, "and a fine ——"

He paused; her mouth was dry and her skin hot.

"A fine stone—a beautiful stone," he continued. "One of the finest I ever saw. The flaw is slight."

Elsie drew a long breath—she felt an unaccountable sense of relief. The manager took his glass, went to the window and studied the stone and the setting. "I'm glad to hear you say the stone's genuine," said she, now admitting to herself that Madame Almansa's poison had been lurking far down in her mind. "Some one doubted it, and as it was important to me to know, I intended to ask you"

"In that case," said the manager, "I feel it's my duty to tell you the stone's an imitation."

Elsie grew rigid and cold from amazement and rising horror

"A good imitation," continued the manager, intent upon the stone, "but unquestionably not genuine. The setting makes it additionally deceptive."

"How much is the ring worth?" she asked, gathering herself together heroically.

(*Continued on Page 32*)

# HAZING—By Jesse Lynch Williams

### IN WHICH AN "OLD GRAD" RISES TO MAKE A FEW REMARKS ON AN ANCIENT COLLEGE INSTITUTION

SO THE sophomores have been making it interesting for you, have they? I'm glad of it; that's one of the things you came to college for. You will agree with me after you get out, if not sooner. What's that? Well, let me illustrate.

Once upon a time during the old days of free, untrammeled hazing—real hazing, I mean, not mere persiflage and pamphlets containing formal freshman-year restrictions—there was a certain professor's son. And he thought his father was a greater man than the president—the president of the college, I mean, for the president of the country was a mere Philistine and did not count. The son should not be blamed for this, because the father would have been inclined to agree with him. I should add that not all professors take themselves so hard. There is a system of hazing that goes on with them, too, even to-day. When a young instructor comes back from Germany weighted down with the dignity of his Ph. D and feeling sorry for the United States and its deplorable lack of real scholarship—— But about this boy.

"They'd better not try to haze *me*," he remarked the day he matriculated. "My father is a professor."

It was hard to secure him because he lived at his father's home, and the sophomores did not dare go there after him, even in those days.

"They don't dare haze me," he announced to his classmates as he crossed the campus; "I am the son of Professor Blank." (He always pronounced the capital P in Professor.)

After painstaking efforts Fate delivered him into the sophomores' hands by night. He smiled a kindly warning at them. "Evidently you do not realize who I am," he said, as if to break it gently.

"Um," said his captors gloatingly, "it is hard to realize that we've got you at last." And they hurried him along over the dark road toward the canal.

"You'd better not," he announced; "my father is Professor Blank."

"We know that," was the answer; "that's the reason. Now then," they added, "here's for your father," as they ducked him in a businesslike manner under the cool, moonlit ripples of the canal. "And here," they repeated as he came up spluttering, "is one for you. Now will you be good?"

"You will suffer for this," he roared when he got breath enough; "my father——"

"Ah? then here's for our suffering. *Now* will you be good?" In the course of time he said he would, and he was. He has been a better man for it ever since. They saw to it that he had exercise enough on the way home to keep from dying of pneumonia, and he has lived to return thanks for it—as father used to tell us we should do, you may remember, when he led the way into his study and closed the door.

The canal cure reminds me of the celebrated case of young Pollington, and I tell you this to show you that even I acknowledge that too much medicine is worse than none.

You may have heard the public version of this story; the papers were full of it.

I don't know what was the matter with Pollington; perhaps it was because he came to college with a reputation as an expert swimmer and they did not want him to get out of practice. Some say they gave him more encouragement to swim than he deserved—at any rate, it was more than he wanted, for one dark night, as they loosed their hold of him while he took off his clothes, he slipped out of their reach and plunged head first into the water and—that was all. He did not reappear above the surface. The sophomores waited seconds which seemed like hours, looking up and down the stream. They saw nothing. He was gone.

And they were responsible. That was what came upon them now like a thunderbolt as they ran up to the village for help. But even grappling hooks brought nothing to the surface. Only his clothes were on the bank where they had made him take them off, a pathetic little pile of clothes it seemed now. When carried back to his room a letter was found in the coat pocket. It was addressed to his classmates and said, "I cannot stand it longer. Good-by." The authorities were aroused. The college became excited. The newspapers got hold of it. It was telegraphed all over the country—big headlines, many editorials. Detectives were put on the case. Finally all but one or two of the sophomores were rounded up. First they were brought in for a hearing before the President and expelled from college. The culprits were about to be turned over to the civil authorities, waiting outside the faculty-room. Pollington himself walked in.

He had swum under water across the canal and had come up noiselessly—a trick known to many swimmers—in the shadow of some bushes on the opposite bank. Then waiting there with only his nose above water until the sophomores left in a panic, he quietly put on a change of clothing which he had hidden in the bushes during the afternoon, and spent the night at a farmhouse, then took an early morning train for a little holiday at home. The hazers had been badly enough hazed already and got off rather easily.

I know of a different case which did not get into the papers. It has never been told before.

Usually the hazing was deserved, and in almost all cases the hazers were reasonable, decent enough chaps who did their harmless tricks—the canal cure was seldom employed—if not as a duty to their younger brothers, at least as a harmless pleasure for themselves. Occasionally, however, there was a bully, like Bum Batter. He was a big, thick-headed brute, as strong as an ox and quite as slow. His special delight was goading nice, innocent, hardworking freshmen, nervous, sensitive little fellows, whose superior sense and sensibilities probably riled up all the bully in big, stupid Batter. Little Harrison Sinclair stood it patiently for a while because he wanted to get everything that was coming to him as a college man. But finally this is what happened:

Did you ever hear of Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider"? There used to be much about him in the sporting columns of the newspapers, in the old days when he was champion featherweight of the world. By this time he had reached the boxing-lessons stage of his career and was called "The Professor" at the Athletic Club of which Sinclair was a junior member. Sinclair wrote a long letter that brought the Belfast Spider down to visit his former pupil. That night Bum Batter and a noisy little nuisance named Channing came around to have their usual sport with their victims. "Another skinny little poler, eh?" drawled Channing, sticking his finger under Ike Weir's face. "You must have been looking for trouble to come into this room." The pugilist had a lean, intelligent face and had borrowed Sinclair's glasses and a cap for the occasion. "Take off your hat, freshman," bawled Batter.

The Belfast Spider kept staring at a Greek book which he held upside down, though he didn't know that.

"Take it off for him, Channing," growled Batter, implying that this was really too easy for the great Batter to bother with.

"With pleasure," said Channing, and tried to

Ike in his palmy days had a very pretty way of doing these things. It was so quick that all they saw was the pseudo-freshman springing up from his chair, the flash of a fist, and then Channing thoughtfully picking himself up on the far side of the room, with a red welt forming on his jaw. The pugilist had sat down again and assumed his rôle of the studious student.

"Well! this won't do at all. I'll have to take a hand in this myself," said Batter, rather pleased at the excuse. "Now then, freshman," in a mighty voice, "let's see you take off that hat and apologize to Mr. Channing." No reply; only a quiet, catlike glance. "Here, here! Take it off, I tell you!" Batter now shook his fists.

"Aw! g'wan!" said the Spider. He had been coached not to talk, but forgot in the enthusiasm of his art.

Batter thought the "lanky little poler" was guying his own rather uncouth enunciation, and it made him furious. The real freshmen were chuckling expectantly by this time—which also was contrary to rehearsal—and that made Batter still more furious. "You miserable little pup," he bawled, drawing back his left, "I'll teach you once for all to be impudent to *me*. Take that!"

The Spider quickly moved his head six inches to one side without changing his expression. "Slower'n I sized you up to be," he grinned. And then the inevitable happened. Down and up. Down and up. Then down and out, and hazing was all over in North Entry.

Usually when a boy was hazed much his need was great. These last two cases were merely exceptions to prove the rule, and I have yet to hear of a graduate regretting that he was hazed. But I have recalled these bits of history chiefly to show you how much more conscientious sophomores used to be in the rough-and-ready days of old and to make you feel a little more pleased with the present methods.

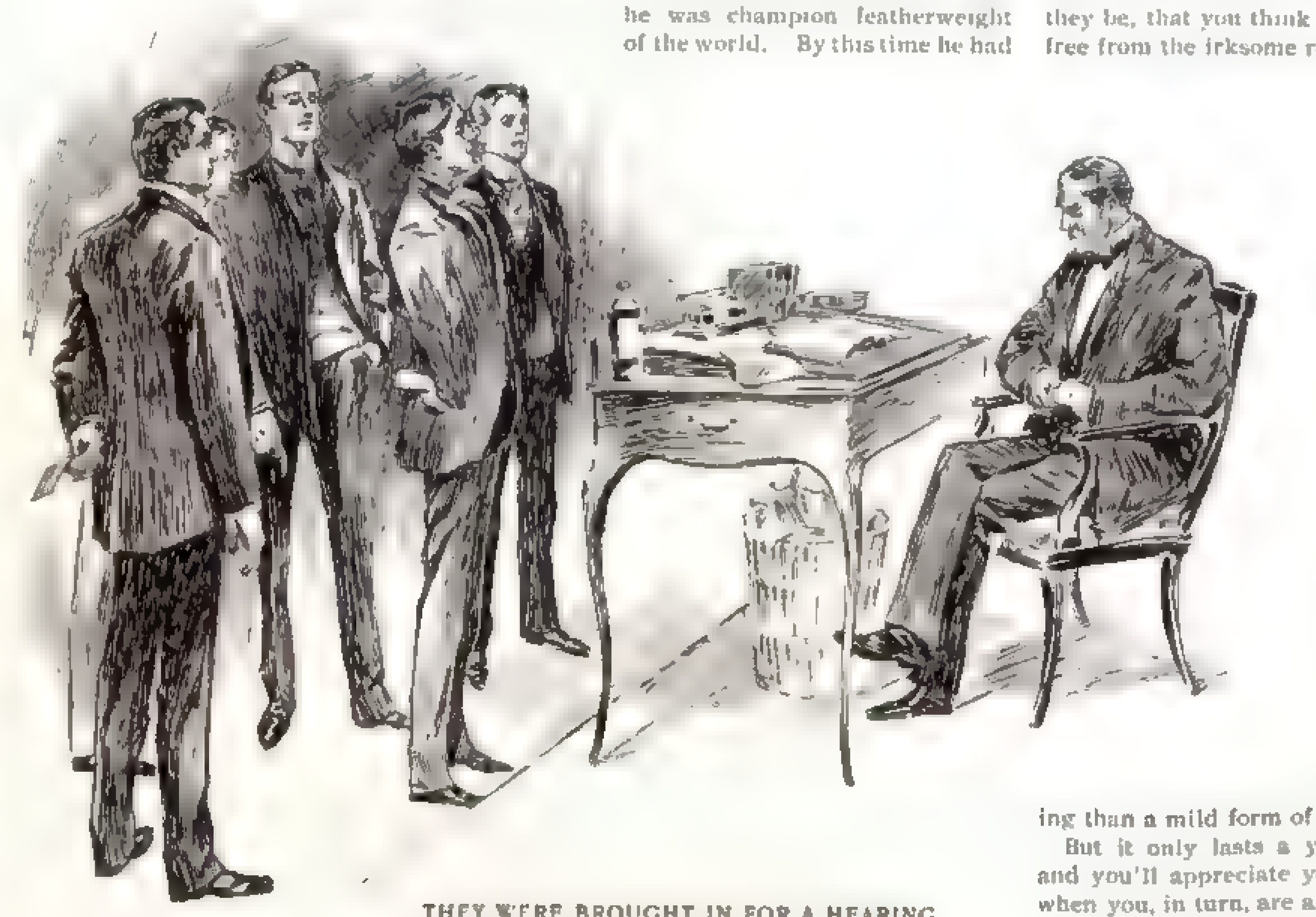
Oh, I know you haven't kicked. If you had I shouldn't respect you enough to take the trouble to talk to you. But I can tell from the tenor of your letters, enthusiastic though they be, that you think it rather hard luck, now that you are free from the irksome restraint of schooldays, that a big boy like you, in college at last and called a man by courtesy, cannot do exactly as he pleases and stick out his chest like the college men he used to see at football games.

You have sense enough to smile about it, I see, but you can't quite understand why you should be made to feel so insignificant. When you stop to think of it, you *are* pretty insignificant, to be sure, but you don't see why you shouldn't be allowed on the street after nine o'clock, and you no doubt think you'd feel a lot more like a real college man if they let you smoke a pipe. You don't fancy making way, and even stepping off the walk at times, for every one on the campus except other freshmen. You think it rather absurd that in a college which has grown up into a university and is supposed to have put away childish things that you can wear no other style of head covering than a mild form of black cap.

But it only lasts a year, this rather pleasant purgatory; and you'll appreciate your blatant blessedness all the more when you, in turn, are a sophomore, covered with the college colors, and are yawping terribly at next year's frightened freshmen. Then I fancy you won't think all this so absurd.

Even the sophomores, you'll find, have to give way to the juniors, and the juniors to the seniors, and the seniors, who seem to you to own the campus, if not the earth, touch their hats respectfully to the instructors, and the instructors to the assistant professors, and so on up the scale of academic dignity. It seems rather absurd sometimes to people outside, and so it is, but there is bound to be some kind of ranking here as there is all over the world, even in America where we are supposed to be free and equal, but never were nor shall be, and certainly the best class distinction for a college is the distinction of classes—academic seniority. With human nature as it is there is bound to be some kind, and if not this kind there might be distinctions that harked back to money or social position.

And if such were the case, Dick, you might never learn certain valuable life lessons which every man ought clearly to understand.



THEY WERE BROUGHT IN FOR A HEARING BEFORE THE PRESIDENT

# The Man of the Hour in Venezuela

## By John Callan O'Laughlin

### AN ANECDOTAL CHARACTER STUDY OF THE MANY-SIDED CASTRO

PRESIDENT CASTRO

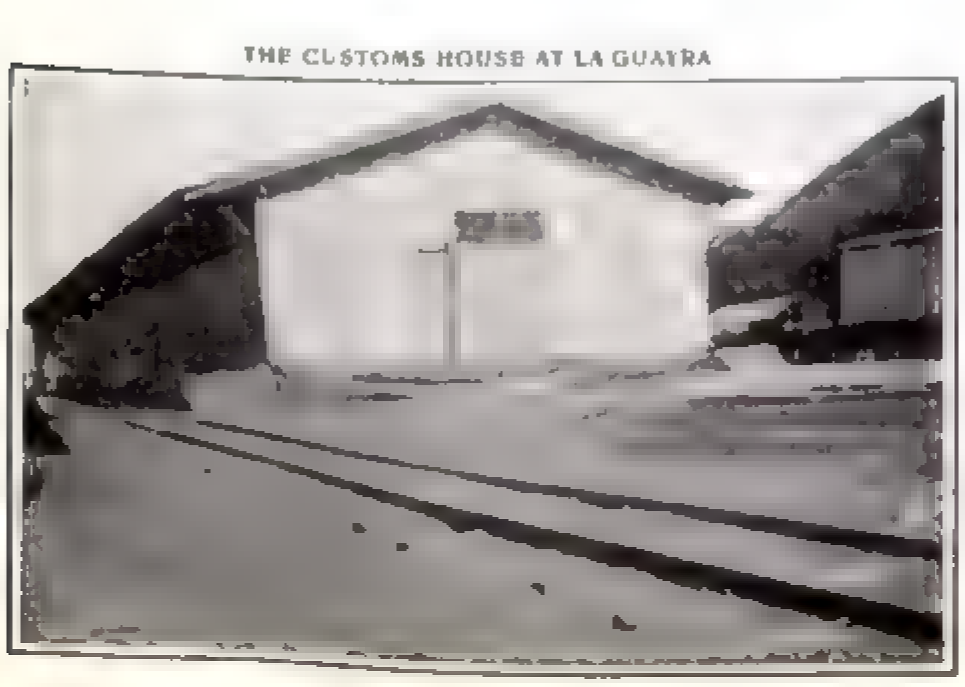
Great Britain, Germany and Italy in attempting to teach Venezuela a lesson have learned a more serious one themselves. They have impressed the fact of their strength upon President Castro and have compelled him to take action for the settlement of claims filed against his Government. They have aroused in Venezuela a feeling of hostility which has been held in check but which nevertheless is powerful, and as it cannot find expression in acts of war will be asserted in the channels of trade. They have convinced Venezuela that the United States is the sole obstacle between the allies and her territory. But of greater consequence to them and to the United States is that the whole of Central and South America, from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan, has taken alarm at the buccaneering methods of the European Governments, and forgetting its old-time fear of the Monroe Doctrine is now a unit in its support

### *America's Gain, Europe's Loss*

From the point of view of the United States, therefore, dangerous though the possibilities of complications arising out of the Venezuelan question may be, the action of the Powers has produced most advantageous results. When I first visited Venezuela last November there existed throughout the political class a feeling of dissatisfaction toward the North American Republic. The good effect of the intervention of President Cleveland in the boundary question between Venezuela and Great Britain had been largely dissipated by the attitude of Washington in the asphalt controversy. President Castro was credited with entertaining hostile views toward foreigners, including Americans. It was stated by reliable and well-informed persons that if Castro could have his way he would expel all not citizens of the Republics and close the Legations in Caracas. These may have been his sentiments at the time, but certainly they were not those of the people, and when I talked with the President he was convincing in his plea for more friendly relations with the United States and urged me to dwell upon the rich resources of Venezuela and the great opportunities for American capital Following the seizure of the Venezuelan navy by British and German men-of war, and the establishment of the blockade of the ports of the Republic, there were many manifestations of confidence in the United States and unanimous condemnation of the allied Powers. The newspapers published cartoons in which Uncle Sam figured as the watchdog of the Western Hemisphere and the guardian in particular of Venezuela They daily printed notices, prepared by the Government, urging that no Venezuelan purchase goods manufactured or imported by the blockading nations.

It is a tribute to the self-control of the Venezuelans that they have consistently refrained from firing upon the allies save at Maracaibo, where the Germans were the aggressors; and this is the more remarkable when it is considered that it was the practice of the foreign men-of-war to capture small fishing schooners and anchor them, with prize crews, near the shore, where they served as a reminder of the tyranny and injustice of three great Powers

The man who is responsible for this display of self-control is Castro. His enemies charge that he is the destroyer of his country. He believes he holds its destiny in his hands. His enemies insist that he is weak. Castro's answer is his deeds. He has maintained himself in Caracas in spite of revolution and war with three of the great Powers of the world. The people who were loyal to him before the blockade was instituted are to-day his adherents In spite of the moral support the action of the Powers has given to Matos, and the inability to import ammunition, an inability which his rival does not suffer, Castro has held the advantage he gained by the decisive battle of La Victoria, and only recently administered a crushing defeat to a strong detachment of the rebels. There will be many who will ask: What manner of man is Matos that he continues revolution when his country is the subject of acts of war by European Powers? The same question is asked in Venezuela. When I saw Matos at Curaçao, to which island he fled after his defeat at La Victoria, he told me that Castro was the root of all of Venezuela's ills. "He is a ruffian," he declared.

THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT LA GUAYRA


"I owe you ten dollars, which I promised to return to-day. But I cannot pay to-day. I tell you so and ask for a month I am an honest man and you grant me the delay. If I am a scoundrel, you say: 'No, I cannot give you a moment. You must pay the debt now.' That is the attitude of the Powers. They will not trust Castro, but if I were in Caracas the difficulty would be adjusted immediately"

At one time Matos was one of Castro's ardent adherents An attempt on the part of the President to squeeze his pocketbook is said to be responsible for his expenditure of half a million dollars to expel Castro from Caracas. Yet Matos has the reputation of being a stingy man. The President vouches for it. "Those who know Matos," he said to me, "understand that he will spend but little from his own pocket." He evidently had in mind his own experience with Matos Shortly before the latter began his revolt Castro applied for a "loan." It was refused. Threats failed to induce compliance. Then Matos was arrested and put into prison. Prudence counseled him to oblige the President and the moment the transaction occurred Matos was free. A few days after his release he made a speech in which he lauded Castro, and the echo of his remarks had not ceased when he began his revolution. It has been in progress since December, 1901.

### *Castro's Rise from a Clerkship*

Castro's administration has been a stormy one, but in this respect it is simply a repetition of every other period of his career. Before his entrance into public life he was a clerk in a small store in Los Andes, one of the western states of Venezuela. He developed a taste for politics and obtained election to the lower house of the Venezuelan Congress. There he attracted attention by his ability and readiness in debate. "Take note of that man," said General Pulido, at the time a high officer of the Congress, to his nephew, now Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, "because if he live the country will know him." Eight years later General Pulido was Secretary of War in Castro's Cabinet.

Castro's attainment of the Presidency savors of audacity. In Venezuela they tell of him that when he was unknown he called at the Government palace and asked to be admitted to the President. "He cannot see you," he was informed

"Some day," he said to the astonished official, "I will be President, and no one will dare then to deny me admission to this office."

From that time on the leaven of Presidential ambition fermented. Taking advantage of Andrade's unpopularity, Castro, with a little band of fifty men, proclaimed a revolution. His headquarters were in his native state, and the people flocked to him. He had a succession of victories. They attracted more adherents. He captured a seaport, through which ammunition reached him, and then he marched on and occupied Caracas. It was quite the usual method of attaining the Presidency and he was hailed as a hero. Unfortunate appointments to his Cabinet changed public sentiment, and General Hernandez, known better as "El Mocho" because of the loss of one of his hands, initiated a revolution. Castro pursued him relentlessly and after a three months' campaign captured and put him into prison. When at Port of Spain, Trinidad, which has served as a base of supplies for the revolutionists, I chanced to meet a number of revolutionists. Like Matos they could see nothing good in the character of the President. "He is a coward," they insisted.

"That is not his reputation in Venezuela," I suggested.

A BATTALION LEAVING CARACAS FOR LA GUAYRA TO AID IN THE DEFENSE

"What would you say of a man who, frightened by an earthquake, jumped out of a window, basely forgetting his wife? That is what Castro did. He broke his leg. Madame Castro quietly walked down the stairs and out of the front door."

"But a man might be terrified by a thing of that kind," I urged, "and not know what he was doing. Under fire, isn't he brave?"

"Oh, yes," was the response, "but everybody is courageous on the fighting line."

"And isn't he energetic?" I asked

There was a sudden loss of interest in the conversation. "Hum, ye-es," was the reply. "But now there is Matos ——" And there was an immediate reawakening of attention

Castro is energetic. The walk of the man betrays it. His whole demeanor shows it. His troops do not forget that at La Victoria he jumped into a freight car and threw boxes upon the platform which were conveyed with dispatch to them. Had not this ammunition arrived, La Victoria would have been Castro's Waterloo. The President does not lack pride in his achievements. "Three thousand men attacked me on October 13 last," he said, "and I repulsed them with three hundred. The position was the key to the battle." His subordinate officers speak highly of his generalship. "He is a splendid leader," said General Velutini, who captured Barcelona. "In the revolutionary ranks they have many, many generals; in ours but one—Castro."

### *The President's Shrewd Diplomacy*

That the President does not lack shrewdness, recent events have demonstrated. When he saw the speck on the international horizon, betokening a storm, he endeavored to solidify Venezuela. He released all the political prisoners, including Hernandez, who, in a manifesto, urged support of the Government. Angered by the seizure of his navy, he ordered the arrest of all British and German subjects in Venezuela. Upon the advice of the United States Minister, Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, he immediately released them. Castro appreciated the force of Mr. Bowen's suggestion that the action of the allies was offensive to civilization and that he should not affect his excellent position by any act of retaliation upon helpless persons. When the question of sending a peace representative to Washington arose, two hundred and fifty men of all parties asked for the appointment of Minister Bowen Though he knew there were Venezuelans who believed one of their nationality should be given the duty, the President communicated at once with Mr. Bowen and requested him to serve

By this move he obtained representation by a man who, aside from his ability, was Minister of the United States and had behind him the moral support of his Government, who had taken care of the interests of the allies from the time of the departure of their envoys from Caracas, and who had a thorough knowledge of Venezuela's financial condition and the rotten character of many of the claims held against her.

Yet Castro is not an educated man. "He has the keenness of the mountaineer," said one of his admirers, "and the cleverness of the plains." It has been said of him that he has no idea of geography. To him Venezuela is the great state of the world. It is her welfare he desires and it is her welfare he says he is seeking

SOME OF CASTRO'S OFFICERS AT THE GOVERNMENT PALACE

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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## Why People Talk About Us

IT IS not strange that we Americans are pleased and flattered by the amount and the kind of attention we have been attracting in Europe during the past five years. But it is somewhat astonishing that we should permit a very small part of the American people to appropriate all the credit for the outburst of admiring envy.

Europe became acutely aware of us in 1898—a year of two events for us:

First: We ousted an ancient and impotent cripple whose presence in our neighborhood had become most offensive, and incidentally we relieved him of an Asiatic insular burden that had almost exhausted the last drops of his vitality.

Second: We entered the full tide of that material prosperity which began in the spring of 1896, and we were floated by it into a dominating position in the markets of Europe.

If we had fought the Spanish war and had remained commercially insignificant in the European markets, does any one who gives the matter thought fancy that Europe would be talking about us now? International gossips, professional fighting men and schoolboy statesmen excepted, both America and Europe know that the only European nation with which we could carry on a real war is England. And England has shown that she would endure much at our hands rather than provoke us to that extremity. With the only Power which could possibly war with us thus friendly, why attach importance to the shrieks of German and Austrian irresponsibles who chatter only because there isn't a discernible human probability of a serious attempt at a war? Why heed silly talk of the little German Navy—or a big one, should Germany build it—steaming four thousand miles from a coal supply to attack us? The German Emperor may be eccentric, but he isn't crazy; and, if he were, there are statesmen in Germany.

No, but for the second great and overshadowingly important fact of 1898, Europe would have continued to have small interest in us. Here are two conclusions from statistics which show the tremendous significance of the inauguration of our commercial supremacy:

First: In these four years of our growing European fame the *excess* of our exports, chiefly to Europe, over our imports was *nearly three thousand million* dollars. This excess was greater than for the entire twenty previous years combined.

Second: While our exports of foodstuffs are about twice what they were twenty years ago, our exports of manufactured goods are more than *seven* times as great as they were twenty years ago. And like our foodstuffs, these manufactures go for the most part to Europe.

There we see why there is hardly a home in Europe where we are not talked about nearly every day. The farmers are talking about the competition of American foodstuffs. The manufacturers and their workmen are talking about the competition of American manufactures. And the shopkeepers are selling and the people are buying American-made goods—and talking about the country from which these new and cheaper and better articles come. They have forgotten Dewey at Manila, Roosevelt at San Juan; they know nothing of the vast outpourings of Congressional eloquence for the saving and prosperity of the country which daily find their swift way into the lost river of the Congressional Record. But they are incessantly reminded of the energy of American merchants and the skill of American workmen.

Machinery—using the word in its broadest sense—has made business the chief concern of the whole world. It has transformed politics into business, has made statesmen and politicians and kings and ambassadors and ministers the agents and servants of business. And we are attracting world-attention because we have been acting upon, and are now teaching other nations to act upon, the maxim that universal prosperity is the first and vital step toward universal progress.

Nor need we fear "trade wars" that menace the imagination of our whangdoodle "conservative statesmen." Those to whom we sell good goods at low prices aren't going to fight us. Those whom we teach to make better goods at low prices are going to be too busy to quarrel. Those who won't learn are going the way of all failures. Machinery is multiplying the capacity of the earth for population. It is multiplying markets as fast as it is multiplying products. Those who talk of world-markets as if they were narrow and growing narrower talk without thinking. On the contrary, in the world-markets there is room for all, there will be room for all—and there will always be an unlimited number of vacant stalls waiting for newcomers with the brains and the goods

And when the people reduce political and military and journalistic busybodies to their proper station, the peaceful and progressive interchange of material and mental commodities will be less often impeded and interrupted. To the rear with the man who talks and threatens! To the fore with the man who thinks and works!

## What the World is Crying For

THE common but very erroneous impression prevails that the great want of the day is the man with ideas; that the world is crying for such a man, and is ready to fall at his feet. Nothing could be further from the truth. Ideas are as plentiful as the flowers that bloom in the spring; the men who are afflicted with them are as the leaves that fall in autumn.

The great want is the man who can put ideas into practice, who can crystallize theories. For one man who can ring the bell thousands can hit the target. For one who can do a thing, thousands can tell how it can be done.

Another common error is the supposition that an idea strikes just one fortunate individual, who is sure to profit by it. For instance, one might almost think, judging from the common belief, that the idea of the rotundity of the earth was an inspiration of Columbus. It was nothing of the kind. The Chinese, the Arabians, the Egyptians—all had an idea that the earth was round. The idea was in the air, and was handed down from the more ancient peoples to the inhabitants of Europe. Columbus set to work to prove it.

When Edison had succeeded in making the incandescent lamp, and the report of his success was published, dozens of men who were working on the same problem wrote explanations of the impossibility of Edison having done what he claimed to have done. The protestors had been working at the matter for years, but had not succeeded in finding the value of the elusive $x$.

A suggestion of the wire-wound gun—which is often erroneously regarded as something entirely new—was in the cannon fired at Creçy. At the time of the Civil War a number of men were working quietly on this very "discovery."

The atmosphere is charged with ideas. The successful man is he who can supply the link which will chain them down to the real.

## Too Much of a Good Thing

NOT a day passes without some more or less impressive instance of the uncertain state of our administration of justice. Now it is a criminal freed, though guilt is in every knot of the web of evidence which envelops him; again it is Judge Lynch executing the mandates of savage passion. Now it is men of power leering at the law from behind an impregnable corporate bulwark; again these men are executing upon their victims a law of sinister procurement. Of course, if the scales of justice were not in the main held even, if there were not mitigations of and compensations for the very worst miscarriages, the time for quiet discussion and warning would have passed. Fortunately for us all, that time is still ours.

It is no answer to the indictment to say that the evil will cure itself when it becomes a real menace. Nor is it an answer to say that justice is better administered than formerly or is more evenly administered in this Republic than anywhere else on earth. Both these statements are true; and it is also true that the grossest injustices of our time come from the fact that the law has not yet caught up with the astounding social and industrial development of the past half century, has not yet learned how to reach the new and most ingenious variations upon chicane and crime. But justice, as Webster well said, is man's chief earthly concern. So long as it does not prevail men cannot afford to relax their vigilance or their anxiety.

Curiously enough, the chief reason for the persistence of injustice, in face of the careful precautions of our fundamental law against it, is the industry and enthusiasm of our lawyers. Far more than the ministers, more even than the doctors, the lawyers have had a free hand in their profession. They have been left by the American people in completer custody of justice than by any other people or governmental power on earth. And with what may be conceded to be in the main the best intentions in the world, they have made of the plain highways of justice a maze so intricate, so confusing, so beset with bogs and pitfalls of technicality, that they alone can thread it—no, not all of them, but only the shrewdest and most highly paid. It is not surprising that some hasty and unthinking citizens are moved to applaud Peter the Great's famous remark in England: "I have only two lawyers in my whole Empire, and I shall hang one of them as soon as I get home."

They cannot be justly blamed for this. It is human instinct to aggrandize and enshroud in mystery and difficulty one's own labor that one's achievement shall seem the more amazing to onlookers.

But, much and vigorous assertion to the contrary notwithstanding, not conscious corruption but the passion for nicety and technicality, for hair-splitting and word-twisting, is responsible for most of our injustice and imperfect justice.

Justice is the only begotten of the law—provided the law be begotten of common-sense and the common instinct of humanity as to right and wrong. By multiplying laws, judges are not constrained to do justice, but are tempted to forget justice in indulging the human passion for complexity and mystery. Multiplied and particularized laws hamper judges in establishing justice, create avenues of escape for offenders, place the poor man with his cheap lawyer at the mercy of the rich man with his expensive lawyer. Also they confuse or blunt the sense of justice of the whole community by bridging the abyss between right and wrong with an imposing structure of technicality.

Also, no matter what our ingenious lawyers may say, the law deals with *real persons only*—with human beings endowed with moral sensibilities, and by no means able to shift their responsibilities to a fictitious, unmoral, corporate personality of the lawyers' creating

Not since the age of Tribonian and Justinian has the lawyers' ideal kind of law flourished as to-day in America. And while the lawyers call upon us to admire the work of Tribonian and Justinian, they forget that those twinned luminaries of law were twinned luminaries of a Roman world where justice lay prostrate and injustice jeered openly at a despairing and decaying civilization.

## Wanted: A Master

A COMPREHENSIVE need of modern society is leadership. This need has increased with its advancing forces. Although socialism as a method of the social order is remote, yet society is becoming socialistic. Relations of men to men are becoming more intimate. All men's good is a rule and principle of conduct far more common to-day than two generations ago. The relation between all undertakings has become better articulated and more forceful. The industrial process from the individual to the partnership, from the partnership to the corporation, from the corporation to the combination, from the combination to the trust is essentially a socialistic process. Likemindedness, which as Professor Giddings intimates, is the essence of sociology, is in many relations increasing. This social condition indicates the need of a leadership wise and strong. Society is, on the whole, better in heart than it is in mind. Its intentions are worthier than are its abilities. Good people who are not wise are more common than wise people who are bad. The wise people who are more or less good are constantly obliged to exert themselves to wipe out the harm which good people who are more or less unwise do. In this vast socializing of the community the forces that are wise are greatly needed. Society made compact is easily mobilized for higher or for lower purposes. The opportunity, therefore, is ripe and the need is great for a leadership which shall be at once wise and capable.

It would seem that the forces that make up society had become mightier than the leadership of society. Life has gone ahead of our interpretation of life. The men who can properly lead society are not sufficient in number or efficient in service to fill all needs. In commerce and industry the urgent and constant call is for men. The president of the greatest national bank in this country said not long ago that the process of consolidation of great financial interests would continue in case men could be found to conduct the resulting combinations. Already it has been proved that certain men who were summoned two or three years ago to be the controlling spirits of great combinations of capital and service have proved themselves insufficient. The demand of the modern world is for masters.

In this condition the university has offered to it a magnificent opportunity. The opportunity consists in training large men for greatest service. Such training it has given. Such training it is to give in large relations and greater intensity in the next generation.

# UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

## The Spirit of the Place

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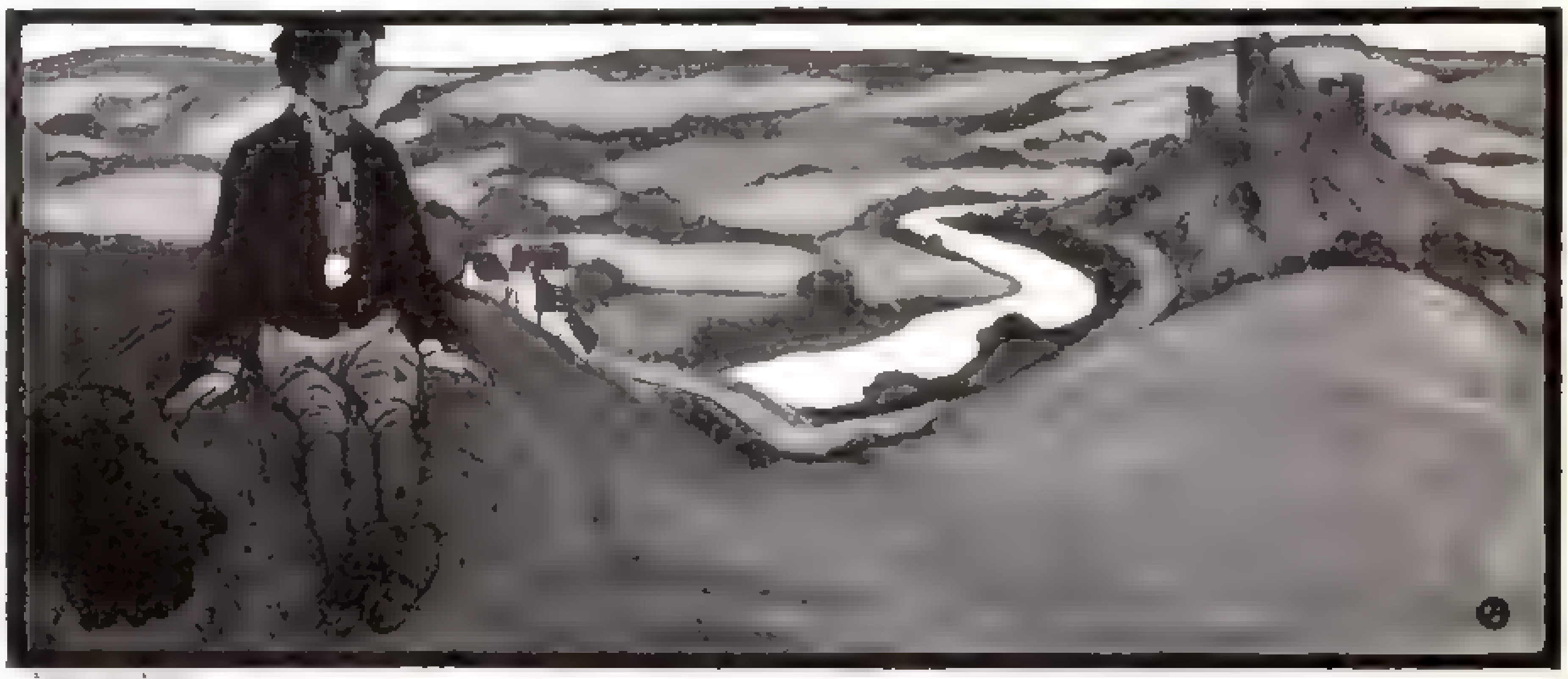

IN WHOM THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE, FED BY SCOTT AND FENIMORE COOPER, WAS BEGINNING TO STIR

IT WAS my good fortune," said the Barrister when his turn came to tell a story, "to spend my summer holidays in the days of youth at a Perthshire farmhouse which stood among hills where the plain of Strathmore begins to rise into the Grampians. There was a little river to fish, and half a dozen burns where a boy could catch trout with his hand, and moors across which he could ride on his pony, and an endless change of scene, from helping with the harvest to going out to the shooters on the twelfth, from gathering together a herd of Highland cattle on the hill, which had to be very delicately handled, to visiting a tinkers' encampment among the broom, where the men repaired pots and pans and the women told fortunes. But the glory and inexhaustible attraction of the place was an old castle which by that time had fallen into ruins, and for which no one cared, and therefore it was at all times at the disposal of a lad in whom the spirit of romance, fed by Scott and Fenimore Cooper, was beginning to stir

"Some fighting Laird on the border-line between the Highlands and the Lowlands, who never knew when the Caterans would come over the moor from the glens above and raid the cattle he had fed for the Southern markets, had chosen the site with care. Upon two sides there was a deep little glen, with a burn running at the foot and some fine old trees on the slopes, and here the cattle of the district could be sheltered in time of danger. On the top of the steep side of the glen the castle stood, and the land sloped away from it down to a river, and beyond the river it rose again into a little plain, which in the olden times was covered with wood. When I could not fish any more, and nothing was doing on the moor, then I spent my afternoons in the castle or wandering about the den, and, as boys will do about the age of sixteen, I reconstructed the history of the past, and that, I suppose, explains what happened; or rather it explains how I lay open to the impression which I suggest was in the atmosphere of the place.

"It was not difficult to rebuild the castle, which had been a fortified house of four floors with no windows on the lower floor, only portholes, with projecting turrets at two of the four corners, and most likely a range of low houses for horses and servants with an arched gateway completing a square. If one climbed carefully to the second floor he could trace a dining-hall with its huge fireplace and row of windows, and looking up he could see the remains of a little bedroom which opened into a turret; and once, when no one was by to damp my daring, I managed to reach this bedroom, and looking through the turret window could see across the plain on the other side of the river and imagined how one might signal to a house in the distance. That afternoon I not only rebuilt the castle but I also tenanted it with a Laird who had been out in the Fifteenth, and was going out in the Forty-five—having for the time come to terms with the Caterans on the basis of a common love for the Stuarts and a common hatred of all governments. I gave him a handsome wife, who was the daughter of a Highland chief, and being in a generous mood I enriched him with a beautiful daughter whose love story I intended to work out after I had settled the history of the family and thoroughly furnished the house. About sons I was not certain, but was inclined to allow them one, who would distinguish himself greatly at the battle of Preston Pans—but his career was also reserved. There were traces of fish ponds on the southern slope and the remains of a garden, and, after filling the ponds and laying out the garden on a generous scale, I gave my attention to a special corner under the castle wall where there still lingered the relics of a pleasaunce. There could be no doubt this was the lady's own particular garden, for there were wild rose-bushes and plants of thyme, and a yew tree, which had, no doubt, once been carefully trimmed, and also a fine old birch, beneath whose shade I placed a seat. Sitting there in imagination one could look down into the den and hear the water running over the stones and see cattle among the trees, just as if they had been herded there for fear of raiders; the flowers were blooming, and outside this sanctuary the pigeons were cooing at their dovecote. Through an opening in the yew hedge one could see the afternoon sun shining on the fish ponds. From the open window of the hall above I heard the clash of swords and knew that the Laird and his son were fencing, and from the high turret of my young lady's room streamed out a Jacobite song. I was so pleased with my creation that I determined to complete the work when I was at it, and as it is tiresome to invent when you are standing I went round the corner of the old birch tree and lay down on the grass. I shut my eyes, that I might better see what was within, and so it came to pass with me what happens to other people when they close their eyes in order to hear the sermon better, and be relieved from the distractions of the outer world: I fell asleep.

"When I awoke—although, of course, this is an ambiguity of language—the sun had long been westering, and it was dusk round the old castle. How it came to pass I did not think then and need not speculate now, but the scene had, as it were, grown and filled up so that I was saved any more need for romancing. The trees in the den were smaller than when I fell asleep, but there were more of them, and the cattle were not so large nor so well bred as my good farmer's cows, but of them also there were more. As I looked round the corner of the birch I saw the sweetest of little gardens, completely shut in by a high hedge, well stocked with flowers, chiefly white roses. In the garden there was a little summer house hidden under the castle wall, and covered with ivy so cunningly concealed that two people at least might meet there and no one in the castle be any the wiser. There was a stir of life about the place, although everything was rougher and more common than I had imagined my ancient keep to be, except the garden, which with its flowers and well-kept border proved that one of the family had feeling and good taste. The voices that came from the courtyard were loud and rough, and through the hedge, although I did see the fish pond, I also, through another opening, caught a glimpse of a huge manure heap which could not be far from the front door of the castle. The windows of the room above my head were certainly glazed, but several of the panes were broken and some were repaired with wood. There were no dainty hangings, and some one had hung his coat outside to dry in the sunshine which was now rapidly dying away. Only men's voices came from the room with a strong, coarse accent, and I was certain that my idea of cavaliers, daintily dressed, sitting in an oak paneled room drinking a health to the King over the water, would be rudely dispelled if I climbed up the ivy and looked in upon the Laird of Kinnochtry. As a matter of fact, I not only did not climb but I was not able to move from my hiding-place beneath the birch tree. I was held there as by a spell, seeing everything and entering into everything, but unable to say a word or lift a hand. From the beginning I knew that something was going to happen, and that it would be terrible to behold, but that I should have no part nor lot in the matter. I was now present with one consciousness at some date in the eighteenth century looking upon life in my old castle as it used to be, but with my other consciousness I was in the nineteenth century, a lad who fished in the burn beneath and had made his own romances about the castle. And in passing, though of course in those days I did not work the idea out, is it not possible to be with one consciousness in one century and one place and with the other consciousness in another century and in another place? And may it not be possible—and I will not trouble you further with any other speculation—for the atmosphere round one to be so charged with tragic events that they may become visible to a person in a susceptible state as secret writing contained on paper can be flung out when exposed to heat? Even as I stood I felt like two people, and the one of the nineteenth century was disappointed and disgusted with the sight of the courtyard and a slatternly woman crossing the manure heap, and that most unromantic garment hanging on the wall and the remains of food flung out from the window upon the grass near my tree. But if romance be love and war I should have enough before all was done.

"The voices ceased in the dining-room, and a minute later I heard them in the courtyard ordering the horses to be brought and announcing a journey to Blair, where the Lairds of Balhousie and Craighall, together with other drinking worthies of the district, were to hold a carouse for the night. An old man, short in stature but strongly built, clad in hodden-gray and riding boots, and armed with a sword at his waist, I took to be Kinnochtry himself, and the young man, taller and slighter, but also powerful, who was armed with a lighter sword and was rather more fashionably dressed, I concluded was the young Laird. They told some one whom I could not see, but took to be a serving man, that he need not expect them home that night, and riding away they left a charge that the keep be securely locked before night fell and a good watch be kept lest any Highland limmer should creep into the den and steal the cattle. I listened till the sound of their horses' feet died away in the distance and I marked that young Kinnochtry was singing The Bonnie Earl of Murray.

"There seemed to me such a ring of satisfaction and of triumph in the singing that I was haunted with fear of some tragedy, and wondered whether the Highland Caterans were watching on the moor above and would seize the chance to spoil the castle while the Laird and his son were drinking in Blair to the health of the King across the water

"Another voice began to sing, and this time it was a woman's, but the song was one I did not know and was full of sadness. I looked up to discover whence it came, and I saw a young woman lean out from a turret window and look down on the courtyard and the garden and the den, either to see whether some one was there whom she wished to meet or to be sure that no one was looking. She withdrew her head and the next time she appeared she held in her hand something like a small white sheet. Once more she reconnoitred and now I understood that she did not wish to be observed, and when everything seemed safe—for I did not count beneath the birch, indeed I did not count at all in the incident—she lifted the sheet in her two hands and waved it as one waves a flag. Once, and then at intervals twice and thrice, and then she withdrew, and for a little I heard the wail, for it was that rather than a song. A few minutes afterward her voice died into silence, and all was quiet except for the lowing of the cattle in the dens and the cooing of the pigeons as they went to rest. And the sun was now westering fast. The water sang a pleasant song beneath, and all Nature spoke of peace; yet I knew something was going to happen. For whom had the young woman signaled? What did it mean if she had waited till her father and brother were gone? Would he come, and was he her lover, and if he came would he be discovered by the serving-folk? And was it certain that Kinnochtry and his son had really gone to Blair? I did not like their loud announcements and I thought that an ill omened song which young Kinnochtry had chosen.

"As I was speculating and putting things together the young woman came round the corner of the castle into her garden, and after glancing up at the windows she entered into the summer-house and sat down with a sigh which I could hear where I stood. She was simply dressed in some dark-colored cloth, and had a white silk kerchief on her neck and bosom, and her only ornament was the Jacobite badge of the white brier rose which she wore at her breast and also in her hair, for she was bareheaded. She was like her brother, tall and slight, with fair hair touched by gold and coming down low on the forehead, but handsomer than either father or brother and more refined. Her eyes were gray and faithful, her lips full and rich, and her whole expression bore witness to an affectionate, trustful, kindly disposition, but she seemed pained and fearful as of one whose joy in life had been dashed and over whom hung the shadow of some calamity. And I, boy though I was, was so taken with her gentleness and her contrast to every one else about the place, that I should have liked to have asked what ailed her and to have told her that in me she had at least one faithful knight. Within the summer-house she began to sing, and though I did not then know the ballad I have identified it since, and among all the songs of Scotland there is none so sad.

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**Editor's Note—This is the third of five stories by Doctor Watson written around the central theme of unsolved experiences. The next will appear in an early number.**

O Waly! Waly! up yon bank,
And Waly! Waly! down yon brae;
And Waly! by yon river's side
Where my love and I was wont to gae.

Waly! Waly! gin Love be bonny
A little while when it is new,
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And wears away like morning dew.

I leant my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a trusty Tree;
But first it bowed and sine it brake,
And so did my fause love to me.

O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the Tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come
And take a life that wearies me?

"Still singing, or rather crooning, she came out of the summer house and went to the edge of the den and looked down to see if any one was coming, and then she suddenly started and looked back with an expression of keen alarm upon her face. Some one was coming from the courtyard. She hesitated for a moment, once more searched the den to see if he were there, and then turned round and walked across the little garden to the opening in the yew tree hedge and stood face to face with the Laird, her father. As I suspected, the crafty pair had not ridden far, and now the father had come stealthily back to catch his daughter as she met her lover. And the son? He could not be far off. Had he gone to take the lover in hand?

"'Weel, lassie,' and Kinnochtry's voice was charged with cold scorn, 'ye seem surprised to see me back and no mightily pleased. I expected a warmer welcome when your brother and me gave up a nicht at Blair wi' some of the richt side to keep ye company. Were ye no feered to be left alone wi' nothin' but a deaf auld wife in the castle and a man that ye've sent away on an errand to the Muir? Ye have a brave heart, lassie, to keep hoose by yersel' when there's so many queer folk aboot.' And he fixed his daughter with a merciless eye, while she grew red and then white before him and visibly trembling reached out her hand to the hedge for support

"'No doubt ye're wondering, Marjorie, what changed our minds and made your brother and me so anxious about your safety. It was a bit of news we got and I'll no deny it has touched us close. A wee bird came and whispered in our ears that a neighbor from across the river wha has hated us as his forebears did afore him—and I'm no saying that we love him aither; no, I'll no say that your brother and me love the Laird of Auchterhouse—was coming to pay a call this evening to Kinnochtry. It's no the first time that the folk of Auchterhouse have visited Kinnochtry, for if ye'll tak' the trouble to come round the corner of the keep I'll show ye the vera spot where old Auchterhouse fell, shot dead by my father, thirty-five year ago. That was the last call he made here. And this man's elder brother stabbed your uncle in Blair Market in open daylicht. It was three months after that he was buried himsel', and I didna attend the funeral, but had it no been for me and this guid sword by my side there would hae been no funeral to attend.' Marjorie clung to the hedge but said never a word, fascinated by her father's grim face and cold-blooded irony.

"'We're Christians, lassie, baptized in the kirk and regular attenders when there's no other job on hand, but releegion has limitations, and your brother and me have no been hankering to see the Laird o' Auchterhouse at Kinnochtry. At ony rate if he was to call we judged it better for our hoose, besides being more polite, lassie—and your brother and me are no without our manners—that we should be present to receive him, and to gie him the welcome he deserves.' Kinnochtry's last words cut the air like a sword

"'We've been telt, but ye'll correct me, Marjorie, if I'm wrang, for ye're a truthful daughter in word and deed, that this is no the first time Auchterhouse has paid his respects and I'm judgin' he was astonished there was no man to receive him. It's been an oversicht, but we'll mak' up for that the nicht. It was a pity that he didna come in the day time instead of the gloaming, and didna come round by the front gate as his father did. I dinna say he would have likit the company better, but there would have been more to meet him, and I'm thinkin' he would have stayed longer. But we'll do oor best, Marjorie, me and your brother, to make up for the past.'

"His daughter, who had been withering under her father's terrible face, recovered herself at the last suggestion and looked fearfully down the garden, when she saw her brother standing at the foot, where there was a piece of sward, and peering down the den through some bushes which hid him from the sight of any one approaching. She threw herself down at her father's feet and caught him by the knees.

"'Have mercy, father,' she cried, 'have mercy, and I'll confess all, but dinna let mair blood be shed, for surely there's been enough black trouble between Kinnochtry and Auchterhouse. It's no his blame, it's mine. I was lonely in this auld place with neither mother nor sister and you and James aye awa'. I wearied and I met him fishing on the river and he spoke to me; and, father, they were the first kind words I ever had from a man of oor ain rank. He was gentle and pleasant wi' me, and I know that I shouldna have let him come in secret to Kinnochtry, but I loved him and I kent ye would never look upon his face in peace. I confess it, but for my mother's sake spare him and me.' But when she looked up at her father's face she saw no sign of relenting.

"'Auchterhouse is coming here the nicht, I dinna deny it, though wha telt ye I'll no ask. Call back James, father, and let me meet Auchterhouse and he'll never come here again in secret, I'll give ye my word. Have pity on James if ye have none on the other, for one o' them'll fall, and have pity on me for I'll be the cause o' the death. Will ye let me go, father?' And she sprang to her feet and laid her hands upon Kinnochtry's arm

"'Na, na, lassie; ye have gone aince too often, if a' tales be true, to meet Auchterhouse, and ye'll never go again. I wouldna say but there micht be some words atween Auchterhouse and yir brother, but it's no for me to interfere, and by my soul, Marjorie,' said Kinnochtry fiercely, 'it's no you that'll come atween them'

"As he spoke Kinnochtry took his daughter in his arms and carried her across to the summer house and placed her there, and then standing at the door with her shut in behind him, he asked his son if their visitor was coming, and James signaled with his hand to be quiet

"There was no sound in the garden, save a low sobbing from the summer house, and then a minute later the bushes parted from the edge of the den and Auchterhouse came through and stood face to face with young Kinnochtry. The light was fading fast, but there was enough wherein to see the men and enough for Kinnochtry's purpose. One could understand at a glance the fascination which young Auchterhouse had in the eyes of Marjorie, for he had been abroad and was more a gallant than the men of her family. So far as the face of him and his dress went, he was a lover of which no girl need be ashamed, yet from my birch tree I liked not the expression of his eye nor the sneer upon his lips. I judged with the instinct of a lad that there was no pity in him either for man or woman, and while my heart bled for Marjorie I could not wish success to Auchterhouse

"It was young Kinnochtry that spoke first, and it was plain he had not the control of his father. 'Ye didna expect to meet me, or ony other man here, my lad, when ye cam wi' yir false face like a fox in the gloaming to steal yir game Ye thought to meet a foolish lassie whose heart ye wiled by yir lyin' tongue, and it's a kiss ye were expectin', but by the God that made us it's the end o' a sword ye get.' Auchterhouse glanced once at Kinnochtry, and in that instant he caught the sound of the crying, and then he looked the brother up and down with mockery on his face. 'My certes,' he said with an accent half Scots and half Southern, 'I was not looking for the pleasure of meeting the whole family of Kinnochtry in one little garden, for I heard that the Laird and you were trysted at Blair this very night. Our houses have had some coming and going in past days not altogether friendly, I believe, and I might not have had the courage to come across the river to pay my respects at Kinnochtry had I not been invited'

"'You black liar!' cried young Kinnochtry, drawing his sword, and when I saw what an unredeemed scoundrel Auchterhouse was, though all the time I pitied Marjorie, I hoped that he would be killed

"'Hardly that, my blunt, straightforward neighbor,' and Auchterhouse had now his hand upon his sword. 'When a fair lady invites a gentleman to visit her, and the letter is writ so large it can be seen a mile off, I ask yourself whether he is not bound to come, and all the more when she has——'

"Before he could say another word his sword was out and they were busy at work, while the Laird stood in the summer-house door and the girl lay behind. Young Kinnochtry was the stronger man and a good swordsman, but he was furious in his rage and had therefore the less command of his weapon. The other was as cold as ice and as venomous as a serpent and evidently a cunning fencer. For a while he stood in his defense, parrying the fierce attack, and then he began on his part to respond. Kinnochtry stepped forward from the doorway and was plainly anxious, although he gave no sign of interference. There was a clash of swords with rapid motions which I could not follow, and young Kinnochtry's sword flew out of his hand, and he stood at the mercy of Auchterhouse, who seemed to hesitate for a second before he should pass his sword through him. During that second Marjorie, who, unheeded by all, had escaped from the summer house, flung herself between the combatants, and ere any one could hinder it her lover's sword found its home in her breast. She fell in face of her father, between her brother and lover, without a word except a cry for mercy The sound had not died away and Auchterhouse's sword had not been withdrawn from the heart he had twice pierced before Kinnochtry had run him through and he fell dead beside Marjorie. Her brother stood paralyzed, but her father passed his sword time after time, three times in all, through the body of this worst enemy of his house

"'God's curse on you in this world and in that which is to come. Lift his carcass, James, and throw it into the den, and send word to Auchterhouse that they can come and fetch their Laird.' He lifted up his daughter and I saw him carry her through the opening in the hedge and he did not weep, but I heard him say 'it was better this way for herself and for our name.' As she passed through, her hair, which had loosened, caught in the hedge, he gently disentangled it and I caught him repeating her name twice, 'Marjorie, Marjorie.' I tried to follow him and in the trying I awoke. It was almost dark, and the garden was again deserted and in ruins, but nothing will ever convince me, after all the years, that it had not seen that tragedy."

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# SILK CULTURE AT HOME

## By René Bache

SPREADING THE LEAVES ON LATTICE-WORK SHELVES FOR THE WORMS TO FEED UPON

THOSE best informed on the subject are of the opinion that there is no good reason why the rearing of silkworms should not become an important and profitable industry in this country. We are at the present time importing over $30,000,000 worth of raw silk annually, our entire supply of the commodity being obtained from Europe and Asia, whereas we might just as well be producing a large part, if not the whole, of it on this side of the water.

Here, in a word, is a possible industry of immense profitableness that has been wholly neglected in the United States, although we have at hand all the facilities for carrying it on, including inexhaustible supplies of the food—always the chief essential—on which the silkworms subsist. Nearly everywhere in this country are to be found the white mulberry trees, which are the traditional and favorite food plant of the silkworm, and, failing them, there is no lack of the osage orange, especially in the South, the leaves of which afford a highly satisfactory substitute. Silk culture is conspicuously an industry of the household. In France more than 100,000 families are engaged in it, each domestic establishment producing a small quantity of cocoons yearly, which fetch about thirty-five cents a pound at the factory, though the price varies somewhat. This is the way in which the whole of the great French crop of cocoons is obtained, the little yellow bundles of fine-spun fibre being collected from the homes of the people and taken to the "filatures," where the silk is reeled off them, to be woven afterward into exquisite and costly fabrics.

The revenue derived from silk production is in the aggregate enormous, and there are quite as good opportunities for the industry in this country as in France or Italy, which latter nation is another large contributor to the world's supply of silk. Cheapness of labor is not to be regarded as a factor in the problem, inasmuch as American families in moderate circumstances nearly always contain one or more members who, by reason of sex, age or youth, have leisure time which they would be glad to devote to an occupation promising small but sure returns.

Even a few dollars yearly, obtained by incidental and pleasant labor, are welcome.

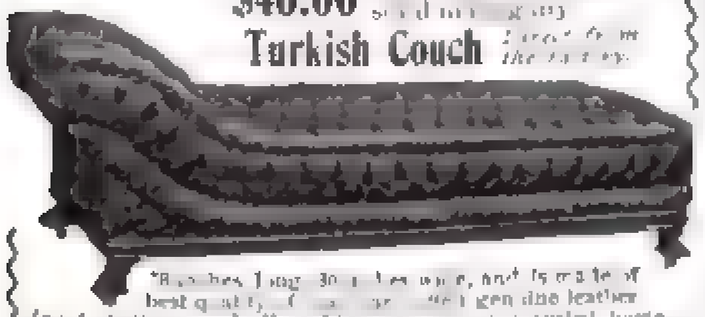
### *An Ideal Way to Earn Pin-Money*

Silk culture is an occupation in which children can make themselves useful. To them naturally falls the business of collecting the leaves, and they can help in other ways. It is a sort of work that requires very little skill and a minimum of experience, while demanding the expenditure of not more than a few dollars at the outset. From then on the grower hatches his own eggs, raises his own worms, and has no apparatus to buy, while all the food needed for the insects is procurable for the slight trouble of gathering it. In view of these facts, it will be seen why the production of cocoons is an ideal industry for the household—an industry furnishing light employment for the women and children, and giving no little amusement incident to its pursuit.

The first thing necessary, when one wishes to make a beginning in silk culture, is to obtain a few thousand eggs—a matter of no difficulty, inasmuch as there are many people in various parts of the country who follow the business in a small way. Spring is the time to begin, when the mulberry or osage leaves are just beginning to bud out, because the baby worms require for their sustenance the most delicate of young foliage. As purchased, the eggs, which are very small, about the size of turnip-seeds, are attached to rectangular pieces of muslin and sprinkled over the latter as if thrown out of a pepper-pot. They are easily transported in this condition, and no ordinary accident is likely to injure them.

Having got his eggs, the beginner proceeds to hatch them by simply placing them on a table in a warm room, the temperature being kept at seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit at first, but increased two degrees each day. In France silkworm eggs are commonly hatched in little incubators, or laid between blankets to hurry them up, but such contrivances are unnecessary. Under ordinary circumstances the baby worms will make their appearance in four or five days, and the first thing done with them is to lay over them a piece of mosquito net, upon which have been scattered a few tender leaves chopped fine. The food by its scent will attract the young insects, which, in order to get at it, will crawl up through the net, beginning immediately to browse. When they are all on top it is easy to remove them, net and all, to another table.

In this way they are kept for about ten days, being transferred at intervals back and forth from one table to another



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by repeating the process just described. Thus they are kept perfectly clean, and are supplied constantly with fresh leaves.

When they are ten days old they are big enough to be placed upon frames of lattice-work (such as are represented in an accompanying photograph), on which the leaves are laid, and where they spend the remainder of their worm life. Fresh leaves must be provided at regular intervals as before, four or five times a day, care being always taken that they shall not have more than they can consume at any one time. In this manner the accumulation of débris is avoided, and the insects are readily transferred to clean frames and fresh food by laying gently over them a piece of lattice bearing newly-gathered foliage, to invite them to crawl up. This method of moving the worms renders it unnecessary to handle them and saves much trouble.

GATHERING THE COCOONS FROM THE "LADDER" IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN SPUN

When they are about thirty-three days old—though the time required depends somewhat upon temperature—the worms are ready to begin to spin. They give up eating, wander away from the leaves on which hitherto they have so greedily browsed, and manifest a disposition to climb upward upon anything that may afford the opportunity. At the same time they change color, turning to a creamy hue, and uplift their heads in a peculiar way. It is not possible for the grower to mistake the symptoms, and he loses no time in providing the insects with the means for fulfilling the really important object of their existence—namely, the building of their cocoons.

The leaves and all debris having been removed, little branches may now be placed upon the lattice frames in arches conveniently disposed, so that the worms may crawl up on them and attach to them the cocoons. But an even better method is to make a sort of ladder (such as is shown in an accompanying photograph), between the sticks of which the insects are able most conveniently to do their building. From six to eight days are required for the process, which is certainly one of the most interesting operations in Nature, beginning with the spinning of a loose floss that furnishes a sort of envelope for the cocoon that is to be. Inside of this the worm proceeds to construct the body of the cocoon, behind the silken walls of which, working inward, it presently disappears.

SILKWORM MOTHS

Inside of the cocoon the worm transforms itself into a sort of mummy, which represents an intermediate stage of its life history, and thus remains for two or three weeks. Then, if let alone, it moistens the fibres at one end of its silken sarcophagus by means of a secretion provided for the purpose, and forces its way through the envelope, emerging as a perfect moth. However, this process would destroy the value of the cocoon for reeling, and therefore the silk culturist takes an unfair advantage of the insect and kills it while as yet it is in the chrysalis state by putting it in a heated oven for four or five hours.

When the cocoons have been treated in this manner they are ready to go to the factory to be reeled—a process that requires somewhat elaborate machinery, and which need not here be described. At the factory the loose floss is first removed, to be utilized as inferior material, and then the fibre of the cocoon proper is unwound, to be afterward converted into silk thread, or into woven fabrics of various kinds. In the dyeing and printing of silken textiles there are many secrets, but these again are apart from the present discussion.

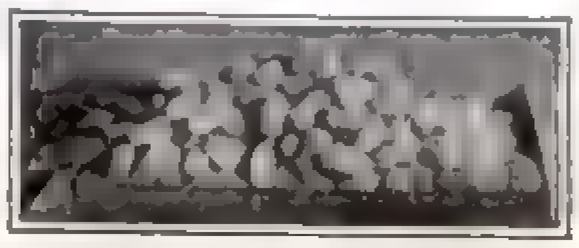
Beyond any other insect the silkworm has been modified by domestication. It is, indeed, the domesticated insect par excellence, and, incidentally to its long service as a slave of man—a period that has covered thousands of years, for silk culture was already very old in China when the first silk-worms were brought to Europe by Nestorian monks, in the sixth century, A D —it has become altogether incapable of taking care of itself. Though in its original wild state it was doubtless a strong flyer, it no longer enjoys the use of its wings, and, if liberated, it would not even be able to cling to the waving branches of the mulberry tree which is its natural food plant.

There are a good many different "races" of silkworms to-day, and the cocoons they spin are of various colors, some being yellow, others green, and yet others white. The white ones come mostly from the Orient, whereas French cocoons are yellow. Thanks to artificial selection in breeding the worms, the cocoons have become abnormally large and altogether out of proportion to the size of the insects that spin them. It is customary, in order to maintain the quality of the stock, to select the largest and finest cocoons for reproduction, and to withhold them from the oven, threading them together in strings and hanging them up to await developments.

In due time the moths emerge, and seven or eight hours later (after mating) the females begin to lay. They are picked up with the fingers as gently as possible, and placed in a tray, on rectangular pieces of muslin, where they deposit their eggs. Each female lays from three hundred to four hundred eggs, and the pieces of muslin, with the ova attached, are put in a cool, dark place until spring. They have to be looked after at intervals, in order to see that no mold attacks them, and that no mice or predatory insects get at them. Mice will eat silkworm eggs greedily. A temperature of zero will not hurt them, whereas if it is too warm they will hatch prematurely. As already stated, the time to bring them out of storage and transfer them to the rearing room is when the mulberry leaves are budding.

It is believed by Secretary Wilson that the best opportunities for silk culture in this country are afforded in the South, where, in April and May, when no cotton-picking is going on, the children could gather the mulberry and osage leaves and feed the worms. At the present time there are a good many people out in Utah, foreigners by birth, who are raising silkworms, reeling the cocoons, and actually weaving the silk into fabrics for family use.

Teachers of the industry are available in plenty. In the city of Washington there is a young man named T. A. Keleher who makes a business of rearing silkworms simply for the purpose of preparing what might be called educational exhibits. He makes little glass-covered boxes, each of which contains a series of objects to illustrate the silk-producing insect in its various phases of transformation, together with the leaves on which it feeds, its cocoons, and the commercial products derived.



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# A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

### By The Congressman's Wife

I NEVER so fully appreciated, until within the last week or two, the fact that anxiety is absolutely good for nothing in this world unless one is able to turn it into a weapon of defense. I have always felt myself, hitherto, a second Giralda the giantess in all things that have concerned in any way the Honorable Robert Slocum, of Spruce City, but before the overwhelming fact of his contemplated maiden speech in the Senate I was helpless. The first inkling I had that such a speech was determined on was when I noticed that Robert was going around for days with his lips moving, giving vent to occasional explosive mutterings. Now, I have understood that Vesuvius and Pelée both are addicted to mutterings and explosive sounds before they are ready to overwhelm an unsuspecting and innocent public, but I had had no experience with the seething human being who is ready to do the same thing, so I said

"What is the matter, Robert?"

"Why?" he asked.

"You are going about as though you were haranguing your innermost being, very much as Senator Hoar does before he makes a speech in the Senate," I said anxiously

"Well," said Robert, smiling somewhat deprecatingly, "I am going to make a speech in the Senate, my maiden one. I'm going to try a whack at the Statehood bill to-morrow if Quay will let me, or if Nelson will stop talking long enough to give me a chance."

"Have you given notice to the Senate? Are you committed?" I asked, fearing the worst

"I am entirely committed," he returned resolutely

Whereupon I was at once beset by that overwhelming kind of misgiving which is said to be the beacon to the wise, but I forebore to meddle with the inevitable, and contented myself with making a ladder of my thoughts

The very day that Robert had admitted that he should make his maiden effort we were giving a dinner. A Cabinet Secretary and his wife, a new Member of the House who had Senatorial aspirations, Senator and Mrs. Blank, and our old friend, Senator P——, and one or two others were present. We were scarcely seated at the table which Jules, the chef, had supplied with every new thing known in culinary art, when the fire upon Robert began. I knew it would be a gala night, and no doubt before they were through with running Robert I should be compelled, in true Homeric fashion, to fight on both sides. The new Member started the ball rolling

"I hear, Mr. Slocum, you are going to take a hand in the Statehood bill, and that it is likely to be a real 'live wire,' as Mr. Tillman would put it."

"Yes, I may speak," said Robert in rather a small voice, and I knew from his tone he feared the current would set in toward him.

"You mean," said Senator P——, looking over the top of his glasses, "that if the Senator from the North Star State leaves anything for others to talk about you are going to talk, but you'd better be spry, for you've seen that big book wide open on his desk with the orange-colored marker in it? Well, when he begins on that book the bottom is likely to drop out of the Statehood bill."

"Yes, I've seen that book," said Robert

"It is well to remember," said the Secretary, taking a hand in the grooming of the Spruce City Senator, "what an eminent English jurist said once, that no speech is complete without three ingredients, 'a quotation, a joke and a platitude.'"

Robert smiled and said rather ruefully: "I hope they'll give me time for all those three ingredients. I'm going to announce when I start out that I intend to be a regular 'don't hurry Hopkins' sort of chap that Joe Blackburn tells about. Hopkins was a man down in Kentucky who gave his creditor a note on which was this memorandum, 'The said Hopkins is not to be hurried in paying the above.'"

"Now, I tell you what, Slocum," said Senator Blank, "when you speak to-morrow I'd advise you to offer up that prayer Lord Ashley made before he charged at the battle of Edge Hill: 'Oh, Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.'"

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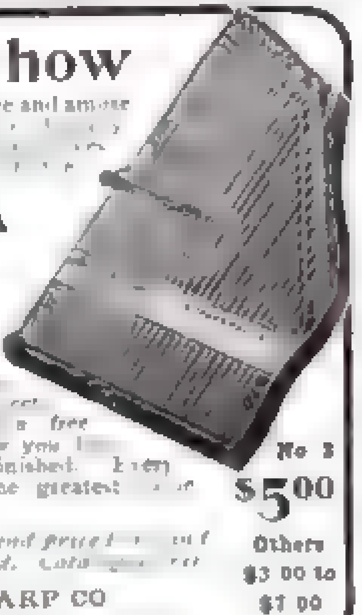

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This drew the first fire and a ripple of laughter spread around the table. Then Senator P—— said

"Yes, prayer and provender never have been known to hinder any man's journey, Slocum, so says an old proverb, but I should recommend any man who is going to make his first speech to follow Abraham Lincoln's advice to the would-be Hoosier orator, 'Young man, look wise and talk scatterin'.'"

"Oh," said I, taking up the cudgels for Robert, "I think a better piece of advice to a man who is going to address the Senate would be that of a popular preacher when speaking of his pulpit efforts and of how he adapted himself to certain conditions

"'Whenever I get hold of one of those heavy, stolid, *hopeless* congregations I always roar.'"

This thrust at the upper house of Congress was much relished by the new Member of the House, and particularly by the Cabinet Secretary, who had not been able to get the ear of the Senate for a pet scheme in his department

"Yes, it is always a good plan to talk loud," said Senator P—— "We all do it, it gives us courage, and doesn't hurt any one;" and he smiled benignly and added

"One thing more, Slocum, if you are interrupted in your speech and they begin to badger you, don't get funny and be betrayed into calling any man in the chamber 'Brother.'"

"Why not?" said Robert. "That's what Depew did the other day when Pettus bothered him—he called him 'Brother Pettus.'"

"Yes, that's all very well for an oldster like Depew, but the Senate won't stand it if a youngster takes liberties. The record for maiden speeches has been broken this session There were Dillingham and Dryden—Dryden was very nervous over his. There had been eleven speakers ahead of him and at one time it looked as though he'd never get a chance One of the men on the other side of the chamber crossed over to him and said, by way of encouragement

"'See here, Dryden, you're going to be crowded out, but you might have time to do as the stump-speaker did who waited through a whole meeting and when his turn came he had two minutes only, so he rose and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I was asked to give an address this evening which I now do with pleasure. My address is 200 Prairie Avenue.' Then he sat down"

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Blank thankfully, "I have always been heartily glad that man was the only thing in creation endowed with speech, for I do not know what we should do if animals could talk"

"What about old Borak?" asked Senator Blank quizzically. "Borak was Mohammed's horse and spoke to him in Ar[illegible]"

"Yes," chimed in Robert [illegible] "and there was the Biblical ass that talked in Hebrew We can all recall her remarks to Balaam"

There was some amusement at this. Then Senator P—— said with a chuckle

"Talking of speeches in the Senate, do any of you happen to remember when John Hay, our present distinguished Secretary of State, was associate editor of the New York Tribune, years ago?"

Of course Senator Blank and the Cabinet Secretary remembered the fact very well, and the Senator continued

"In that day it was not infrequent for Members of Congress to make slips in diction and grammar, and the Senate had one man and a big man at that, who was particularly gifted in getting together plural verbs and singular nouns and producing astounding effects with them. One day he made a big speech on a burning issue of the hour. John Hay wrote an editorial on that speech which lives in the minds of some of us to this day He said, alluding to this Senator:

"'Lifting on high the battle-ax of his mighty logic he buried it deftly in midair and brought it down blunt end foremost on the helpless figure of his mother tongue.'"

This made a great hit at the table, but I could not prevent an ejaculation of "Mercy!" And I began in sudden alarm to run over deftly Robert's nouns and verbs to see if they were in correct working order.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Slocum," said the Senator reassuringly, "your husband's parts of speech are all right. We don't slay our mother tongue nowadays in the Senate We leave it to the Members of the House to say 'I be' and 'I done.'"

As the Senator made this somewhat exaggerated charge he looked over slyly at the new Member, who fired up at once:

"Oh, see here now, we haven't a man anywhere in the Hall of the House who says, 'I done' or 'I——'"

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But the new Member stopped in the middle of his disclaimer and a general laugh went around, for everybody was remembering some happenings in that line in the lower branch of Congress during a recent rough-and-tumble debate when plural nouns and singular verbs had held high carnival. I deemed it best to lead the conversation into another channel, and fortunately bethought me of the auction sale at Sloan's which had been held within the week and which had been one of the most fashionable events of the season. Half the official bigwigs and the best part of the smart set had met in a scramble over discarded articles of historic fame from the old White House. I turned to the Cabinet Secretary, whom I had seen bidding against Postmaster General Payne for the possession of a wash stand

"Which of you got the washstand at Sloan's the other day?"

"Oh, Payne got it," said the Secretary. "He ran the bid up to ten dollars, but as the washstand had no back I thought I'd let him have it."

"I cannot understand what either of you saw in it," I said. "It was broken, scratched and shabby beyond belief Now I should have liked those two beautiful old oak chairs, carved with the eagles, which Mrs Hobart bought, or I should have liked the leather lounge that ex-Governor Lowndes bought, but that dilapidated old washstand —— "

"That washstand, though, Mrs. Slocum, was very quaint and of beautiful wood," said the Secretary, defending his taste. "I should have liked those two white and gold mantels, but John McLean had a longer purse than mine."

"What did you secure?" asked he

"Oh," said I, "I got one of those old mirrors containing the coat of arms of the United States which has been in the mansion for fifty years, and the like of which you cannot buy to-day. I cannot understand what the Government is thinking of to let those beautiful old relics go at auction. Just fancy that carved mahogany sideboard from the State dining-room which has presided with dignity over so many famous banquets ending its days in a restaurant!"

"Well, we did not get a thing but one of those green satin ottomans," said the Secretary's wife plaintively

"I know of one man," said the new Member, "who has been made happy by that sale, and that is Uncle Joe Cannon, who has secured some of those crystal chandeliers that cost the Government fifteen hundred dollars apiece for the Capitol. One of them has been hung in Uncle Joe's own committee-room, the Appropriations, and he wants the big one that came out of the East Room hung up in Statuary Hall."

"Ah," said Senator P—— warningly, "better tell Cannon to beware of hanging another chandelier in Statuary Hall, for the one that hung there originally, and which was considered such a work of art, came to grief away back in the fifties when the House was in session there. There was a regular panic when that great glass thing fell, and as we used to say when I was a boy, 'tunked' the heads of the members."

"So that's what became of that chandelier?" said Senator Blank "Wood, the superintendent of the Capitol, was wondering the other day what had ever become of that famous lighting machine. He got out a picture of it to show some of us. I must tell him "

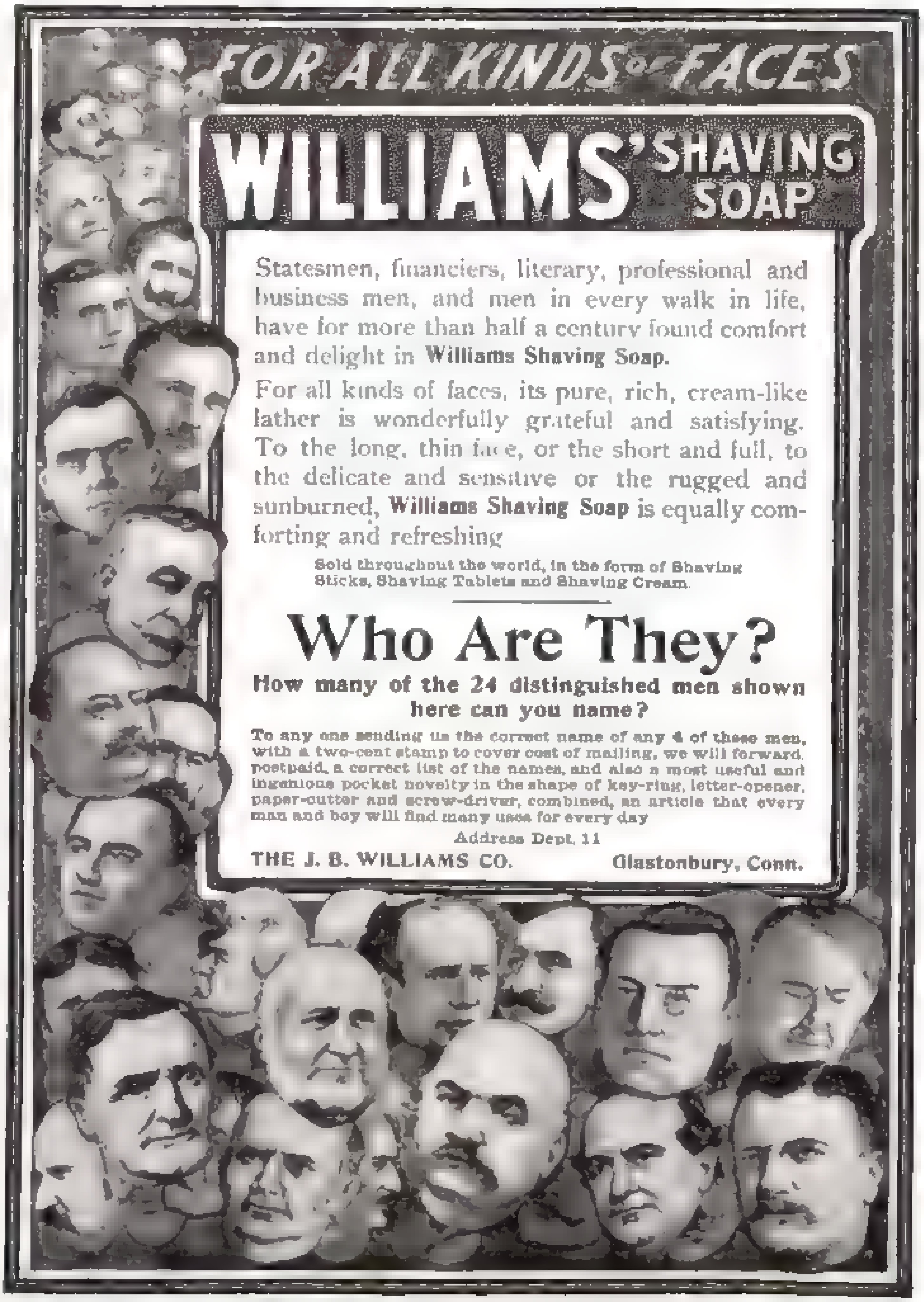
"I wonder if Ransdell, the Sergeant at Arms, did not secure something at this sale for our end of the Capitol?" said Robert

The mention of the Sergeant-at-Arms brought a smile to the face of the new Member, who said

"Did any of you hear anything about Dan Ransdell's famous party the other night?"

We none of us had. So the new Member proceeded with much gusto:

"Ransdell has the most fascinating little place up on Capitol Hill which he calls 'The Shack.' He sent out invitations last week to a lot of us to come up there for a little card-party Well, the dinner mania has such complete sway in this town that scarcely a man who got one of those invitations but thought he was asked to dinner. So all of them save a few sane ones including myself, went to Ransdell's dinnerless. When they got there and saw no signs of dinner they began to sniff around, but there was no smell of dinner in the air and they began to laugh and to suspect the situation. They were hungry as bears, and soon they spied a cold lay-out on the buffet and decided to make a raid on it. Ransdell caught on to the situation and said in high glee



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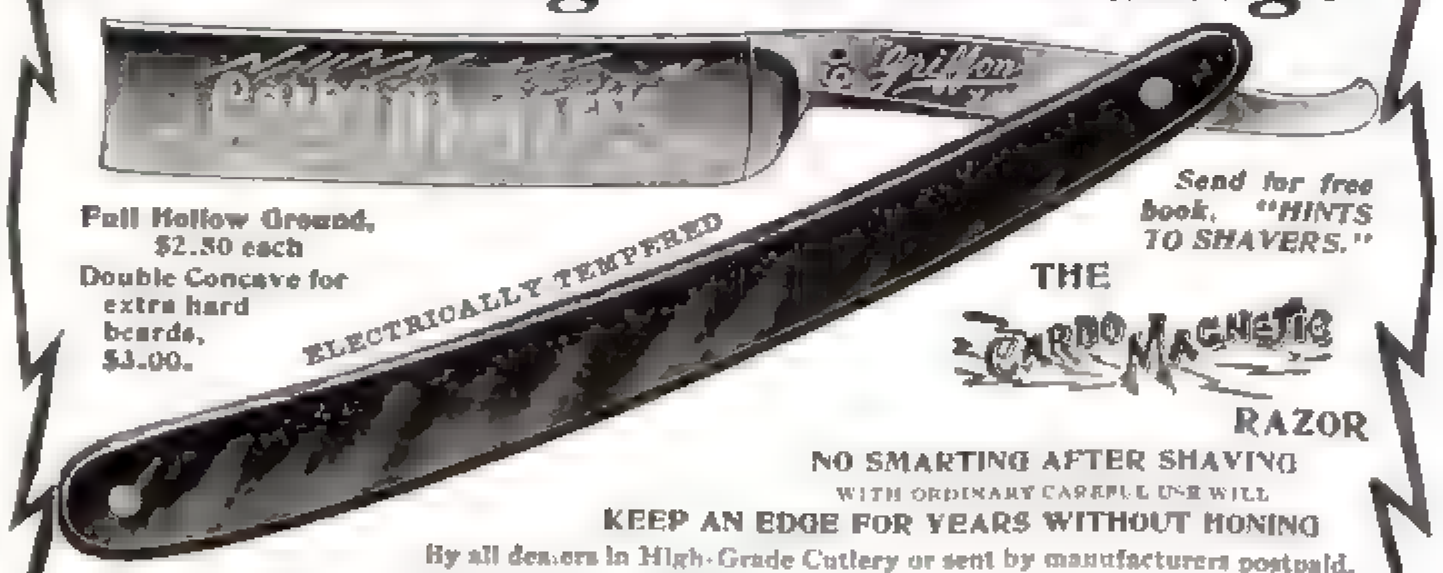

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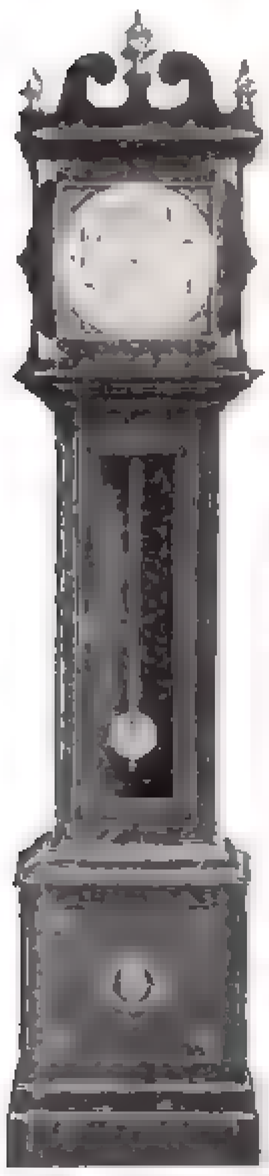

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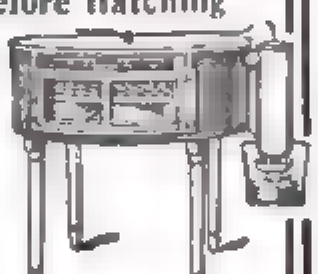

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"Wait a minute, you vultures, it isn't time for that; there's some terrapin coming.'

This saved the cold lay-out for a few minutes, but not for long, for the pangs of hunger had seized upon these men, and one of them cried out

"'I say, Ransdell, that terrapin of yours must be crawling up Capitol Hill in its shell. I vote we play for what's in sight.'"

"And they did," continued the new Member; "they pitched in and cleaned off that sideboard in a jiffy, and you never heard such shouts of laughter in your life as they indulged in at their own expense, and Ransdell's little gathering is known all around as the famous 'Shack Party.' Poor Ransdell has been asked continually when he is going to give another dinner to the 'Cross-legged Knights' or another 'Barmecide feast.'"

"By the way," said Robert, addressing the new Member, "before I forget it I want to know whether you have been able to come to any understanding with the President about that postmaster business in your State?"

"By Jove, no," said the new Member, "I have not. I went up there by appointment with my whole delegation the other day and found the President as jolly as a sandboy. It was just after his hurt at playing single stick, and he shook hands with his left hand after giving us that little military salute of his which he gives when he is in particularly good spirits. But not one word could we get out of him about that postmastership. He smiled and said

"'I have the matter under advisement, gentlemen, but the stress of public business, particularly the coal and *wood* strike, has made it impossible for me to dispose of this appointment.'"

"What in the world did he mean by the 'wood' strike?" we asked.

"That," continued the new Member, "is just what our entire delegation asked. The President smiled at us indulgently, and said, holding out his bandaged right hand

"'Don't you consider, gentlemen, that I have a pretty bad *Wood strike on hand?*'"

"I wonder if General Wood has heard that witticism?" we all said. Robert added

"And I'll bet that you couldn't lead the President back to that postmaster business?"

"Of course not," laughed the new Member, "for as soon as I harked back to the appointment he immediately asked us if we had seen the 'Administration bear.' We hadn't seen it, and didn't even know what he meant until he showed us a calendar for 1903 containing all those clever cartoons of the bear which he had gone down South to hunt in November, and which he not only hadn't killed but hadn't even set eyes on. Berryman has made up the funniest calendar of the bears you ever saw and has sent it to the President. It pleased him so much that he has written to Berryman to come up and see him. This bear is known all around now, as the 'Administration bear.' One of our delegation was so tickled by the one in the cartoon where the bear has on ear muffs and galoshes that he broke out impulsively with

"'Get on to the likeness, will you!' Of course the President joined in the laugh."

"That bear with the charmed life," said Senator P——, "must be the very bear that a certain Southern statesman of prominence was in hopes would eat up our Chief Executive when he was off on that famous trip."

"How was that?" we all exclaimed with interest.

"Well, I only know," said the Senator with much humor in his tone, "that a fine young fellow whom I know came all the way up from a Southern State in hot haste to consult this statesman about the Mississippi hunting trip just before it came off. The young man, it seems, had aspirations for the National Congress and was on the eve of running in his State. He also had a warm admiration for the President and wanted to take a hand in getting up the hunting trip and to be prominent in the party. But he thought it would be the part of wisdom to consult the Solon of the South, so he said

"'Governor, you know the temper of Southerners better than I do and I want you to tell me whether you think it would hurt my chances of election to Congress in my district if I should organize this hunting trip and attend the President personally?'

"'John,' said the statesman solemnly, eying the young man, 'if you will invite the President down to go hunting in the swamps, and if you'll lead him into the densest part and take care that a bear eats him up, I'll see to it that you are sent to the United States Senate!'"

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# Between the Lines

IT IS possibly the increased strenuousness of New York life which apparently has done away with the picturesque Bohemian coteries of artists and writers who formerly foregathered in various clubs and societies. One of these clubs, the Lanthorn, was founded by Mr. Irving Bacheller, who was then managing his newspaper syndicate before Eben Holden had taken form. The meetings were held in the loft of an old building on William Street which was full of historic association. The old French restaurant on the first floor was believed to be a lineal descendant of a Revolutionary coffee house. The construction of the first story showed some odd use of stones and also of bricks which were said to have been brought across the water like the bricks used in certain of the Virginia Colonial mansions. The rooms were low, the walls thick, and the stairways and passages narrow and intricate. The first "battle" of the Revolution was fought practically in the back yard, since the house stood on what was termed Golden Hill, the scene of an early affray between local patriots and British soldiers. Over across the street where a business block now stands was once the house where Washington Irving first saw the light. Furthermore, there was a legend that in the coffee-house days this quaint old building was the temporary home of the redoubtable Captain Kidd.

It was in the upper floor, a loft open to the roof and traversed by dark beams, that the Lanthorn Club held its revels. The membership was composed of some men who had written books, and more who were writing for the newspapers, together with a sprinkling of artists and others. There was once an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner with plenty of pie and informal speech-making. Authors of the rank of Mr. Howells, Doctor Eggleston and Mr. Stoddard were guests at some of these cheerful gatherings, where Mr. Bacheller presided, and the rafters often rang with shouts of laughter until the candles flickered. After The Red Badge of Courage brought fame to Stephen Crane his brother members of the Lanthorn gave a reception in his honor, where Mr. Howells made one of his rare speeches and the doughty John Swinton tore things in general into tatters. But the light of the Lanthorn was extinguished some years since, so far as the Bohemia of art and letters is concerned, although a luncheon club of a more practical and conservative character has succeeded to the rooms.

### *Irving Bacheller's Good Stories*

It was after a long apprenticeship of journalism and syndicate work that Mr. Bacheller came into his own with the dry humor and goodness of heart illustrated in Eben Holden. But this was by no means his first book. Authors who find the world indifferent may take heart from his experience. How many readers recall The Master of Silence, or The Still House of O'Darrow, and yet these were Mr. Bacheller's first books. There were poems, also, and stories, but it was not until the author utilized his memories of his native North Country—the North Country of New York—that the door was opened to him. D'ri and I followed, and it is understood that there may be another novel of rustic life within the year. In or out of his books the author is a capital story-teller, with a fund of humor and good fellowship which has made his success a welcome arrival.

Once in the North Country Mr. Bacheller learned that a peculiarly taciturn guide had had a strange experience with a bull. As they sat at luncheon one day after whipping a trout stream the guide was asked for a story. In a disjointed fashion between huge mouthfuls of doughnuts and cheese the guide described "a pesky bull," so "tarnal ugly" that he attacked every one. The guide had armed himself with a club, and when the bull charged he leaped aside and caught the animal by the tail.

"What happened then?" asked the listener.

The guide slowly masticated his doughnut.

"Wal, I whaled him."

More mastication.

"What did the bull do?"

"Wal, finally he jist bellered an' run."

"And you held on?"

"Yaas, I held on an' whaled."

"How long?"

"Wal, we come to a tree an' the bull he took one side an' I took the other."

"Did you hold on to his tail?"

"I did so."

"What happened?"

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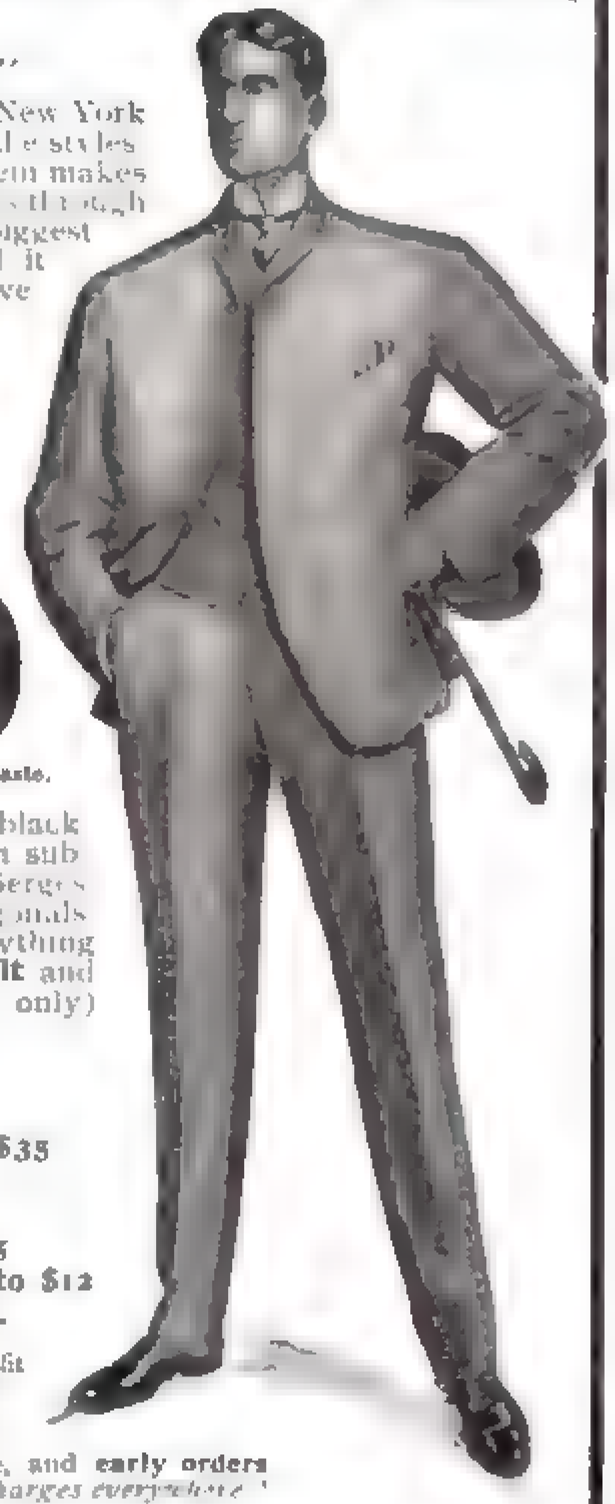

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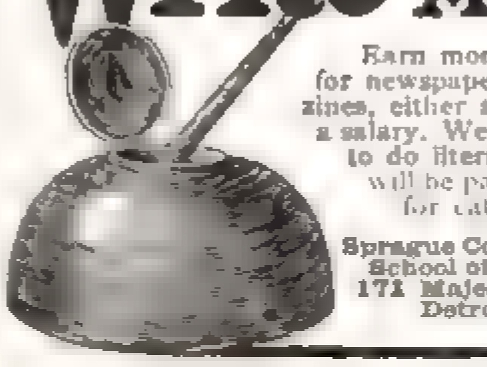

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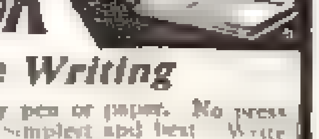

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But it is unjust to the story-teller to condense any of the stories which he gives with such an unctuous appreciation of the manners and speech of the North Country folk.

### *Curiosities of Bookmaking*

One of the curiosities of modern bookmaking is suggested by a recent book of travels in Patagonia. The expedition described in this book had its inception in a tale started some two years ago which affirmed the present existence of the Giant Sloth or prehistoric Mylodon in Patagonia. Thereupon an enterprising English publisher, whose name is associated with periodicals of vast circulation, organized an expedition to hunt down this contemporary of megatherium and pterodactyl. It was reported that a piece of the animal's skin had been found hanging in a tree at Last Hope Inlet, Patagonia, and that many remains had been found near by. Professor Ray Lancaster, of the British Museum, declared it to be "possible" that "the Mylodon still exists in some of the more mountainous regions of Patagonia." Out of this grew the expedition. But neither from the evidence of natives, from exploration, or from observation of the great forests was it possible to find any proof of the Giant Sloth's existence. His vote, therefore, was negative, but while the Mylodon was not captured, it was inevitable that the result of the expedition should be a book.

Another odd phase of some of the bookmaking of the day is the announcement of a book which is to give a back-door entrance to the mansions of multi-millionaires. One of the more conservative publishers is to issue a description of the housekeeping and marketing and kitchen organization of the "great houses" of Gotham, thereby, as it were, embalming the areaway observations of the professional Jenkins of the newspapers in permanent form. One can imagine how Thackeray would have delighted in an opportunity to review the book.

### *A Literary Policeman*

General Francis Vinton Greene, who has lately taken the uneasy position of Police Commissioner in New York, is an author, like the former head of the police board, Theodore Roosevelt. General Greene, who was graduated from West Point and served in the regular army until 1886, was a military attaché in the Turco-Russian war, and was present at the bloody battles of Shipka and Plevna. The resulting book on The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey was accounted by military experts one of the best modern studies of its kind. He has written other books including a life of General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. Possibly the experiences which assist him may result in a literary memorial of a campaign with the New York police.

The improvements in transit which are under way in New York would have been appreciated by Edgar Allan Poe. When he was the editor of the Broadway Magazine his office was in the neighborhood of the City Hall. The cottage which he occupied for a part of this time still stands at Fordham, ten miles or more away. Opposite the cottage is an attractive bit of open ground with lawn and trees which is now Poe's Park. Farther up the river Irving's home, Sunnyside, stands very much as it was when he left it for the last time. Manhattan Island itself, however, is likely to maintain few literary landmarks in the future against the march of the skyscraper.

Mr. Caine's picturesque countenance has won him some rather hard knocks as well as a large measure of publicity. There was recently a story by Henry Harland in his collection Gray Roses which dealt very harshly with a literary poseur whom some readers were unkind enough to mistake for Mr. Caine. Indeed, the gibes that one hears in the smoking-rooms of certain London clubs which have literary affiliations are not sparing of any one.

Apropos of Gilbert Parker's well known resolute ambition and get-ahead-aliveness, a London confrère said recently, "I do not sleep well."

"What is the trouble?" was asked.

"I am frequently wakened by a sound."

"What is the sound?"

"The sound of Gilbert Parker climbing."

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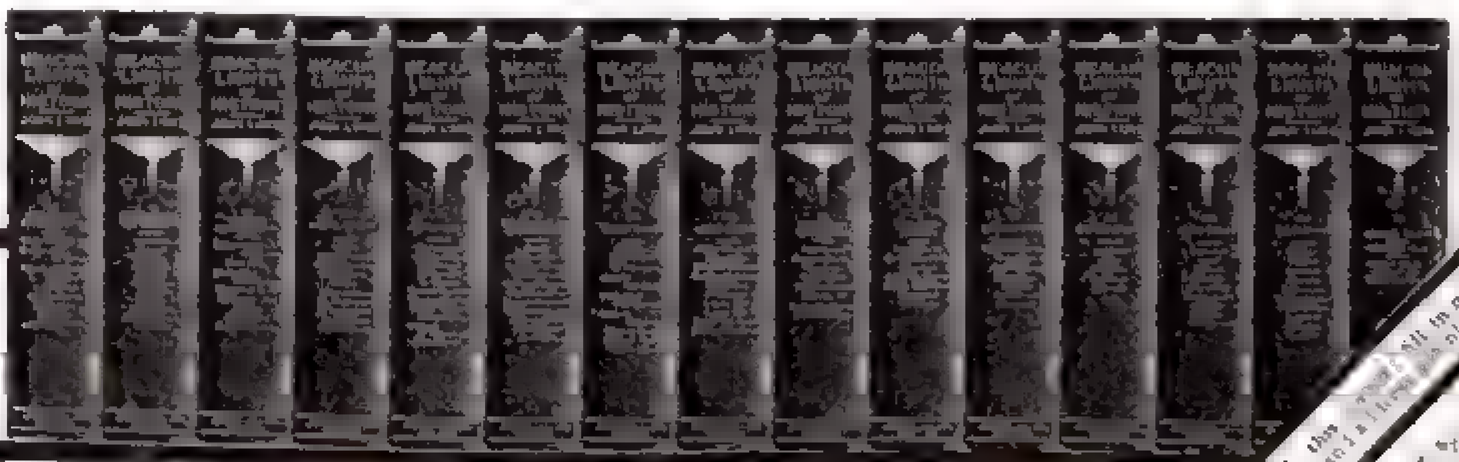

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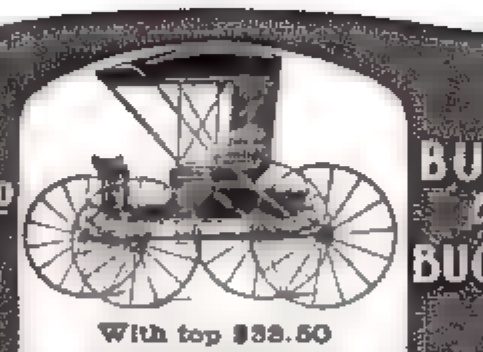

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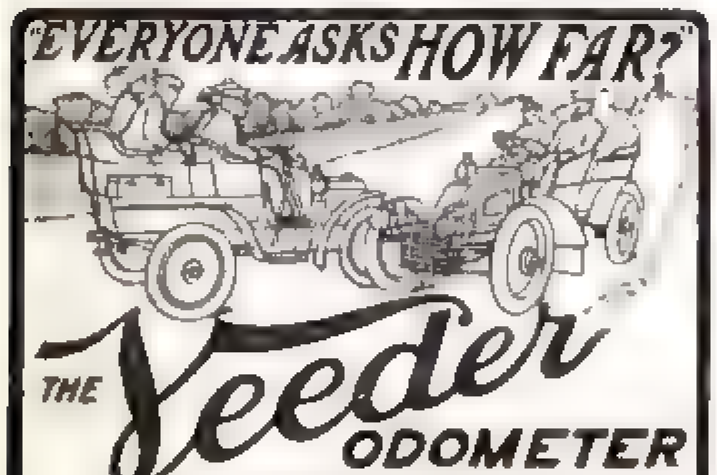

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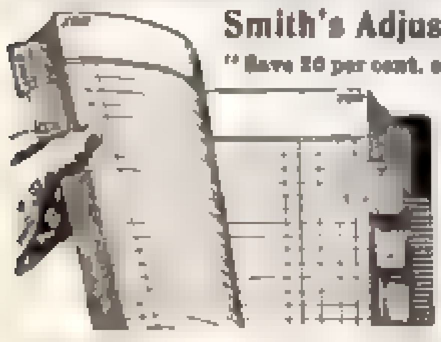

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# Letters by the Way

### By Charles Battell Loomis

*Author of The Man of Putty, etc.*

ALMOST THERE, U. S. A.

*Dear Reader:* I generally like to write about the thing that's uppermost in my mind and I can't get the young man I met the other day out of my head. You see he was a professional barytone singer, and we fell into conversation while we were both waiting for a train to attend to business and take us to a suburban town out in Jersey.

He was a gentle spoken, small-featured, refined-looking chap, a college-bred man, and he came (as I found out) of a rather well-known Massachusetts family who contributed men to the pulpit and to the Revolutionary Army when we were struggling for freedom.

It came out that he had sung the night before at the house of Zenas Q. Higgins who made the enormous fortune in Wall Street two years ago that was the talk of the whole country for nearly three days. Twenty millions, I think it was, in as many hours. Mrs. Higgins had always had society leanings, and when she became that rich it was an easy matter for her to become a lady, and she did so almost as fast as Zenas had made his money. It isn't every one who can become a lady inside of twenty four hours even in this rapid country.

Just out of curiosity I asked the young barytone if he had had any desire to push into society while singing at such a palatial residence and his answer was amusing. He said "Why, I did not go there as a guest. I went there on business as a paid entertainer. I didn't meet him or his wife and they didn't meet me because we aren't equals. He knows it and I know it. Of course, I don't mean to say that he is not a much cleverer man than I, because I'm no better off in a pecuniary way than I was when I was born while he has enough money to buy cities, but he's not the sort of man that I'd care to invite home to meet my mother, and so why should I attempt to do more than sing for him?"

I laughed outright, because the idea seemed whimsical. I know well enough that Higgins felt that the barytone was highly honored in being hired to sing in his gorgeous palace. What would he have thought if he could have known that the modest barytone felt socially superior to him? And of course he was socially superior.

We had quite a comfortable chat, the barytone and I, because I have seen exhibitions of the way in which singers are snubbed by their patronesses. I know a lady who is in the habit of employing singers and musicians of commanding talent at her functions. They are always met by her housekeeper, and she never so much as acknowledges their presence save when applauding their efforts in company with her guests, but among those who have sung and played for her are some who have their own evenings at home where you will meet about all the lions in the literary and artistic world, and where every one is on an equality, because it is not money but feeling and talent that counts with them. It would be literally impossible for Madame Moneybags to obtain an invitation to one of those "at homes."

In the world she has bought with her money they are beneath her, but in the real world she is simply ignored by them. But I pray you, do not tell her, because it makes her happy to think that she is a social leader.

I told the barytone and I'm going to tell you of an experience that a young violinist had with Mrs. Moneybags' husband, who is vulgar but good natured.

The violinist had been performing at her house together with a well-known prima donna and a tenor not so well known. The violinist was human, like the rest of us, and becoming thirsty he went and asked the person nearest him, who happened to be Mr. Moneybags, for a drink of water.

Mrs. Moneybags would have withered him with a glance and would perhaps have called a servant *of* a servant to attend to his wants, but Mr. Moneybags' sense of humor was touched.

"Water, water! In *this* house? No, young man, I don't have anything as cheap as water here. You'd better order something expensive." Then he put his hand on the young man's shoulder — you see he was democratic enough to touch a musician with his own hands — and he led him into the dining-room where the invited guests were soon to make merry, and he said to a waiter, "Say, this young feller is thirsty. Fill him up with champagne. Give him all he'll drink. He isn't a guest, but he can hit the fiddle all right."

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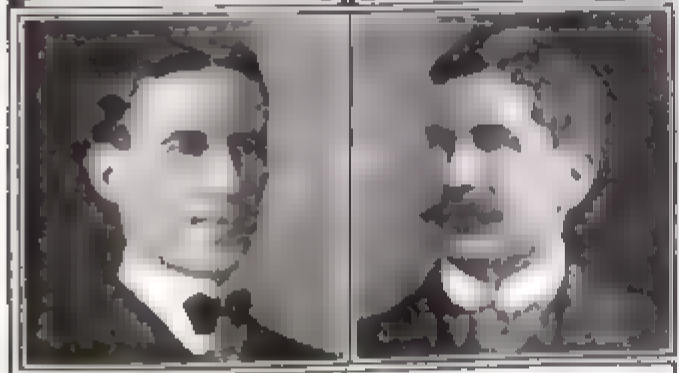

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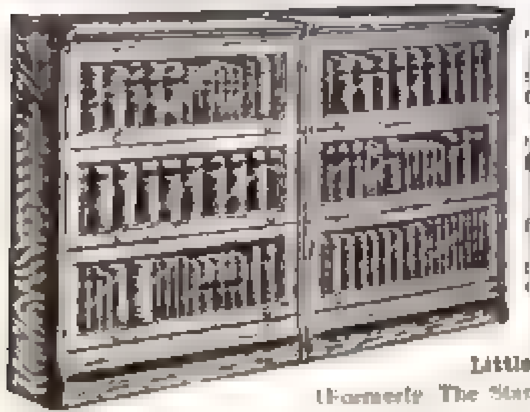

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The young musician was not a drinking man, however, so he said quietly after the millionaire had left the room:

"Mr. Moneybags means all right, but all I want is a glass of water."

It isn't necessary to say, however, that in the homes of cultivated people artists are never made to feel that there is a difference—as there frequently is—and the little barytone told me that he had many real and valued friends among people who first knew him as a professional singer. It's a fine thought that there are in America many professional business men who are not ashamed to accept professional singers as friends. Because, after all, a man who labors with his hands and brain might look down on a man who labors only with his brain and throat.

While we are on this subject who can tell what it is that makes a gentleman? It is not one's profession or trade or occupation. It is not good manners, it certainly isn't riches; it is not education, or even cultivation, or kindness of heart, or politeness. I've known men who were studiedly polite and who were not gentlemen in the real sense of the word, and I have known real gentlemen who swore like pirates. There was not an ounce of profanity in their swearing, however—not half the venom that some women can put into "Hang it!" I have known men who never smoked or drank or swore or chewed whom you would not care to take home to dinner, and I have known men of the kindest hearts in the world who were anything but gentlemen. There's no hard and fast rule. A man may break all the rules of society and yet be a gentleman, and another may obey all the rules and miss gentlehood. In fact, such a thing as a *perfect* gentleman never existed, but all of us have larger or smaller spots of gentlemanliness on us, and if we know how to cultivate the spots they may spread so that we'll pass for a gentleman almost anywhere—even at Mrs. Moneybags.

And this much we all know: That a real gentleman or a lady will always contrive to make his or her entertainers as happy as her guests, and we also know that if a man systematically goes to work to make others happy—well, if he doesn't look out some one will cry at him, "You're a gentleman."

Speaking of the man whom you wouldn't take home to dinner. Have you ever thought that perhaps that man may have a good deal of feeling for his family himself, and that that is the reason he has never invited you?

* * *

## A Senatorial Inventor

SENATOR ELECT James B. McCreary, of Kentucky, who will take his seat in the United States Senate on March 4, is in every sense a typical Kentuckian. Like all Kentuckians, he loves to entertain—not for policy's sake, but in the good old way; like all Kentuckians, he loves to speak, and there is not a barbecue, picnic or public function of any kind in his district but what he is on the program; and, like all Kentuckians, he loves horses, although he never attends races. During the Civil War he naturally drifted into the cavalry, following the dashing raider Morgan throughout his career and winning a name for himself at Green River Bridge, where his cool head and determined effort saved the Confederate forces from a terrible defeat. Though the greater part of his life since the war has been spent in public service, Mr. McCreary has found time to carry on extensive and successful farming interests in the Bluegrass. Some years ago, while he was Governor of Kentucky, Mr. McCreary's favorite horse, Prince, a handsome bay of royal blood, learned the trick of slipping the bridle. The Governor had his groom to search every saddler's shop in Richmond for a bridle that Prince could not slip. Being unable to find one, he went in person to a certain shop and asked for a safe bridle. The dealer replied that he had none.

"That's strange," said the Governor, "why don't you make one?"

"Never saw one, and don't know how."

"Well, I'll show you."

With that he pulled off his coat and went to work. The result was such a surprise to the saddler that he did not get over it for a week. The hooded bridle, now in common use, is very simple, but will baffle any horse, however tricky he may be.

The dealer wanted to have it patented and called the McCreary Bridle, but the Governor would not hear of it. He said that any man who had followed Morgan, who had ridden every kind of horse that could be "borrowed" on the way, and then didn't know how to make a bridle that would not slip, ought not to be allowed to own a horse.

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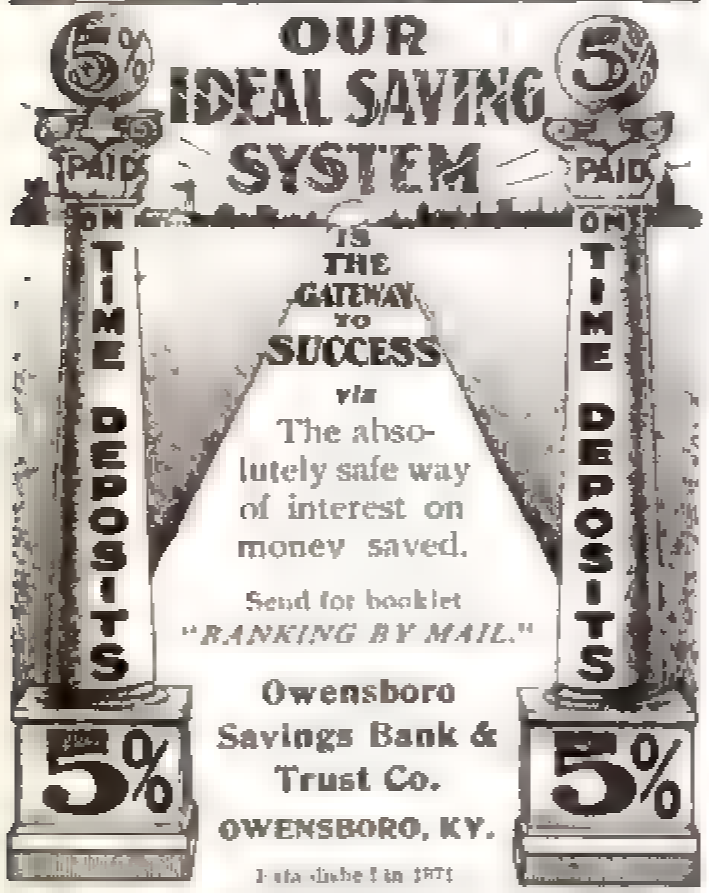

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# The Firm Mr. Turck

### By HAYDEN CARRUTH

PERSISTENCY of purpose and the making the best of untoward happenings seemed always to arouse the admiration of the ingenious Mr. Milo Bush. He was so often heard to speak with profound respect of a certain former denizen of Sentinel Butte named Turck that I was finally convinced that he must have possessed qualities of this description, and on dropping a hint to Mr. Bush soon learned that my suspicions were not ill founded.

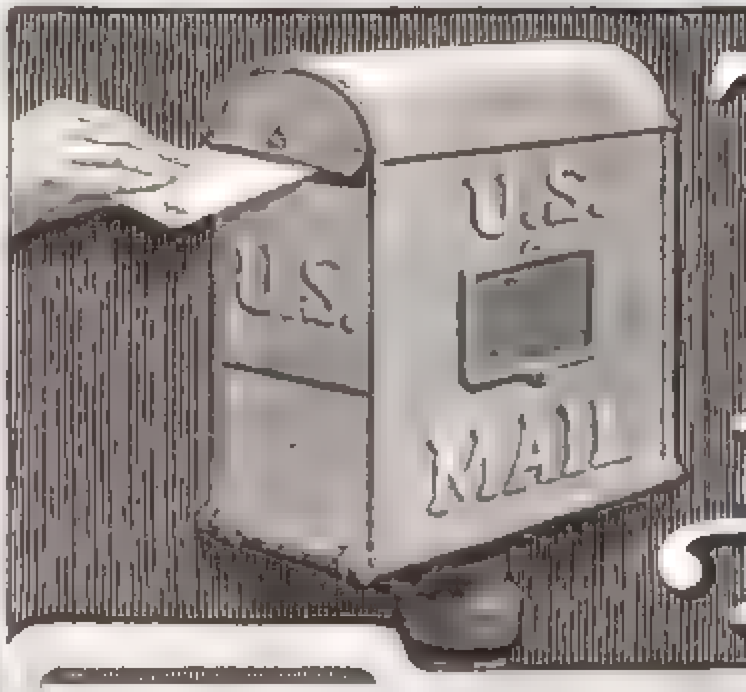
Oh, yes; Turck, Obadiah Turck [he began without delay]. Remarkable man, Turck was — you never in your life seen a man so sot in his way as he was. And *contrairy* — why, if you should mebby say sort o' careless, just wishing to be agreeable and make conversation and not offend anybody, that the sun rose in the east, up that Turck would speak and say it wa'n't no such stuff — that sunrise is a local phenomenon and that in Ingeana, where he come from, it always rose in the west. If you'd never been in Ingeana what could you say? Then mebby he'd go on and say that Ingeana had a moon of its own, which never sot, but just hung up and tended strictly to lighting Ingeana; though he might not neither, Turck not being much of a talker, but more inclined to set solemn and think when he wasn't working, as he was mostly, being the biggest worker in the town. You never seen such a worker. Not a fast worker like Al Doty — why, I've known Al Doty to go to the post-office and set a hen before breakfast, swap hosses twice dooring the forenoon, and in the afternoon repair his fiddle, go a-fishin', chase a tramp out of town, set ten mush-rat traps and put a new handle in the ax for his wife; and not exhausted with his labors as any other man would 'a' been, come tearing downtown in the evening and hunt two hours for a man — any man — who would take one side — either side — in a bet on something — anything. Never seen such a man for pure industry. And mebby then not satisfied, but he would set in Shanks' grocery and show how a high tariff on bananas and monkey-wrenches would pay off the national debt. And sometimes he'd go home and set up the rest of the night in the cellar with the cat helping her catch rats. And turn up fresh in the morning at the post-office. Worst man for dorgs you ever seen. Had more'n a million of 'em — pretty near. Used to have his dorgs trained so they'd take turns standing inside the front door with their tails sticking out through a knothole about two feet from the ground.

When you called you pulled the dorg's tail, the dorg barked and somebody come and let you in. Called it the Al Doty Patent Living Canine Doorbell. Then he had a dorg which — but I was telling you 'bout old Turck.

Well, this here Turck — it was very curious 'bout all of Al's dorgs that they — this here old Turck was a slow, hard worker who never said a word 'less you said two and two made four, or something of the sort, when he'd up and tell you that it wa'n't no universal fact, 'cause they didn't come within a mile of it in Ingeana. The most stick-to-it and fight-it-out man you ever seen. Used to raise garden truck out here half a mile and peddle it round town. Had a wagon he carried his stuff in. Thought it was the greatest wagon that ever got behind a hoss. Said it was made out of some kind of wood which grew in only one spot in Ingeana. Bymeby one wheel dropped off it. Fastened a rail under it with one end on the ground to hold up that corner. Then another wheel busted. Put a grindstone on in place of it. Then the third wheel caved. Clapped on a sleigh runner. Then the fourth and last wheel went all to smash.

What did old Turck do? Took hold of the end of the axle with one hand and went round town carrying that corner of the wagon. And all the time bragging 'bout the special wood in that wagon, and telling how he had run the agents of the Smithsonian Asylum out of the neighborhood when they wanted to examine the strange tree it come out of.

But what I wanted to tell you 'bout in partic'lar was old Turck's experience with the convict. Not that it's much of a story, but it 'lustrates his character so well. Character is the troo thing, after all. 'Tain't where a man comes from, or what he says, or what he does even, that counts; it's what he *is*. Old Turck had character. He stood for the right. You couldn't move him no more'n you could put your shoulder ag'in' the Rock of Jibberwalter and make it stand over out o' the way. Old Turck had stability.



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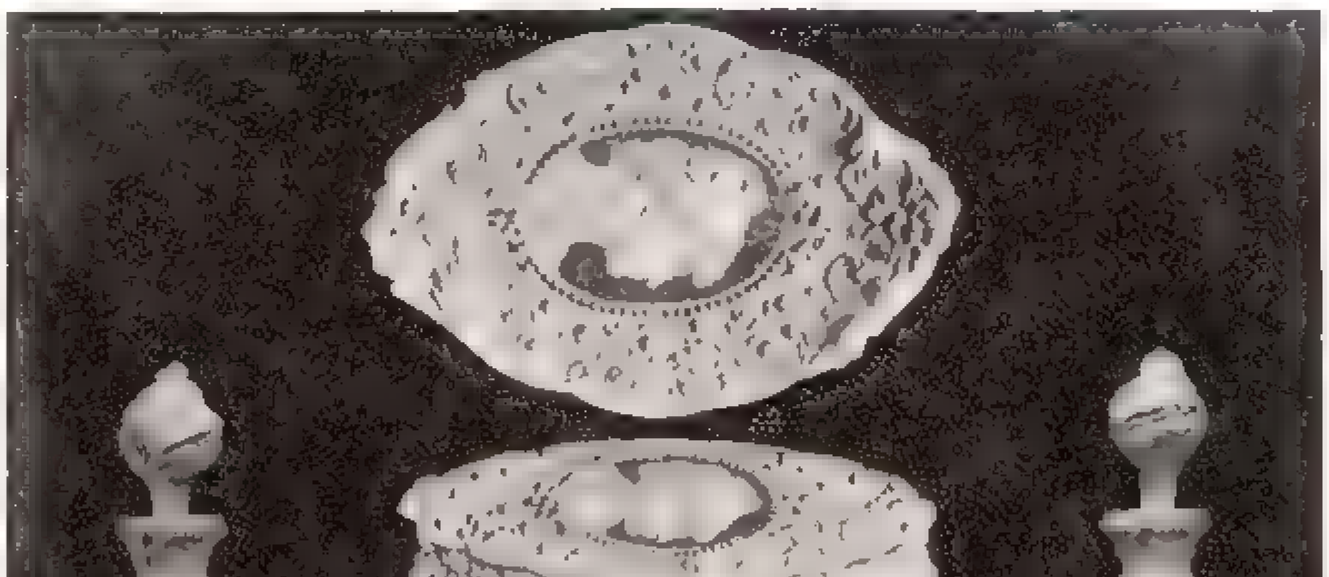

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**William Walker Atkinson, Editor**

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I want to send you free, just for your own reading, a copy of my essay entitled "I can and I will" This will be very helpful to you. Address me at my city office, or come and see me. William Walker Atkinson, 504 Howland Block, 174 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

This convict was in the Territorial prison up at Longview. Don't know what he was in for, but I guess he done it, whatever it was

He wasn't much of a man, anyhow, and didn't seem to profit by the advantages which our fine prison afforded, with the lockstep, and molasses on his mush three times a week, and coffee legal hollerdays, and all them luxuries.

'Stead of staying in jail as he should and being made into a new man and a useful member of society, what did this ungrateful critter do but bust out in the night and go off wearing the fine striped clothes we taxpayers had provided him with as part of the means of reforming him

Well, this here criminal, when he gets out he looks at his clothes in the moonlight. Says he to himself, "They won't do." The stripes were black and white, 'bout two inches wide, and running round—very neat and tasty inside and calculated to help a man morally but not the thing for outside wear, as the feller had well said. Then says the feller to himself, "I must make a swap with some man what ain't in yet," and he started on, keeping his eyes open. Just 'fore daylight he got down in this neighborhood, and came along to old Turck's house, and sneaks up through the garden. It was a warm summer night and the winders were all open. He creeps up and looks in one which happens to be in Turck's bedroom, and sees his clothes on a chair; then he fishes 'em out with a stick, puts 'em on, and shoves his own in the winder

He then goes hence, as the saying is, and I reckon he's hence yet, 'cause they never caught him.

In the morning Turck gets up and looks at the clothes on the chair. He looks long and some earnestly. But he says nothing. He takes 'em up and sees they're about his size. Then he puts 'em on, still saying nothing, and goes out to do the chores at the barn. He comes in at breakfast time and is surveyed by his wife, who says something, as is the habit of some few women. Old Turck still says nothing, not being able to see that there is anything left to say when Mrs. Turck stops, which she does evenchooly, there being a limit to her strength. After breakfast he simply announces in calm, measured tones that he ain't going to be euchred by no jailbird, but that he shall wear the clothes till the feller fetches his own back. Then he hitches up and comes to town with a load of garden sass

Well, that's about all there is to it, but you'll grasp the man's character from the incident, slight though it may be. He kept on wearing them clothes as he said he should, attracting the attention of the idle and curious as he went about town, but neither courting it nor shrinking from it, like the noble character he was. The prison officers hauled him up a few times, and took a shot at him occasionally, mistaking him for the other man, but he didn't complain

It ran on for a year. Then one day he came home with a bundle, and after retiring to his room for some time he came out dressed in a new suit and carrying the striped one in his hand

"Thank goodness!" says his wife

"Yes," says he, "they are getting pretty well worn, so I shall lay 'em aside

"Some sense at last," says his wife

"But they ain't worn out, by any means," says he. "You take them clothes, Matilda, and cut 'em down for Georgie," and he p'inted at the youngest boy

The woman was silent for some minutes. Then she said "Yes, yes; as you wish I promised to obey, and I will. The woman is the weaker vessel. She is the vine—man is the oak. Yes, yes. Thy will is my will. Yes, yes. I will make them over for our dear little Georgie." She walked up and down behind him as he sot by the stove, and wrung her hands while she struggled with her emotions. Then she paused and took up a rolling pin, hefted it in her hands like a baseball player, and then fetched old Turck a crack on the head that the hired man heard out at the barn. When Turck come to he found that she had burnt up the striped suit

Doc Middleton, who had been sent for in the mean time, says he immegitly begun to talk about his wagon, and how he chased off them scientific chaps from Washington.

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*SAVE YOUR DIGESTION* by avoiding ground pepper. Insist upon having your soup and salad dressing seasoned with *Tabasco Sauce* and you will never know the meaning of Dyspepsia. Try it and be convinced. All grocers sell it.

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Received the Gold Medal — the highest award — at both the Pan American and Charleston Expositions, and are sold direct to the user at **Factory Prices.**

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5 DOCUMENT FILES
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Price: $6.00

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[illegible]
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Also sections containing Pigeon Holes, Drawers, Bookcases, Vertical Files, etc., at equally low prices. Ask for **Catalogue No. 19 E.**

**We Prepay Freight** to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of Office and Library Furniture and Card Index Systems
BRANCHES
NEW YORK, 343 Broadway   BOSTON, 178 Federal St
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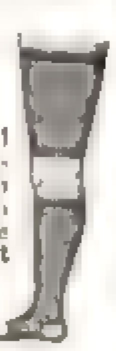
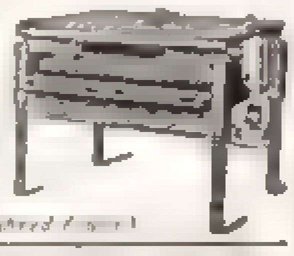
The GRIGGS IMPROVED DESK
Telephone Holder

HOLDS your phone where you want it when you want it out of the way yet always at hand. Saves time, saves worry, saves MONEY. No accidents, no soiling and breaking of receiver. A pleasure, a convenience, a necessity. It is a twentieth century [illegible] only FOR YOU. Made in three styles of finish at popular prices. [illegible] $1.50

THE GRIGGS MFG CO., 79A Fifth Ave., Chicago



When You're in Trouble
with Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Leg Swellings, Weak Knees, Weak Ankles, Swollen Joints, etc.,
Our Seamless Heel
Elastic Stockings
furnish quick and often permanent relief. We weave them to your measure from new elastic (made by us), insuring fit and durability, and we sell and ship direct from the looms to you at manufacturers' prices. Send for Catalogue, measuring directions and prices.
CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., Alley Bldg., Lynn, Mass.



TRY AN IDEAL
J. W. Miller's Incubator — made by the man who knows. It is really self-regulating.
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
We get no money until you are perfectly satisfied. Poultry Book Free.
J. W. MILLER CO.
Box 54   Freeport, Ill.
(Poultry supplies and thoroughbred fowls)

The PRAIRIE STATES KEEP AT THE HEAD. More made — more sold — more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined.
342 FIRST PRIZES WON
Send for catalogue — just out — finest ever issued. Mention this paper.
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR Co.
HOMER CITY, Pa., U.S.A.

TELEGRAPHY
taught thoroughly. Our institution established in 1874 and is endorsed by officials of the Western Union Telegraph Co.
Opportunities Very Great
Unable to fill all positions that are open. Total cost — tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6 months' course $82. This can be reduced.
DODGE'S INSTITUTE, Valparaiso, Ind.

# The Reading Table

## "A Collection of Human Hearts"

"Consider that awful thing that you have there — that collection of human hearts!" said Mr. Bronson Howard to the group of American dramatists who had made him the guest of honor at their dinner.

Thus did the dean of American dramatists crystallize the experience and knowledge gained from a lifetime of play-building into a single sentence that seemed to the more advanced of his hearers to lay bare for the moment the very heart and core of the drama's best cherished secret. It is a pity that an utterance of such significance and value should be permitted to sink into oblivion instead of forcing its way into the brains of the thousands of budding playwrights who have been befuddled by the false teachings of those ignorant and pretentious ones who prate complacently of the "intellectual drama" and have a cheap sneer for what they call "playing to the gallery."

To gain an idea of the truth contained in Mr. Howard's words we have only to consider the different degrees of intelligence and education to be found in the average theatre audience. There is the good woman of high ideals and richly cultivated mind, and the erring one who is to be pitied for her ignorance. There is the multi-millionaire hidden from view by the curtains of his box, planning an enterprise for the development of a country so remote that its very name is unknown to the newsboy who has invested his last quarter in the gallery seat above. There is the banker's wife and there is the maid servant. There is the college professor and there is the truck driver. The intellectual average may be higher — and it probably is — in the lower part of the house than above, but which one of us is prepared to say where we are to look for the hearts that beat the truest, for the laughter and tears that come the most quickly, for the sympathies that are the keenest?

Every one of the men and women represented by this collection of human hearts has equal right to a place at the banquet table of instruction and entertainment that the true drama sets before its votaries. The dramatist who would appeal to them all with equal force, as Shakespeare did in "King Lear" and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Cæsar," must address himself directly to their hearts instead of to their brains, and turn a deaf ear to those who extol some brewage of foreign decadence as a drama "above the heads of the people."

I have never yet seen a play that was too good for the "collection of human hearts" that Mr. Howard calls upon his juniors to respect, but I have seen several that were too stupid. A drama that is too good for us must necessarily be better than the best of Shakespeare's, which are exactly good enough.

— *James L. Ford.*

◆

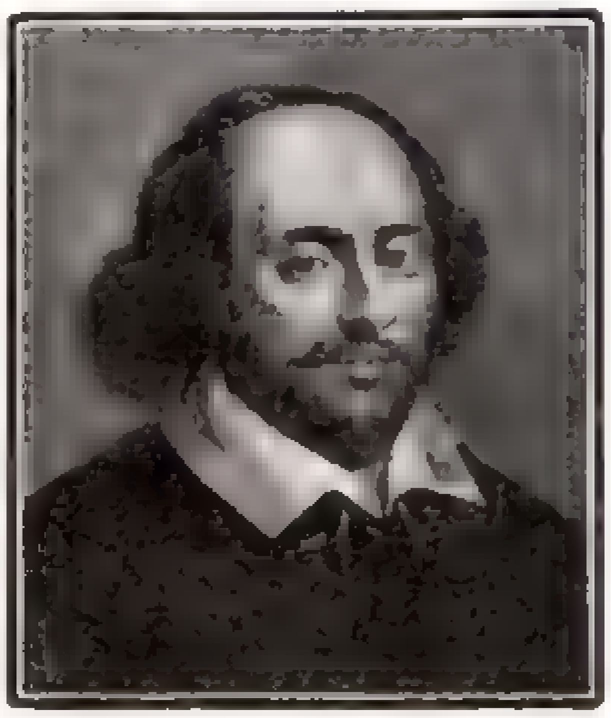
## HONEY

*By Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Sweetes' of all lovin' words,
  Honey, Honey,
Got de soun' of mattin' birds —
  Honey, Honey.
Othah words don' seem to 'spress
What's a-th'obbin' in yo' breas',
Don' try nuffin' mo' nor less
  Dan Honey, Honey.

W'en he calls me by dat name,
  Honey, Honey,
Den my hea't gits in a flame —
  Honey, Honey.
My han' hol's his han' so tight,
All de worl' seems gittin' bright,
F'om dat sof' name of delight,
  Honey, Honey.

Sweetes' name in all de lan',
  Honey, Honey;
"Darlin' one" ain't ha'f so gran',
  Honey, Honey;
Oh, my hea't hit fills and swells,
I don' want my lovin' Nelse
Fu' to call me nuffin' else
  'Cept Honey, Honey!



Shakespeare's Works for Shakespeare Students

If you are a student of Shakespeare's plays or a lover of the works of the Great Poet and have been plodding through the obscure passages and unexplained phrases of an ordinary edition of Shakespeare, you should send us the coupon in the lower right-hand corner of this advertisement at once, and we will send you a set of Shakespeare for examination at our expense — no matter where you live — that will surprise you. We will send you a set of the Booklovers' edition in 40 volumes — a play to a volume. This edition is not the work of one or two editors only, but its notes and explanatory matter represent the best thought and scholarship of 200 of the world's greatest Shakespearian authorities. We have secured a limited number of sets of this magnificent edition from the regular publishers of the work and we are closing out these sets at bargain prices — and on easy monthly payments.

The Booklovers' Edition

This edition reproduces the famous Cambridge text of Shakespeare. The text is *unexpurgated* and is printed as Shakespeare wrote it. The entire set contains 7000 pages, 40 beautiful color plates and 400 reproductions of rare woodcuts of Shakespeare's time. The volumes are 7½ x 5¼ inches in size — just the right size for easy handling — and they are bound in an attractive cloth or half-leather binding stamped in gold.

**Critical Comments:** This is the only edition containing *critical comments* on the plays and characters selected from the writings of eminent Shakespearian scholars. These enable you to clear the larger meaning of the play and the nature of the characters.

**Complete Glossaries:** Immediately following each play is a glossary giving the meaning of every *obsolete or difficult word*. No other edition contains the glossaries in the same volumes as the plays.

**Study Methods:** This edition contains a complete Method of Study for each play, consisting of Study Questions and Suggestions — the idea of the editors being to give in the set a college course in Shakespeare study.

**Arguments:** Preceding each play is an analysis of the play — called an Argument — written in an interesting story-telling style. If you do not care to read the entire play you can read its plot and the development of its story through the Argument.

**Notes:** This is the only edition published to-day [illegible] *each play* — Explanatory Notes for the average reader and Critical Notes for the critical student or scholar.

**Life of the Poet:** No other edition contains so much interesting material concerning Shakespeare himself. There is a life of Shakespeare by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical estimates of his character and genius by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephens and other writers. They are vivid articles — interesting from start to finish — and they relate all that the world knows about Shakespeare.

The Coupon Cuts the Price in Two

The fact that we have secured an entire edition for cash from the publishers is the reason we are able to offer sets of this splendid Shakespeare at bargain prices. The edition will probably be sold very rapidly, so if you wish to take advantage of this bargain, do not fail to order at once. Our special bargain prices are **$27.00 for a set in half-leather binding and $21.00 for cloth binding — payable at the rate of $2.00 a month.** These are about half the regular prices of this edition, and the cost to you of the forty volumes amounts to little more than fifty cents a volume. Cut out the coupon, sign it, and mail it to us to-day, and we will send you a set, **express prepaid,** for examination. You do not pay a cent until you examine the books and are satisfied with them.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER

If your order is among the first 250 received, we will send you absolutely free with the set a beautiful picture matted and framed in oak (ready for hanging) of six of Shakespeare's characters executed in colors. The only condition is that you must order promptly, so that your order will be among the first 250. This picture is equal in value to pictures regularly sold at $5.00 each.

THE SIEGEL COOPER CO.
6th Ave., 18th and 19th Sts.
NEW YORK CITY

CUT OFF THIS CORNER

THE SIEGEL COOPER COMPANY
New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a set of **The Booklovers' Shakespeare** in half leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay **$1 within 5 days** and **$2 per month** thereafter for 13 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days. If my order is among the first 250 received, I am to receive the picture premium with the set.

*Name*
*Street*
*City*
S. E. P. 2-28   In ordering cloth, change 13 months to 10 months

$500.00 ACCIDENT INSURANCE for $1

Our "**Peerless**" **Accident Insurance** (Special Policy issued by the Union Casualty and Surety Company, of St. Louis) pays **$500.00 in event of accidental death;** also pays **$5.00 a week** for disabling injuries. This Policy, Certificate of Registration and Guarantee for medical and hospital attendance are contained in a handsome Leather Pocket Case, **ALL FOR $1. Send $1 for this Outfit.** If not satisfied after you get it, your money will be refunded. **Agents Wanted.**

THE COMMERCIAL REGISTRY COMPANY
303 Wainwright Bldg.,   St. Louis, Mo.

# The Money Makers of Advertising And How They Are Created

SAMUEL MOSSER, Reading, Pa.
E. T. HEALEY, Jamesburg, N. J.
J. N. PAIGE, Troy, N. Y.
H. D. BARTO, Syracuse, N. Y.

## $100.00 to $500.00 a Month Through Mail Instruction

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are largely men and women who find entertainment and encouragement in the business story, and there is, perhaps, no form of literature that appeals to them more strongly than the kind dealing with great business possibilities and offering plenty of encouragement to those who will heed the signs of the times

The marvelous development of the advertising business has opened up widespread opportunities for ambitious men and women to earn fine salaries. Advertising writers and managers are paid higher salaries than any other class of subordinate workers, some of the picked workers receiving from $10,000 to $15,000 a year

Advertisers everywhere are calling for young men and women who have been properly trained to write advertisements, and the supply of good help does not begin to equal the demand

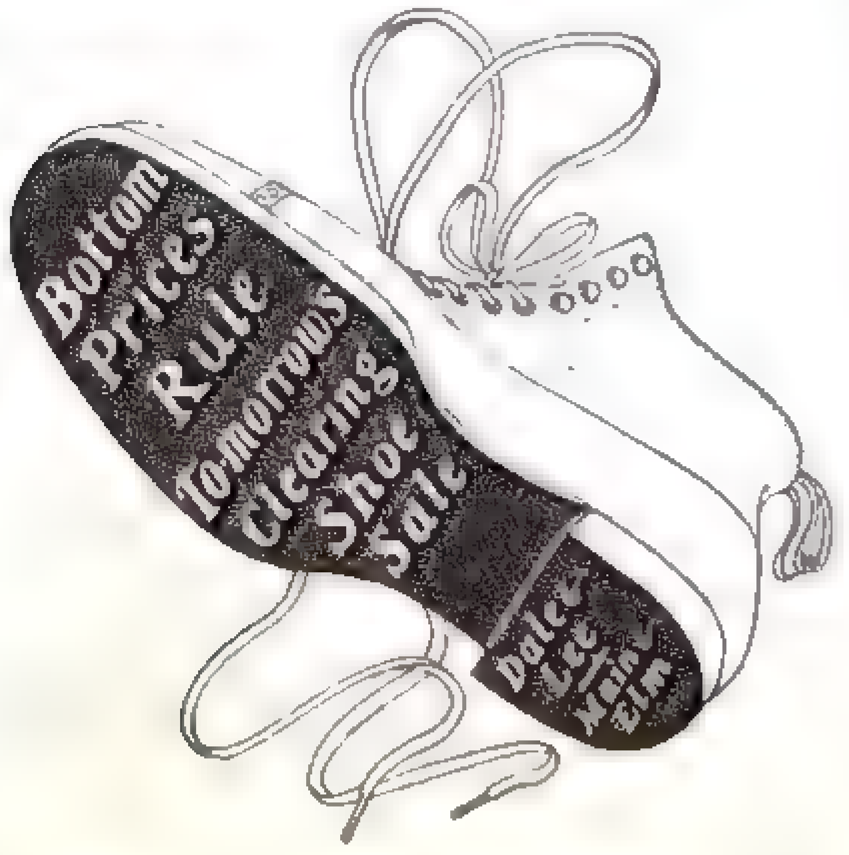
The clerk, bookkeeper, salesman or stenographer who becomes a proficient ad. writer is in a position to earn double the present income because employers are quick to recognize the added worth of such knowledge, and are willing to pay the price

The trained ad. writer does more than merely originate illustrative ideas and write pleasantly about the various products, for he or she must study conditions and apply the known principles where they will do the most good

The enterprising American manufacturer has found out that advertising will place his goods in tens of thousands of homes throughout the land, and he is losing no time in realizing on his investment possibilities. And just as soon as his business begins to feel the effects of publicity, with an ever-increasing appropriation, then is opened up another position for the competent advertising writer

With advertising increasing in volume at the rate of at least one hundred millions of dollars yearly it takes no prophet to foresee the wonderful effect on the skilled labor market, and those vocations which are to-day overcrowded must each contribute their quota to the ranks of the advertising writer

Not only is it a vital part of commercial economy that all this new volume of advertising be properly cared for, but it is equally important that a large percentage of the existing matter be improved by trained business writers, for a mere glance at our magazines and newspapers will reveal the deplorable lack of originality and pithiness of sixty per cent. of the advertisements now running



Shoe Ad. by H. D. BARTO, Syracuse, N. Y.

### *By George H. Powell*

I have been asked time and again why the graduates of the Powell System of Advertising Instruction are so successful, in the great majority of instances, and how it is possible for the student by mail to gain the necessary practical experience without first entering the Advertising Department of an advertiser

Now, of all branches of education, that of advertising writing is probably the best adapted to correspondence instruction

A student of the Powell System after certain preliminary study is put right into practical and actual ad. writing under my personal supervision, which creates originality, where none was formerly possessed, and develops the knack of briefly and pointedly telling a business story

And an ordinary common school education, added to a willingness to work and learn, is the sum total of the preliminary requirements to insure final success

On this page I illustrate two more specimens of my students' work, and they point unmistakably to careful training which distinguishes my students above those who have been prepared elsewhere

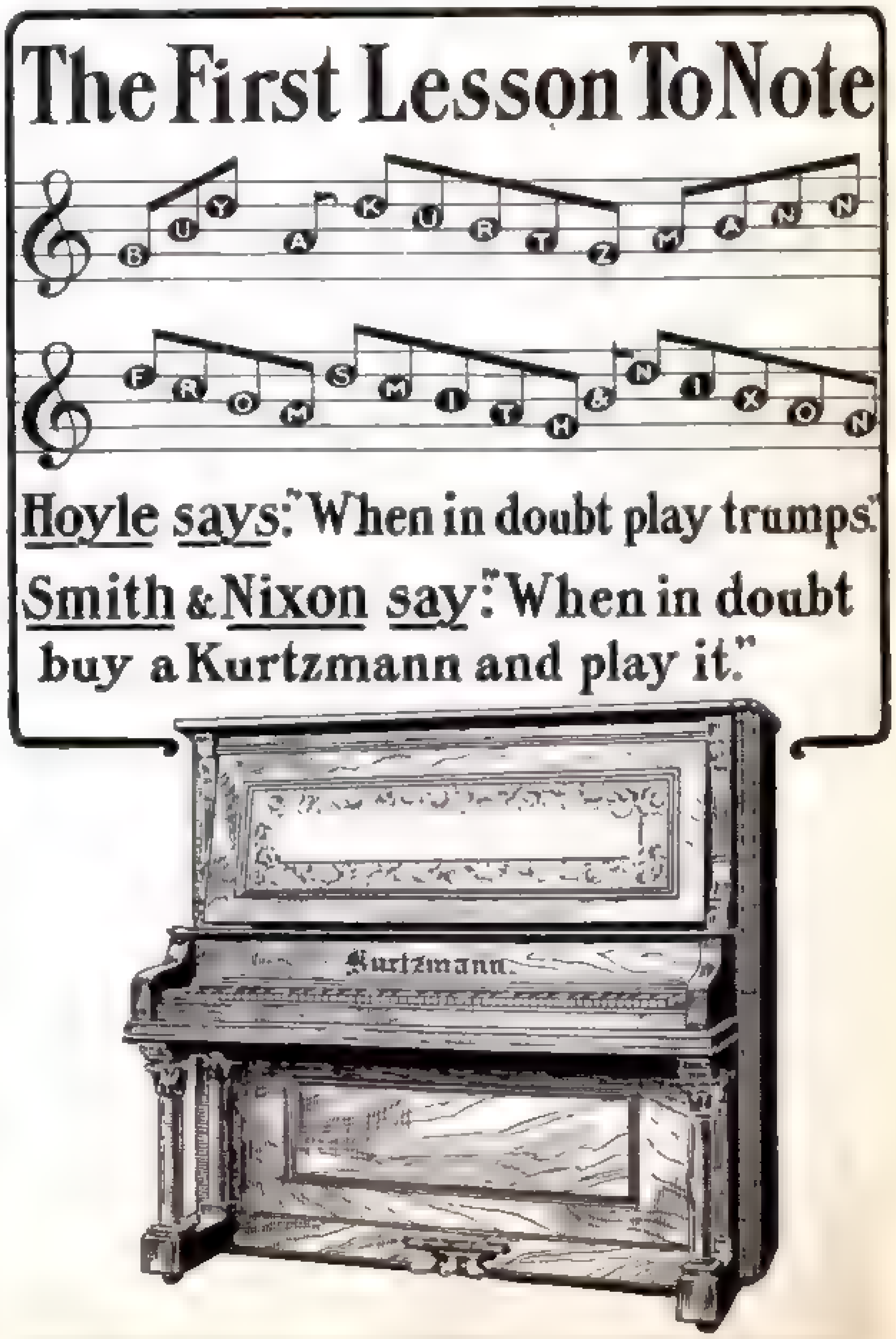
Mr. H. D. Barto began my course over a year ago, after a fruitless effort to learn good ad. writing through another course, and to-day he conducts an office of his own, with a list of some thirty customers, and with such signal success that he will soon be obliged to add to his force of workers. Not only did I teach him to produce good advertising, but I also went further and told him how to establish his own business. When one can complete my course and establish a large list of customers in less than fourteen months, many of whom contract for service at the rate of $50 each a week, it shows unmistakably what great and wonderful possibilities are within the grasp of those who are animated with a desire and determination to succeed. Mr. J. N Paige, of Troy, N. Y., was earning a very moderate salary, and after completing less than half my course was doubling his income and yet he has hardly begun to realize through his skill. Mr. E. T. Healey, of Jamesburg, N. J., had a similar experience to that of Mr. Barto, but he is now fitted to produce the best work at best prices. Mr. Samuel Mosser, of Reading, Pa., whose recent work has created so much favorable comment, has just been tendered the managership of a large retail store, where he will find plenty of scope for his advertising skill, and if he is not admitted later to a

## Possibilities in Reach of Ambitious Men and Women

partnership I shall miss my guess, for scores of such advertising advancements are matters of record. The piano advertisement by Mr. Branham was a prize winner, and yet he is not ready to graduate from my course

Advertising writing is the most congenial of all vocations, and it is, fortunately, the best adapted to home study and work. Those earning less than $25 00 per week should thoroughly investigate the Powell System, which is acknowledged by great authorities to be the best

Business men and those who have their way to make in the world will be interested in my new Prospectus, which is the most instructive ever issued. It also contains an abundance of testimony that gives the facts as they are. To obtain a copy simply address me, George H. Powell, 482 Temple Court, New York, N. Y

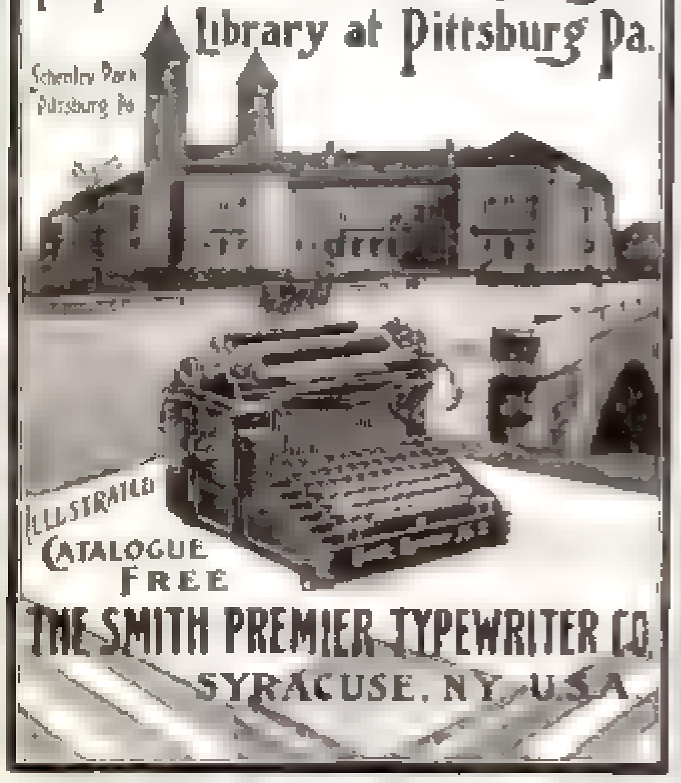

The First Lesson To Note

B U Y A K U R T Z M A N N
F R O M S M I T H & N I X O N
Kurtzmann

Hoyle says: "When in doubt play trumps."

Smith & Nixon say: "When in doubt buy a Kurtzmann and play it."

Prize Winning Advertisement by T. A. BRANHAM, a Powell Student of Louisville, Ky.



A LITERARY LANDMARK

The Smith Premier Typewriter is used exclusively for cataloging & indexing purposes in the Great Carnegie Library at Pittsburg Pa.

Schenley Park Pittsburg Pa

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO. SYRACUSE, NY, U.S.A.

40 BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FREE

Send Us 25c to cover cost of packing and postage, and receive this grand "Sunshine" collection of Beautiful Flowers, [illegible] the most [illegible] CASH CHECK for 25c, giving you your money back.

20 Packets Seed

1 Pkt Evening Primrose
1 Pkt Kudzu Vine
1 Pkt Balloon Vine
1 Pkt Baby Rose
1 Pkt Blue Bells
1 Pkt Star Flower
1 Pkt Double Carnation
1 Pkt Petunia, white
1 Pkt Giant Daisy
1 Pkt Aster
1 Pkt Begonia
1 Pkt Cal. Poppy
1 Pkt Love Lies Bleeding
2 Pkts Pansy (named)
1 Pkt Chrysanthemum
1 Pkt Double Portulacca
1 Pkt Sweet Pea
1 Pkt Cypress Vine
1 Pkt Wild Flower, garden

20 BULBS 1 Calla, 1 Madeira Vine, 2 Cannas(?), 2 Cinnamon Vine, [illegible] 10 Bulbs [illegible] basket. 20 Pkts Seed, 20 Bulbs, Cash Check and Catalogue all for the price of the packing and postage, 25c.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

Rare and Beautiful PALMS,

FERNS, DECORATIVE PLANTS; also choicest fruit and useful trees and shrubs from all over the Tropics and warm temperate lands of earth. Large, unique catalogue, with descriptions, cuts and full information free. It contains 9 departments, covering all tropical and semi-tropical plant growth.

Our plants naturally grown without forcing, are greatly superior in [illegible] month, by mail, express and freight, safely, to all countries

REASONER BROS., ONECO, FLA.

D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants sent to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. 50 years' experience. Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty. Write for

GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE

for 1903—the leading rose catalogue of America. 172 pages. Mailed free. Nearly 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

GLUTEN FLOUR FOR DYSPEPSIA

SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR

K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.

For book or sample, write

Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way while a 200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $2, other sizes equally as low. Over [illegible] in use. Indispensable to any one who keeps a hen. Our Patents prevent [illegible] of [illegible]. Agents wanted everywhere either sex, no experience necessary. Catalogue telling all about and 25c Lice Formula FREE if you write to-day. Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 102, Columbus, Neb.

# Oddities and Novelties

## A Rival for the Panama

Corn husks during the present season have been bought up for the purpose of utilizing them in the manufacture of a new style of hat which may become both fashionable and popular next summer.

The material is cheap. In fact, it is usually wasted. Properly cured corn husks are tough and may be folded without cracking. Dampened, they can be made to assume any desired shape.

The process of working corn husks into hats is novel, somewhat intricate, and is protected by patent. It is said that samples already turned out are artistic as well as light and strong.

An element which enters significantly into the construction of the hat is the natural shape of the husks, which taper in width from base to tip. When split the parts maintain this configuration, as they parallel the fibers.

This tapering of all the parts has been an important feature in the manufacture of the hat. The brim and top of the hat are formed by a series of layers of corn husks. To impart a novel appearance, the outer ends of some of these layers are pointed. Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the entire construction of the hat—even the band is made of corn husks—and it is asserted that the result is graceful and attractive, and that though it may be constructed economically to be sold at popular prices, more expensive brands, requiring exceptional skill in the manufacture, will be turned out to meet the demand for hats at fancy prices.

## A Boon for Boarders

The chemical secret of making an edible butter out of copra oil, hitherto available only for the manufacture of soap, is a matter of such absorbing commercial interest that a European soap and perfumery firm has offered $60,000 for the formula. But the manufacturing chemists who have made the discovery value it more highly than that. A Marseilles firm worked for a number of years employing very costly machinery and high-priced scientists in making experiments which have finally resulted in the production of a copra butter having the consistency, taste and color of dairy butter.

When it is realized that this edible butter is the result of subtle chemical reactions of the very elements that have formerly been employed in the making of soap, the wonder grows.

Now a chemist in Baltimore, Maryland, has produced a table butter, nutritious and appetizing, from this same copra oil. It has been tested by the Government chemists at Washington who pronounce it free from deleterious matter. It comes, however, under the oleomargarine tax. The cost of production, after the first expense of experimenting is over, is not great.

One of the problems in manufacturing this novel kind of butter has been to remove the elements that cause rancidity. In an analysis of the finished product it has been hitherto impossible to discover either that secret or the more baffling one of how the oils, acids, fats, etc., that for years have not been considered valuable except for soap, now are made to blend strangely into wholesome butter. Copra butter should not be confounded with cocoa butter which is used in the drug and perfumery trades.

## A Preservative for Timber

Experiments are being conducted on an extensive scale by the United States Government and by foreign nations with a wood-saturating device recently patented but not yet placed on the market. The process involves forcing preservative fluids, under high pressure, through piers, ship timber and railroad ties to protect them against destructive ants, beetles or mollusks.

Should these experiments prove successful the invention will be a source of great fortune to the patentee, and will be of incalculable benefit to shipping and other industries.

The special aim of the process is to combat the destruction wrought by the *teredo navalis*, which thus far has defied scientific warfare waged upon it. The British and German Governments have long had standing offers of substantial rewards to any one who should discover some efficient method of checking the ravages of this pest. The animal was originally brought into European and American ports by vessels hailing from tropical waters. It has now thoroughly domiciled

$30 Teacher to $100 Surveyor Through the I. C. S.

When I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools six months ago, I was teaching school at $30 a month. After studying three months, I secured a position as draftsman and assistant surveyor at $70 a month, but soon after beginning work was offered $100 a month; I consider the instruction the most practical and economical ever offered to the public; in his spare time a man can acquire as good an education as at many colleges. The Instruction Papers are clear and concise, and the Reference Library is well gotten up. As soon as I finish the Surveying and Mapping Course, I shall qualify for further advancement by studying another.

Lloyd F. Smith

*Deputy County Surveyor, Chinook, Choteau Co., Mont.*

Do You Want a Better Position?

The mission of the I. C. S. is to train ambitious people for better positions. Our Courses cost from $10 up. Terms easy. No books to buy. Every student is entitled to the assistance of our Students' Aid Department, in securing advancement or a new position. That we furnish the right kind of training is proven by our 48-page booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," which gives the names, addresses, and progress of over a thousand I. C. S. students, many in your own locality. It shows what we have done for others, and what we can do for you. To those inquiring now it will be sent free. Cut out, fill in, and mail the Coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Drafts.
☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electrician
☐ Telephone Engineer
☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveyor
☐ Mining Engineer
☐ Sanitary Engineer
☐ Architect
☐ Textile Designer
☐ Textile Mill Supt.
☐ Metallurgist
☐ Chemist
☐ Ornamental Designer
☐ Navigator
☐ Bookkeeper
☐ Stenographer
☐ Teacher
☐ To Speak French
☐ To Speak German
☐ To Speak Spanish

*Name* ________________

*St. & No.* ________________

*City*________ *State*________

"PEEP O'DAY" THE SENSATIONAL NEW, EARLY SWEET CORN

The first sweet corn of the season. Ten days earlier than any other sort. Tenderest, juiciest, sweetest, most highly productive. Size of cob just right. It is delicate and dainty.

Every Private Garden should have Peep O'Day

NO MARKET GARDENER CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THIS MOST PROFITABLE CROP.

*Boys!* Here is a chance to make some money. Get a [illegible] vacant lot and have a sweet corn farm. Many people in every town really hunger for early sweet corn that is *sweet*. How eagerly they will buy! Write for our pictured catalogue of Northern Seeds and Nursery Stock. It tells fully about "Peep O'Day" and other good things for the Garden and Farm. Mailed free if this publication is mentioned.

NORTHRUP, KING & COMPANY, Seedsmen, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BURPEE'S Largest Mail-Order Seed House in the World. ☞ In buying BURPEE'S SEEDS direct by mail you get your money's worth in the Best Seeds that Grow—and you have your choice of Rare Novelties for 1903, which cannot be had elsewhere. Write to-day (a postal card will do) for our complete catalogue—FREE to all who intend to purchase seeds.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper. Press $5. Larger size, $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

CALIFORNIA FOR 10¢

All about land of sunshine and flowers, rural home life, industries, tales of pioneer days and the new west. 6 months' trial of this big magazine for 10c. Questions answered.

THE WESTERN EMPIRE, 41 Times Building, Los Angeles

104

A Tempting Delicacy

**Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit**

is the Natural Food for Invalids because it **is the most porous and light of all foods** and presents *greater surface for the action of digestive fluids.* These fluids are drawn by absorption into every part of the wheat shreds, making the food immediately assimilable.

*Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit* contains a food property to upbuild each and every element of the depleted body. Foods made of part of the wheat, such as white-flour bread, cannot do this, and the ferment contained in them results in a sour mass in the stomach. There is no lard, yeast or health-disturbing ingredient of any nature in *Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit* and its use insures a sweet, clean stomach.

It can be prepared in so many tempting ways that the fickle appetite is always attracted by its goodness and the ailing body quickly responds to its all-nourishing force.

For sale by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" (cook book, illustrated in colors) **FREE.** Address

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itself and few wharves or ships are free from its destruction.

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By the process which the Governments are now testing chemicals designed to preserve the wood and to poison animal invaders are forced under enormous pressure along the grain pores of the timber. The mechanism of the apparatus can be constructed on a large or small scale, as needed. The fluid is injected through the end of the timber, but pressure is also applied to the circumference of the wood to prevent the opening of fissures which might otherwise develop on account of the great force necessary in the process of injection.

In this country and in Europe, in addition to impregnating timber to preserve it against animal destruction, experiments will be made with reagents designed to render wood fireproof. Building trades are very much interested in the outcome of the tests.

### Window-Box Gardens

Indoor gardening is a branch of horticulture that is only beginning to receive the attention it deserves. A large number of vegetables may be grown in the house, in window-boxes and otherwise, if one is willing to take a little trouble with them, and in this way frequent contributions to the table in winter can be obtained for next to nothing. The pleasure incidental to the work is not to be despised, and the plants have an ornamental value.

The best way to grow parsley indoors is to get a few roots and plant them in eight-inch pots. They are somewhat like dandelion roots, sending up tufts of leaves. With a few pots thus started you will soon have a good crop of parsley. But, if you have window-space, there is plenty of opportunity for extending your gardening operations with thyme, leek and garlic, all of which will thrive in pots, requiring only a little water and some sunshine.

Meanwhile you may raise lettuce on a small but satisfactory scale, sowing the seeds at first in pots, and afterward setting out the tiny plants in a window-box. Radish seeds under similar conditions will soon sprout, and the little plants may be thinned out afterward so as not to become too crowded. For spring onions you may start with seeds, each of which will make an onion; or you may plant little silverskin "sets" (purchasable at any seed store), and each tiny onion will grow to be a big one.

Tomatoes are easily grown in window-boxes; all you have to do is to plant the seeds and wait for them to sprout. Train the vines vertically on wires or strings, and thus they will occupy a minimum of room.

### Oils from Fruit Rinds

Fruit growers in California and Florida are beginning to manufacture oils of orange and lemon peel, which are likely to be produced before long on a considerable scale in this country. There is money in the business undoubtedly, inasmuch as the essences derived from the rinds of these citrus fruits are used in large quantities all over the world to flavor sweetmeats, confectionery and puddings, while oil of bergamot (derived from the peel of a kind of orange) is employed in the making of perfumes, fetching from three to four dollars a pound.

Hitherto practically all of the orange oil and lemon oil has come from Italy, where the essences were obtained by hand-work, the labor being done by peasants in their hovels under most uncleanly conditions. Recently, however, a machine has been invented which does the work much more economically. It imitates the motion of the human fingers, gently manipulating the peels (after the fruit has been cut in halves and the pulp removed), and breaking the little cells that contain the oil. One lemon will yield about ten drops of the essence, and an orange about fifteen drops. As the oil exudes it is collected on sponges, which are squeezed from time to time into a basin placed beneath the machine.

The sponges are kept scrupulously clean, and no pains are spared to keep the product as free from impurities as possible. When filled the basins are emptied into large casks containing 200 gallons each, in which the stuff is allowed to settle. Finally it is drawn off, passed through filter paper, and packed for market in tin-lined copper jars, each holding twenty-five pounds.

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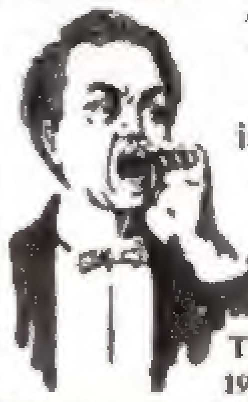

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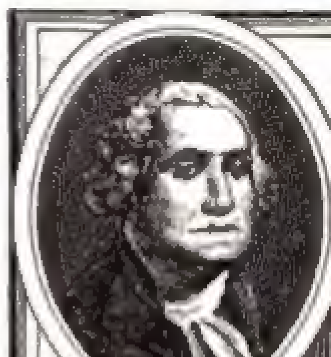

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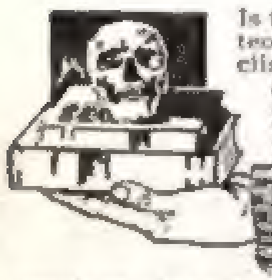

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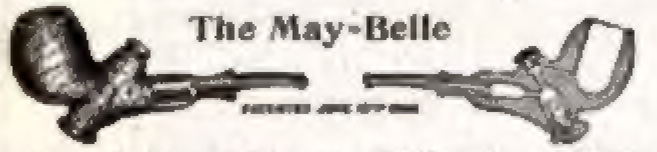

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## GOLDEN FLEECE

*(Continued from Page 11)*

"Well—the stone, of course, is worthless—a few dollars. But the setting is old and quite beautiful. It might bring a hundred or so from a collector if it hit his fancy and had an authentic history. If the stone were genuine, the ring would be worth about—five thousand, I should say, as a rough guess."

"Fortunately, I haven't bought it yet," she said carelessly. And she took it from him and put it—in her pocketbook. "The stone seems to have been undisturbed in that setting for a long time," she added as she closed the pocketbook.

"Oh, there's no telling as to that. It was manufactured by the newest process. It has been only two or three years, I believe, since they learned to put in the flaws so cleverly. They make them very well in New York now."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Macready," said Elsie. "You won't say anything about it, will you?"

"You needn't have asked that, Miss Pope," answered Macready with a reproachful smile.

"Thank you again," she said. It was not until she was driving away that her cheeks began to burn fiercely and the hot tears of shame and anger to scald her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

## Where Everything Grows

ARRANGEMENTS are under way for the establishment of an international botanical garden in the Province of Benguet, near the west coast of Luzon. Here scientists of the Insular Bureau of Agriculture for the Philippine Islands have discovered what they claim to be the world's ideal spot for the propagation of the greatest variety of plants and trees.

Although Benguet is only one hundred and forty-three miles from Manila its climate is totally unlike that of the lower country. The site proposed for the great experimental garden lies in a high valley between summits of the Caraballo Range, many of whose peaks are seven thousand feet high. The mean annual temperature at Baguio, the capital of Benguet, is only sixty-two degrees. Even in August the maximum temperature does not exceed seventy-six degrees.

The soil of this high valley as well as the mountains is composed of volcanic clay of unknown depth. Experiments thus far made demonstrate that tropical, sub-tropical and temperate zone trees and flowers will flourish side by side. Acacias from Australia, California redwood, the cryptomerias of Japan, cedar of Lebanon, and deciduous trees like oak and sycamore, thrive there. Conditions are likewise favorable to the richest vegetation. Caladiums and dracænas, particularly valuable for their ornamental foliage, attain quick and satisfactory growth.

Although there is in the climate of Benguet nothing in common with the coast-line humidity of the islands, so favorable to tropical plant life and so trying to human beings, there is something about the mountain-rimmed valley that makes possible the successful propagation of the entire valuable flora of the archipelago.

Because of its freedom from every variety of fever the spot has been chosen as a site for a Government sanitarium.

A further matter which adds interest to Benguet is that the Philippine Government is planning to build a capitol there for the transaction of business during the hot season in Manila. Sites have already been procured for a number of the departments.

The Caraballo Mountains are covered with great forests of pine, cedar and molave. In these forests grows the rush, the pith of which is manufactured by the Chinese into wicks. Sarsaparilla and wild mulberry are also abundant in the forests. Through the province flows the Agno River. The landscape is said to resemble an American park.

The Government ethnologists have discovered that the Iggorotes have a curious legend that Benguet was in the beginning of the world a paradise set apart by the gods for good people, and that that dedication has through all time preserved the province against fevers that beset other parts of the archipelago.

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**THE BRIDE**—The largest white ever blooming rose grown. The color is a delicate creamy white, very full flowers, measuring from 3½ to 4 inches in diameter.

**DUCHESS DE BRABANT**—This rose combines exquisite perfume, beautiful coloring and a matchless profusion of flowers and foliage. Soft, light rose, with heavy shading of amber and salmon.

**BRIDESMAID**—The bud is of exquisite shape and contour, so solid and firm, and stems are so long and stiff that no other rose will compare with it in keeping qualities after being cut. It is a bright pink, and is the same color all the time, under every condition of the weather and surroundings.

**CLOTHILDE SOUPERT**—It is a strong, vigorous grower. The flowers are large, double and beautiful in form, borne in sprays, and the color blends from a soft shell-pink to a pure satiny white.

**THE UNIQUE ROSE, MME. FRANCESKA KRUGER**—The striking color of this handsome rose places it at once in the front as a bud producer in the open air. In its shading of deep, coppery yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The flower, when open, is of good size and very symmetrical. One of the finest roses to plant in masses and clumps.

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*I will pay*.................................*down, and the balance*.................................

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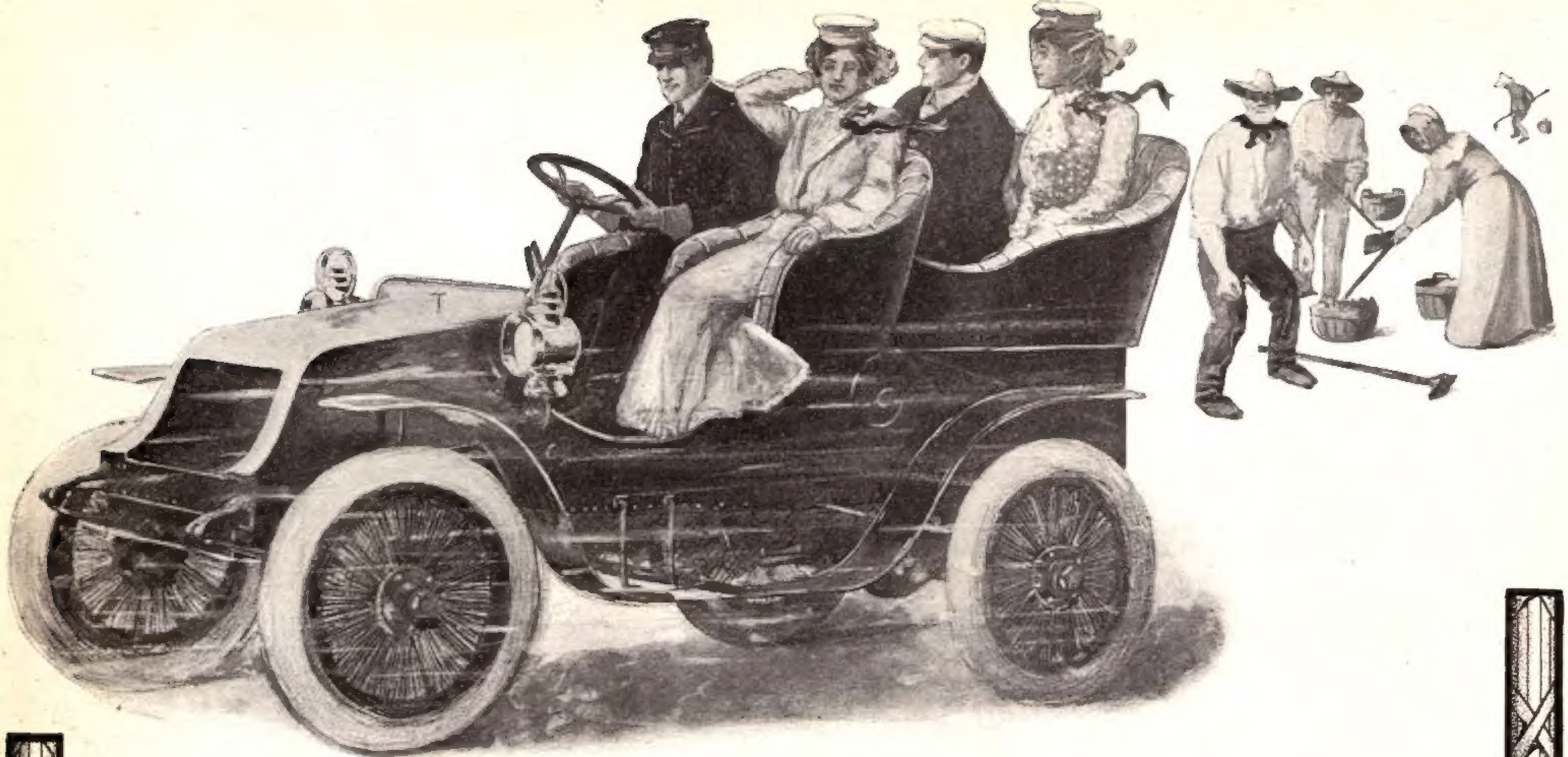

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